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*Juvenal and the
Poetics of Anonymity*

TOM GEUE

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JUVENAL AND THE POETICS OF ANONYMITY

The satirist Juvenal remains one of antiquity's greatest question marks. His *Satires* entered the mainstream of the classical tradition with nothing more than an uncertain name and a dubious biography to recommend them. Tom Geue argues that the missing author figure is no mere casualty of time's passage, but a startling, concerted effect of the *Satires* themselves. Scribbling dangerous social critique under a historical maximum of paranoia, Juvenal harnessed this dark energy by wiping all traces of himself – signature, body, biographical snippets, social connections – from his reticent texts. This last major ambassador of a once self-betraying genre took a radical leap into the anonymous. *Juvenal and the Poetics of Anonymity* tracks this mystifying self-concealment over the whole Juvenalian corpus. Through probing close readings, it shows how important the missing author was to this satire, and how that absence echoes and amplifies the neurotic politics of writing under surveillance.

TOM GEUE is a British Academy Postdoctoral Fellow and Lecturer in Latin at the University of St Andrews, and has published widely on the literature of imperial Rome. He is currently researching a book on anonymous Roman writing, which also considers how readers now and then cope with the power and problem of anonymity.

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CAMBRIDGE
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University Printing House, Cambridge CB2 8BS, United Kingdom
One Liberty Plaza, 20th Floor, New York, NY 10006, USA
477 Williamstown Road, Port Melbourne, VIC 3207, Australia
4843/24, 2nd Floor, Ansari Road, Daryaganj, Delhi – 110002, India
79 Anson Road, #06–04/06, Singapore 079906

Cambridge University Press is part of the University of Cambridge.

It furthers the University's mission by disseminating knowledge in the pursuit of education, learning, and research at the highest international levels of excellence.

www.cambridge.org

Information on this title: www.cambridge.org/9781108416344

DOI: [10.1017/9781108236348](https://doi.org/10.1017/9781108236348)

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First published 2017

Printed in the United Kingdom by Clays, St Ives plc

A catalogue record for this publication is available from the British Library.

ISBN 978-1-108-41634-4 Hardback

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To Andrew and Vania: my loving parents who first taught
me to read and write.

Your first names are written and read (first).

Accursed the man, whom Fate ordains, in spite,
And cruel parents teach, to read and write!
What need of letters? Wherefore should we spell?
Why write our names? A mark will do as well.

Charles Churchill *The Author* 1–4

quid refert, tales uersus qua uoce legantur?
Does it matter, the voice in which such verses get read?

Juvenal *Sat.* 11.182

uana superuacui dicunt chirographa ligni
They say it's a spurious signature on a worthless document

Juvenal *Sat.* 13.137

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The spine of this book has hardened with the help of two continents, three countries, five institutions, and twelve years on and off Juvenal. Above all it has been cracked into shape by the constant shock of both new and old ideas. The people behind them need names.

My Juvenal condition goes back to Emily Matters' contagious pedagogy at North Sydney Boys High School, and the subtle seminars of Frances Muecke and Sarah Lawrence at the University of Sydney. Frances Muecke and Emma Gee were my unbeatable mentors throughout undergraduate Classics. I hope that their double-sided virtues of rigour and open-mindedness have made it into this book, in smattering if not droves.

The first incarnation of this book looked like a PhD thesis at King's College, Cambridge (2009–13), written under the magical supervision of John Henderson and Chris Whitton. At the time, I thought the job of one was to blast me into the sky, the other to yank me back to earth; but in reality both did both with remarkable equipoise. The things they said and wrote to me probably felt like nothing to them, but in reality they changed the wiring of my brain for good, and for better. They also stuck by me throughout a dark patch of un-, casual-, or fixed-term employment. If they had not written eighty-five job references and many more consolatory emails, I, let alone this book, may not have had much spine left to work with.

At the end of the doctoral line, my examiners Kirk Freudenburg and Emily Gowers gave me criticism and direction to set the watch by. Some of their objections I followed; others I resisted; to them all, I have responded as best I could. Their close reading put pressure on the points where it was due, and I hope a better book has come out the other end because of it. More recently, the nominally anonymous (if ultimately guessable) readers for *Cambridge Classical*

Acknowledgements

Studies helped me reach a point where I would not embarrass myself too much; the blotches that remain will be reflected in my own red face, and mine alone.

I have spent the last few years traversing an itinerary of UK Classics departments, and I have ended up learning from the best. Pavlos Avlamiis, my colleague at Trinity College, Oxford, was the most generous and intelligent colleague you could hope to land beside at lunch and laugh you through a less familiar archaic labyrinth of a university. Deep thanks also to Gail Trimble for letting me sit at her desk for her year of leave: her shoes were too big for me, but it was nice to try to fill them for a time. Colleagues at Bristol the next year slapped me out of my torpor and got me thinking more ambitiously: for feedback on work, help with applications, and all-round zinging conversation, big thanks to Shane Butler, Lyndsay Coe, Laura Jansen, Kurt Lampe, Adam Lecznar, Genevieve Liveley, and Ellen O’Gorman. I am gushing to have landed more permanently in St Andrews, where conversations with Alice König and Antti Lampinen have helped things move to a climax, and where the academic community is second to none. The students I have taught at all of these places have marked this book more than they know – even, or especially, if Juvenal’s name never came up.

All these homes hooked me into friendships with some truly incredible classicists. Some of them are so incredible that they stopped being classicists. For implanting ideas, doling out wisdom, and listening hard to my tortured Australian speech, let me thank Tobias Allendorf, Anna Bonnell-Freidin, Siobhan Chomse, Barbara Del Giovane Yuddi Gershon, Elena Giusti, Ian Goh, Jared Hudson, Ailsa Hunt, Claire Jackson, Lucy Jackson, Aaron Kachuck, Adam Lecznar, Harvey Lederman, James McNamara, Fran Middleton, Lizzie Mitchell, Hannah Silverblank, Martin Stöckinger, Barney Taylor, Maya Feile Tomes, and Laura Viidebaum. Special gratitude goes to Ian, Aaron and Maya, whose proofreading care did more than nurse my thesis back to life. To Elena, Fran, and Maya: thanks for making King’s Classics the electrifying hotbed of ideas I had projected it to be. James Uden has been the kindest and gentlest of trailblazers. Even after I found out, careering towards the final year of my

Acknowledgements

PhD, that he had said much that needed saying on this topic much better than I could, he has never been the least bit policing or possessive of a territory that will always have his name all over it. I treasured the marvels of his thesis, book, and person, every step of the way.

Books are built from the lives of others. Many bumps into remarkable people are captured here, however difficult to detect. My Sydney crew continues to astonish, challenge, rile, politicize, support, and love in a way I can never hope to recreate. Saul Bert, Andrew Brooks, Robert d'Apice, Jet Geaghan, Liam Grealy, Duncan Hilder, Serin Kasif, Shona Macleod, Sean Murphy, Ivan Muniz Reed, Miro Sandev, Camilla Wagstaff, Marty Wiczorek: thanks for opening worlds. Giulietta Amato and Georgia Sholl are the newest world's-best mums to the freshest member of my extended family: little Theodora Isabel Amato, we will see you live up to your Byzantine regent of a name yet. My time in the UK has brought in a haul of quirkery that could fill novels, all of which had a hand in helping me write this non-fiction too: Louise Benson, Sophie Buchanan, Carlos Cueva, Ben Etherington, Natalie Fullwood, Yuddi Gershon, Josie Gill, Lisi Giselbrecht, Sam Goff, Emma Jones, Aris Komporozos-Athanasίου, Lotte Kühlbrandt, Sophie Mallett, Michal Murawski, Miguel Santa Clara, Ellie Stedall, Laura Rosella Schluderer, Volker Schlue, Katrina Zaat. I would like to be more like all of you.

My parents Andrew Geue and Vania Pittioni got pole position above, but let me thank them again here for feeding my body and soul. They urged me always to work for love not money, even if their own love had to be transferred into my bank account when the conversion was not quite working in my favour. The boundless love of and for Francesca Bellei keeps teaching me things I did not know.

For most of the last twelve years, I have kept afloat on the financial buoys of the University of Sydney, King's College Cambridge, the Cambridge Faculty of Classics, the Cambridge Australia Trust, and the British Academy. I am deeply grateful to these bodies, and at the same time painfully aware that there is no such thing as clean money. I have grown in places and benefited

Acknowledgements

from clusters of wealth built, directly or indirectly, on bleak histories of exploitation, slavery, and genocide; histories stretching into a university system which rewards its bosses with bigger bonuses, and its labour with greater precarity. Our most pressing job is to stop them repeating themselves.

ABBREVIATIONS, EDITIONS AND COMMENTARIES

- CIL 1863–. *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*. Berlin: de Gruyter.
- HA Magie, D. 1921–32. *Scriptores Historiae Augustae*. Cambridge (MA): Harvard University Press.
- OCT Oxford Classical Text
- OLD Glare, P. G. W. 1982. *Oxford Latin Dictionary*. Oxford: Oxford University Press

I follow Clausen's *OCT* edition of Juvenal (1992) throughout except where otherwise noted. I also make regular reference to the following editions and commentaries:

- Bracci, F. 2014. *La satira 11 di Giovenale: introduzione, traduzione e commento*. Berlin, New York: de Gruyter.
- Braund, S. 1984. 'Juvenal, Satires 8 and 9: Introduction and Commentary', Ph.D. thesis, Cambridge: University of Cambridge.
- Braund, S. 1996. *Juvenal: Satires Book I*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
- Braund, S. 2004a. *Juvenal and Persius*. Cambridge (MA): Harvard University Press.
- Campana, P. 2004. *D. Iunii Iuuenalis Saturae X*. Firenze: F. Le Monnier.
- Clausen, W. 1992. *A. Persi Flacci et D. Iuni Iuuenalis Saturae*. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
- Courtney, E. 1980. *A Commentary on the Satires of Juvenal*. London: Athlone.
- Ferguson, J. 1979. *Juvenal: The Satires*. London: Macmillan.
- Housman, A. E. 1931. *Juvenal: Saturae*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

List of Abbreviations, Editions and Commentaries

- Knoche, U. 1950. *D. Iunius Iuuenalis: Saturae*. Munich: M. Huever.
- Martyn, J. R. C. 1987. *Juvenal: Saturae*. Amsterdam: Hakkert.
- Mayor, J. E. B. 1900. *Thirteen Satires of Juvenal, I-II*. London: Macmillan.
- Santorelli, B. 2012. *Giovenale, Satira IV: introduzione, traduzione e commento*. Berlin, New York: de Gruyter.
- Stramaglia, A. 2008. *Giovenale, Satire I, 7, 12, 16: storia di un poeta*. Bologna: Pàtron.
- Willis, J. A., 1997. *D. Iunii Iuuenalis Saturae sedecim*. Leipzig: Teubner.

INTRODUCTION: MEET ANON

I Satirist Anonymous

frontis nulla fides

Set no store by appearance [or: ‘never trust a title page’]

Juvenal *Sat.* 2.8

One of the most celebrated novelists of our time has chosen to renounce celebrity entirely. She – we hope she is a she, or at least a they – goes by the name Elena Ferrante. But that is basically all she goes by. She conducts her few interviews not in person, but through text – a medium whose inherent qualities of absence and fragmentation allow an author the yawning, exhilarating vacuum of self-erasure. Her novels are full of critical insights into (male) authority and its propagation through the *name*, which breeds the illusion of ownership, guarantee, security, trust. But her most potent riposte to that discourse is the very way she runs the publication process. Here, now, in this early twenty-first century, where the paratext of a book is inevitably harnessed to serve the interests of capital, and the author must work for sales by pushing her name out there, doing book signings, talks, interviews, and generally hustling for a public presence – this preference for using a pseudonym and opting out of the marketing routine is a radical one. It may look strange and novel against the modern default of enforced self-promotion, but in reality there could be nothing more ancient. In filtering herself from her text, Elena Ferrante is striving to attain the condition of the fragment, the status of the classical: words without author (the best kind).

This book will argue that the head-bending dynamics of the disappearing author got going a long time before capitalism began to fuss over attribution, authorship, and ownership. Terry Eagleton once casually spotlighted that all texts are anonymous, in so far as they are all, upon reading and by definition, weened and estranged

from their author.¹ Not only that, but for many ages, in both manuscript and print cultures, anonymous circulation was the norm. It suits us well that the motto of the title page of a 1780 edition of *The Monthly Review* goes to Juvenal for inspiration: *fronti nulla fides* [sic], which the periodical translates ‘No trusting to Title Pages’.² Here, as for much of the history of writing, was a context in which it was normal to make up or suppress the name of the ‘true author’. Our own age is anomalous in its source-fetish, and to our peril we forget that names were for large tracts of time routinely confected, or completely written out of the reading process.³ But the classical world, and ancient imperial Rome, and a big-name satirist at that, may seem strange ground for ripping up the roots of *anon*. What would anonymity mean in a tight-knit recitation culture, where authors were constantly standing up to be counted, reciting their work to friends behind closed doors, or to public audiences in front of them? Where they were unfailingly sending around drafts of their work, signed and sealed, for genteel, tasteful, customized input? Surely the orality and sociality of Roman literary practice makes the author *present*, front and centre, always and forever?

My counter-intuitive response in this book is a ‘no’ at its most strident, and a ‘not necessarily’ at its most timid. The big aim is to recuperate the possibilities of textuality as a process, and text as a medium. I shall argue that at least one author – this so-called Juvenal – was well aware of the unique potential of text as a ‘technology of absence’: a weird device, that is, whose magic can lie precisely in our being kept from spotting the enigmatic hands behind it. While my scope is limited to a single-author case study, I mean the theory and practice contained herein to go

¹ Eagleton 2008.

² Quoted in Griffin 1999, 880. *Frons* in Juvenal of course cannot yet mean ‘frontispiece’, but there are attested usages of *frons* as the end of a book roll ([Tibullus] 3.1.13, Ovid *Tristia* 1.1.11; and for a possible play on this meaning at Petronius *Satyrica* 103.2, see Rimell 2002, 114–15 and Slater 2012, 251 n. 10: ‘the fake brands are thus false titles’). We could promote Juvenal’s exportable epigram to true epigraph status: ‘do not judge a book by its cover’ or ‘even if you have a name in front of you, you cannot trust it’.

³ Cf. Mullan 2007, 296–97. This book is a top-shelf survey of anonymity in modern English literature. Satire is a fixture, unsurprisingly; satirists such as Rochester (226–27) are especially adept at the game of attribution, making anonymity into a perverse brand of self-assertion. Cf. Rabb 2007, 162 on Pope.

beyond our everyman satirist, and get us thinking hard again about what texts *qua* texts can really do. Performance studies has surely opened up grand new vistas for literature.⁴ But I believe we are not quite done with the written world behind the scenes: the catacombs of disappearing author and underground text are not yet properly probed. Here the touchstones will be secrecy, absence, evasion, gossip, clandestine script.⁵ Here we shall creep through the exit-strategies and get-out clauses of crepuscular satire. All unattributed and off the record, it goes without saying (so I am saying it, just in case).

Welcome to the world of satirist anonymous.

2 Who, What, When, Where?

autorem quaeris? frustra

Are you looking for the author? No point.

Donne *Ignatius His Conclave*

Juvenal is mercilessly unsympathetic to his readers' first questions. Try as we might, we can never recover the identity of the man who wrote those sixteen satires. Apart from the 'allusive' (and elusive) proof offered by one epigram of Martial, we cannot even assign the name Juvenal with any confidence. Unlike the vast majority of our extant Latin authors, Juvenal was not a man about town.⁶ He made no splash in elite literary circles. No contemporary (other than Martial) mentions a public figure called Juvenal, let alone Juvenal *the satirist*.⁷ No one pays him the compliment of

⁴ For a dogmatic hard-line pushing performance over text, see Wiseman 2015 and Wiseman 2008; for more complex incarnations, Lowrie 2009, Habinek 2005.

⁵ This is *terra cognita* from Scott 1990 (e.g. xiii): the 'hidden transcript' and 'infrapolitics' are now very much in the Classics vernacular (thanks mainly to Bartsch 1994). Anonymity takes up a good chunk of Scott's discussion (e.g. 137–52), which is generally helpful for sorting through the techniques. However, I do not wish to claim Juvenal as a subaltern hero meaningfully *resisting* through anonymity, but as an author making full use of this characteristic device of the underground.

⁶ On Juvenal's isolation compared to Horace and Persius, see La Penna 1990, 259; for silence on his socioeconomic circumstances, cf. Hardie 1990, 169. Lack of contact with contemporary emperors: Fein 1994, 98–99. Armstrong 2012 valiantly attempts to piece together the identity behind the words, but has to work hard with the slight bait of clue and inference.

⁷ Cf. Fredricksmeyer 1990, 796; though Juvenal's writing probably post-dated Pliny's by some years (Syme 1979a, 255).

‘allusion’ for a good two hundred years after his *probable* death.⁸ Most importantly for this book, the poetry gives us precious little sense of that same irrecoverable self – which is remarkable for a poetic genre that had cut its teeth on autobiographical ‘sincerity’.⁹ If this satirist was really as obscure as these resounding silences would suggest, it is miraculous that the work has survived at all.¹⁰

The problem of Juvenal’s identity is not just a question of *who* at the authorial level; it is also a question of *what* at the textual level. The notion of ‘two Juvenals’¹¹ clings to critical readings of the corpus and manifests itself in varying degrees of audacity. Ribbeck, the obligatory rogue of Juvenalian scholarship, famously deleted most of the later satires.¹² In the end his overactive scissors did not make the cut; but his spirit transmigrated into the general twentieth-century opinion that the satires deteriorated sharply as they progressed. Even now, in a more delicate scholarly community, the spirit is still with us: this time expressed in the more diplomatic form that Juvenal’s ‘approach’ or ‘persona’ ‘evolves’ over the course of the five books.¹³ All these questions are nothing more (or less) than ongoing negotiations of *what* precisely constitutes Juvenal and the Juvenalian. After a long period of implicit assumption that it (he) was to be found primarily in the early books of fiery *indignatio*,¹⁴ and that anything later was a disappointing form of departure, nowadays the Juvenalian is becoming more levelled. For that resetting – which this book will extend in its orientation towards the later satires – we have the persona

⁸ Though we cannot squeeze too much from the silence, bearing in mind vicissitudes of transmission (Baldwin 1982, 67–69).

⁹ See below and n. 79. ¹⁰ Cf. Townend 1972, 387.

¹¹ For a short history of the idea, see Keane 2015, 5. The idea of a profound shift after book 2 is common among persona critics. Anderson 1982, 361 divides his ‘two Juvenals’ at the advent of the Democritean satirist in *Sat.* 10; see also Townend 1973, 159 on Juvenal’s declining ‘allusive’ texture in the later books. Elwitschger 1992, 4–6 takes this wedge for granted, though he seeks to explain its nature differently (200–13). Bellandi 1980 (e.g. 8–9) tackles the problem as a shift from indignation to diatribe voice, beginning in *Sat.* 10; but a new Italian generation seems less sold on such a clear break (e.g. Campana 2004, 16, Bracci 2014, 31–32).

¹² Ribbeck is the usual extremist suspect of ‘two Juvenals’ (see e.g. Gold 2012, 97).

¹³ E.g. Keane 2015, 20 claims that the corpus tells a tale of personal evolution. Her work – which puts Juvenal firmly in the Roman satiric tradition of ‘a person expressing himself’ – is a good complement/challenge to the depersonalizing move of this book.

¹⁴ It was not always so: see Walker 2006, 17.

revolution to thank.¹⁵ As well as these global concerns, ‘what’ is also a content question dogging the local in Juvenalian satire: what is this particular satire about, what is its target? The later satires especially seem to drift imperceptibly or jolt suddenly from topic to topic, as if to wreak havoc with the readerly desire for a point. And that might just be the point.¹⁶

Despite some progress, the basic query ‘what is Juvenal?’ necessarily repeats itself in the offices of textual critics. A pressing problem for those editing the text is the presence of numerous interpolations¹⁷ – which were, of course, not always considered interpolations.¹⁸ While textual criticism holds up the scientific method as its guiding light, the task of deciding what is and what is not an interpolation is often merely a subset of the question ‘*what* is Juvenal capable of? How low can he go?’¹⁹ Ribbeck again occupied the extreme end; modern scholarship has now regained composure and settled on a canon of around forty interpolations (give or take).²⁰ Parker points out how strange it is that a supposedly unread author like Juvenal should have so many interpolations creep in at his earliest reception phase;²¹ so could we imagine Juvenal as especially, deliberately susceptible to, even thirsty for, other hands to build his corpus into a polyphonic, many-handed collective?²² The continuing fluctuation in members of the ‘interpolation’ category is revealing in itself: the debate over *what is Juvenal* (and *what Juvenal is*) continues to rage even (or especially) at the high magnification of linguistic minutiae. As the italicized or bracketed hexameters flash in a modern edition such as that of the interventionist Willis, the choice between *der echte und der unechte* Juvenal is thrust into urgent consideration. The real Juvenal is always difficult to find.

¹⁵ Anderson 1982 and Braund 1988 stimulated interest beyond the early books (cf. Lindo 1974); Keane 2006, 140 explicitly targets the later work’s rehabilitation, and Keane 2015 is impressively egalitarian with her attention.

¹⁶ Uden 2015 shows how often Juvenal leaves the reader to tease out connections and meanings, with precious little authorial guidance (e.g. 202, on *Sat.* 12).

¹⁷ Martyn 1996b, 76. ¹⁸ On interpolations in Juvenal, see Courtney 1975.

¹⁹ On (the ‘curse’ of) excision as a trigger-happy response to deal with ‘sub-standard’ verses, cf. Baldwin 1989, 499.

²⁰ Courtney follows Housman and Clausen, Juvenal’s ‘sanest’ editors; Nisbet 2009, 56 thinks Housman was still too conservative. Willis wields the knife more liberally.

²¹ Parker 2012, 149–50.

²² Cf. Peirano 2012, 23: better to think of interpolation as a kind of creative imitation.

He is also notoriously difficult to date.²³ The text equips us with few pegs of *terminus ante/post quem*; as Freudenburg has most recently emphasized with his ‘time-warp’,²⁴ early Juvenalian satire tends to inhabit a vague imperial past, drawing its targets primarily from the Neronian and Domitianic eras.²⁵ Plausible conjectures have crystallized upon the following scheme, which I employ in this book: books 1 and 2 published in the later years of Trajan’s reign, books 3, 4, and 5 spanning approximately the first fifteen years of Hadrian’s. But full agreement on the problem of dating remains as intractable as ever. Most recently Uden has reopened the question of an *early* 100s publication date for book 1; controversially, he reads Martial 12.18 as a *response* to *Sat.* 1 (counterintuitive to most), and he is not the first to do so.²⁶ While such a transposition might seem impossibly violent, the salient point to note is how breezily it can be executed: only a few minor obstacles to work around and the text can sit as comfortably in 100 as it can in 115. I shall argue in the course of the book that this lack of temporal traction is not simply a function of our ignorance about *who* Juvenal was and *when* he flourished; rather, the generation of such aporia is a disruptive aim of the text itself. If Juvenal retracted his life from his satire, he also retracted his times.

Knotted to these unanswerable interrogatives is the final question: *where?* Larmour has recently cast the flâneurish poetics of Kristevan abjection/dejection over Juvenalian satire to show how the narrator wanders porously in and out of Rome’s boundary zones.²⁷ Frequent references to out-of-the-way fringes of empire nest uneasily alongside the bowels of the city. Larmour employs

²³ A commonplace, but see Baldwin 1967, 306. Waters 1970, 67 pushes for a Hadrianic date on ‘nearly all of the satires’, and Syme 1979a, 260 throws his weight behind 117–32 CE for all; cf. Fein 1994, 94, Hardie 1997. On this baffling ‘achronic’ aspect, see Uden 2015, 12–13; we might also pair Juvenal with his near contemporary Plutarch, who is also resolutely unctemporaneous (see Pelling 2002, 255). There was something vaguely in the air: cf. Rimell (forthcoming 2017) on temporal vagueness in Martial and Tacitus *Agricola*.

²⁴ Freudenburg 2001, 214–15.

²⁵ Cf. Waters 1970, 68. Though see Jones 2007, 60’s assessment of the *very* broad name distribution.

²⁶ See Uden 2015, 219–26, after Pasoli 1982.

²⁷ Larmour 2005, 175–77 (a framework now elaborated in Larmour 2016, e.g. 14–26). Cf. Uden’s brilliant marshalling of Dio Chrysostom’s ‘atopic topology’ (2015, 58–64).

3 How, Why?

the term ‘stray’ to describe the dislocated jolts around town, particularly as applied to an internal narrator such as Umbricius in *Sat.* 3.²⁸ He then goes on to map the course of the Juvenalian career from errancy among public spaces in the early satires to private ones later on: an attempt to reclaim some ‘fixed and comforting space’ which ultimately fails with the return of the abject stray in *Sat.* 15 and 16.²⁹ The wide circle described by Larmour is undoubtedly a response to the shudders in position and perspective³⁰ that plague the Juvenalian voice, making him so impossible to *place* as well as to date.³¹ Where does that leave us?

3 How, Why?

These four key questions are versions of a struggle with the problem of authorial absence. The fact that who, what, when and where perennially wriggle free from sure answer should not be dismissed as a mere frustration. This is the starting block which we must confront rather than sweep away. But sweeping away these ‘dead-ends’ is precisely what the ‘persona’ revolution did for Anglophone scholarship on Juvenal. The methodologically dubious biographism, which saw its peak in the notorious book of Highet³² (a scoundrel of Juvenalian scholarship second only to Ribbeck), naturally had to be jettisoned; the fruitless circularity of drawing insight into the life *from* the poetry and reflecting this life back *onto* the poetry was criminally obvious in Juvenal’s case, where ‘external’ evidence was so sparse. Then Anderson – deeply steeped in New Criticism – emerged on the scene to cut the circle: a poem did not require an ‘outside’ to work, and so it was not necessary to seek anything of the historical figure behind the voice constructed in the text.³³ Braund followed in his footsteps to

²⁸ Larmour 2005, 210. ²⁹ Larmour 2005, 210; cf. Larmour 2016, 26–27.

³⁰ Cf. Frye 1971, 244’s ‘second phase satire’.

³¹ The wildly wavering viewpoints of the Juvenalian eye/I will shimmer in the discussion of *Sat.* 15.

³² Highet 1954, but Highet 1937 constructed his ‘life of Juvenal’.

³³ For a history of the persona in literary criticism and probing of the concept in antiquity, see Clay 1998. When it comes to Juvenal, the persona is perceived on the continent to be an overgrowth in Anglophone scholarship: cf. Bellandi 1980, 97, Santorelli 2008b, 142, Elwitschger 1992.

complete what is essentially the Juvenal we still have, at least in Anglophone scholarship: a series of masked avengers which begins with the voice of anger only to cede to other satiric experiments later in the corpus. While there are major rumblings in this orthodoxy (see below),³⁴ the persona is still the predominant answer to *what Juvenal is*: that is, Juvenal is satire working through various ways of speaking satire, via various personae. Recent readings of Juvenal performed by one of the few Juvenal specialists in contemporary scholarship seem to accept a (qualified) persona frame out of appreciation for its contribution, and for fear of ‘throwing the baby out with the bathwater’.³⁵ Keane 2007b, for example, is essentially an application of a persona lens to book 5.³⁶ Her freshest book – an interesting focus on Juvenal as a text thematically wrapped in emotions – self-consciously manoeuvres within the constraints of this persona tradition, even if it does well to spotlight its shortcomings.³⁷ Freudenburg’s provocative thesis on Juvenalian parody of the Plinian/Tacitean ‘indignation industry’ also presents a species of (highly evolved) persona criticism.³⁸ Such approaches may still add a lot to our appreciation of Juvenal’s literary thickness, and they continue to be valuable; but their dark side is that they have led to a series of counterproductive, calcifying labels, which reduce the Juvenalian to one-word, static ‘moods’.

It is high time the author took a bigger breath from behind his mask.³⁹ ‘Who speaks?’⁴⁰ has always been the most resonant narratological question for satire, and it is still the obsession galvanizing my own reading.⁴¹ But what I would like to add is that the answer to this question does not have to be a cardboard

³⁴ Iddeng (2000, 2005) is the main anti-persona proponent; cf. Mayer 2003. Certain critics within Juvenalian studies are also deeply sceptical (Tennant 1995, 2003).

³⁵ Keane 2010, 117; Keane 2015, 6 extends her idea of a satiric career (a series of experiments with various personae).

³⁶ Keane 2007b, anticipated by Walker 2006.

³⁷ Keane 2015, 2; shortcomings discussed at 16–19. Other recent work also takes persona as read: cf. Roche 2012, 190, Watson and Watson 2014, 35–48.

³⁸ Freudenburg 2001, nodding to each satirist’s particular historical context (4).

³⁹ Cf. also Walker 2006, 7, extending Braund’s ‘parody of a moralist’ into books 4 and 5.

⁴⁰ The big (impossible) question also for Barthes 1995 (originally published 1968); see Gallop 2011, 32–33.

⁴¹ And it is not just our modern ‘identity’ hang-ups. This period of Roman history doggedly puts the question in many forms, welding a morbid interest in individual

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cut-out self, or a pre-recorded voice robot. Better to answer it ‘anyone’, ‘no one’, or ‘not sure’⁴² than reduce that valuable sense of readerly disorientation to a few inane shorthands such as ‘angry’ or ‘ironic’. Masks fix an expression in plain sight, which is better captured out of it, and imagined in unnerving flux.

Winds of change are now blowing a gale. James Uden’s recent book marks an excellent new departure: a swing back to the ‘historical’ end of the historicity/literarity pendulum always oscillating in the background,⁴³ but also a great leap forward for both camps of criticism. Fed up with the inward-looking tradition, which entertains ‘context’ merely to picture Juvenal within the generic canon (Lucilius-Horace-Persius-Juvenal), Uden expounds the simple proposition that Juvenal was an author of his time. His shady self and multiple personae are part of, and explicable through, *de rigueur* Second Sophistic identity performance;⁴⁴ and his later poetry in particular responds directly to some of the currents of Hadrianic Rome. Uden undoubtedly pinpoints the major prompt for this book: the striking absence of ‘self’ in Juvenal’s oeuvre. But whereas Uden rationalizes this ‘invisibility’ through recourse to the intellectual zeitgeist, my ‘anonymity’ (as we shall see) will seek to plot authorial absence against a straight-up political background. Anonymous/invisible satire, in my view, is not only a quasi-postmodern performance of identity through its consistent erasure or complication. This dark mode is also about raising the stakes of literature to a matter of life or death.

selves (cf. the explosion in biography) to a sharp eye for legal personhood and character (cf. Edwards and Swain 1997, 19–20: ‘The law officer’s brief was now to ask, “What sort of man is he?”’). This is also the age of ‘care of the self’, as well as one in which creating/reading subtle gradations of social identity was increasingly important (see Edwards and Swain 1997, 36–37).

⁴² Cf. Uden 2015, 5.

⁴³ Keane 2001, 16 observes that Juvenal himself encourages a historicist reading through the strong reality claim (cf. Keane 2007b, 40); she cautions against tendentiousness, but the nugget of historicity cannot be totally dissolved. For qualifications/revisions of the persona lens, see Keane 2006, 9–12 (pushing for a more socially engaged ‘author figure’; cf. 138); Plaza 2006, 4 (and *passim*) employs a model of irony as cheating, i.e. the satirist’s unique ability to both say and unsay at the same time – which both says and unsays persona theory. Braund herself recants in Braund 1997b, 38–40.

For the literarity/historicity swings and roundabouts applied to Horace, see Oliensis 1997, 97.

⁴⁴ Cf. Uden 2015, 8, 10, 54.

Of course, an unmistakeable strand of persona criticism still lurks, for/in both of us. Uden's reading of *Sat.* 10, for example, makes use of the Freudenburg branch of 'persona parody'; in Uden's view, this poem ventriloquises a ridiculously extreme Cynic speaker in order to debunk this increasingly popular philosophy. But that is as it should be. Uden is a child of persona, as am I; the big enabling move he makes is to root these persona experiments in the performance culture of second-century Rome. The problem is not the persona *per se*, but stopping with it as the be-all-end-all of Juvenal. Here Uden represents a watershed step, and I want to continue in that blazed trail:⁴⁵ if we must have more Juvenalian personae, at least they may be allowed to say something about the world from which they sprang.

Not that they have always been denied that privilege in the past. Another way of tackling the persona has been through that old chestnut of the politics of irony. The very concept of the persona can be an attempt to bleach some of the uncomfortable aspects of an ancient male voice from those Great Men in whom scholars are so invested: some have pointed out that the detachable mask of the angry man makes the author figure more palatable to the predominantly liberal, knowing, ironising voice of modern Anglophone academia.⁴⁶ But against this spring-cleaning there has sprung up a branch of Juvenalian criticism that makes the dirt stick. Richlin 1992 rightly highlighted that in the realm of gender politics, the persona cannot break our ancient authors out of jail for free;⁴⁷ far from indulging in sophisticated self-criticism, their texts participate in and perpetuate the same ugly hard-nosed patriarchy as any other good Roman book. Richlin still employs the model of the persona, but rather than a risible angry man, she sees an actively hostile priapic persona.⁴⁸ And this persona is not to be quarantined

⁴⁵ With some narcissism of minor difference: see below.

⁴⁶ Cf. Uden 2011, VII; a comparable urge to make authors our 'complex' doubles/equals is rife all over Classics, from the subversive Virgil (see Tarrant 2012, 33–7) to the tricky Tacitus (Woodman and Kraus 2014, 22).

⁴⁷ Her discussion is conducted through Freudian humour analysis: the fearful satirist aligns himself with the audience against a threatening victim (e.g. 200).

⁴⁸ Richlin 1992, 195–209. On the co-presence of humour and serious misogyny in *Sat.* 6 for example, see Gold 1994, 101–02. Cf. Shumate 2006, 157 on poet-persona co-implication come *Sat.* 15.

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from the author *himself*. While the Juvenal of this book may come across as less openly aggressive (yet no less menacing for that), I still owe this feminist tradition plenty for its brave defiance of the norm: it took Juvenal seriously at a time when most scholars were trying hard to make us laugh with him, at a persona, at all costs. I would also like to reclaim Juvenal for the feminist guard by showing how his satire actually depends, for its day to day work, on the maligned stereotypes of ‘feminine’ satire:⁴⁹ it avoids open sallies and hand-to-hand chest-thumping, but embraces shifty gossip and displacement of speech. So, while *Sat.* 6 will be a conspicuous (near) absence for which I shall surely draw criticism, I want it to preside over this book by the principle of elephant in the room. As I shall discuss in [Chapter 2.3](#), Juvenalian women turn out much better satirists than their surrogate male failures.

Another major theoretical development has happened since the genesis of persona theory: the optimistically proclaimed ‘Death of the Author’ has seen a follow-up resurrection.⁵⁰ Authorship and authoriality have become canonized topics for theory and analysis; deep discomfort with the idea of the inaccessible historical author – New Criticism’s mantra – has softened to the point that many have saluted her return.⁵¹ In the case of this book, a return does not imply a naïve relapse into biographism. Rather, it demands a blunt recognition that there was a very real connection between an author and her works, and that a lot was at stake in the acknowledgement (or suppression) of authorship.⁵² The signature that

⁴⁹ Cf. [n. 65](#) below.

⁵⁰ The famous coinage ‘belonged’ to Barthes [1995](#) (originally published 1968); see also Foucault [1995](#). As Gallop [2011](#), 30 points out, Barthes’ dead author actually saw her own friendly return three years later (in the 1971 *The Pleasure of the Text*).

⁵¹ Burke [1995](#), 285 reflects on the failure of the ‘liberation’; cf. Reckford [2009](#), 12, Hinds [1998](#), 48–50. Bennett [2005](#) reaps good rewards from attending to the author figure throughout history and theory; indeed, authorship can be claimed as *the* question of literary theory (72, 112, 127). On the partial return of the author, cf. Temple [1995](#), 1; cf. also Butler [2011](#), 4–12’s resuscitation of the author as writer/labourer, and first reader. Tomasevskij [1995](#), 82–89 charts the historical fluctuation of interest in authorial biography.

⁵² Cf. Sailor [2008](#), 6–9 on (historiographical) authorship as a form of political participation with very real consequences for the author; on the ethics of signature and ownership, see Burke [1995](#). It might be worth a note that Hadrian’s age is also thinking about what a self means in legal terms (see [n. 41](#) above).

affirmed textual ownership was a big deal in Roman elite circles; to author a text usually meant to garner prestige and bid for cultural capital. But if texts could have positive effects on their authors' social being, they could also backfire heavily. The annals of empire are full of authors who became victims of the words they had authored, whenever those words clashed with a paranoid power structure. Authorship is thus a far more insistent question under the Roman principate than it is in, say, a modern liberal democracy – a fact easily drowned in modern cultures which idolize direct 'free speech' and unvarnished 'self-expression'.

Of course, the paranoia is specific as well as systemic. Juvenal arrives at (has been assigned to) a time stamped with heavy trauma. He belongs in the wake of the Domitianic terror, when Tacitus is putting Maternus and (later) Cremutius Cordus among the *delatores*, and showing how Agricola survives through cautious sailing under the radar. The nervous shakes are soothed into gulps beneath the confident Trajanic declarations that another world is possible. But they break out again after Hadrian steps in with a crisp purge of high-profile elites, then crowds into the literary scene for maximum-strength patronage (or surveillance). It is in this realm of gravely politicized – and dangerous – authorship that I shall seek to locate the slippery camp of the Juvenalian.⁵³

This pricks the thorny problem of historicism as method, and gives me short pause to indicate where this book's allegiance to 'context' really lies. Uden 2015 has performed great hulking feats of historicism in housing Juvenal with the second-century sophistic imaginary, and uncovers some wonderful, specific connections, which no Juvenalian had ever entertained, even in their wildest dreams. While I share his conviction that Juvenal looks better in context, my version will be a softer historicism. I shall spend less energy tracking how Juvenal runs in lock-step with current affairs, or how he absorbs and retransmits the intellectual radiation between 100–130 CE. My argument will privilege one basic historical dynamic permeating Juvenal: the volatile relationship between literature and power among the Roman elite. I shall argue

⁵³ See Chapter 2; on Juvenalian self-protection in *Sat.* 1, cf. Griffith 1970, 62. Paranoia will be a keyword of this study, and here especially I am forced to fork from Uden's (2015, 6–7) notion of invisibility without concern or concealment.

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that this manifests itself in different ways from Trajan to Hadrian, and intensifies under an avowedly poetic *princeps*; but overall it will be very much diversity in unity. The dialectic between ‘general’ and ‘specific’ is always a structural key to satire (indeed all ‘critical’ literature), and this is the case more than ever in the early second century. The claim that Juvenal’s nimble dancing round the principate is both local and global, *both* about the current autocrat singular *and* all autocrats plural, is not necessarily a contradiction; individuals can moonlight as systems, and vice versa.⁵⁴ I am not peddling a simplistic model of ‘reflection’ here; not saying that Juvenal’s jittery text channels some prior, outside, in-the-air, big-H Historical Fear. Rather, the text is an active participant in making this paranoid age so paranoid; and the sense of fear is a framework in which the text asks to be read, an affective state in which it seeks to be handled with care, an electricity on which it runs. I shall also claim that the time when Juvenal gets specific, and asks to be confidently historicized, is the time when he runs out of steam; the moment he becomes a body in time rather than a cobble of unplaceable voices, he gets swiftly booted into oblivion.

Perhaps, then, I risk giving the impression of a ‘static’ satirist obsessed with the same problem, whose method does not evolve at all. But I want to stress that the problem of anonymity is Juvenal’s dynamo, and he crafts many ingenious ways of being powered by it. If this fails to create a nice neat arc of ‘anger to not-anger’, or ‘experiments with emotion’, or to mime precisely the march from Trajanic to Hadrianic culture, so be it.⁵⁵ Surely we can aim at a coherent understanding of the corpus as corpus without depending on a mobile/progressive/evolutionary plot. Reared on narrative genres as many of us Latinists are, we often feel impelled to make satire move, even when this sterile stuff does its best to stay still.⁵⁶

⁵⁴ I am glad to see Penwill 2015, 193–94 take a similar line.

⁵⁵ Best to name names: Braund 1988, Keane 2015, Uden 2015 respectively.

⁵⁶ After the blustering polemic, the inevitable retraction: while my main goal is to stitch this corpus into a coherent unit via the theme of anonymity, I still permit myself to tie the text to more local historical forces at times. History is the best non-evolutionary narrative we have.

Squatting in the mood of clear and present danger, I would differentiate myself from other recent work on anonymity and pseudonymity, within Classics and without.⁵⁷ Here I am necessarily in the pocket of Irene Peirano: her seminal *Rhetoric of the Roman Fake* (Peirano 2012) has opened up a whole backdrop of impersonation culture to think with and through. But when reading Peirano (cf. Mullan 2007), you could be forgiven for thinking that pseudonymity and anonymity are mostly a bit of fun between author and reader; no matter how ‘seriously’ these games are rooted in Roman educational practice, they remain games. And yet the stakes are different in satire. This is not just a workout down the local declamatory gym. Saturation in rhetorical culture facilitates a flexibility to become anyone else not only for the sake of the game and the puzzle, but also because disowning discourse is useful when scribbling critical literature. Rhetoric supplies the means of impersonality as well as impersonation.⁵⁸

I do not want to move (back) to a full-scale psychologizing interpretation, which might be decontextualized and blanched to something like ‘Juvenal wrote himself out because he was paranoid’. Rather, I am claiming the text sets up specific transactions between author and reader for which the low-risk, catch-all model of ‘role-playing’ is simply not enough. A concrete example of this could be Juvenal’s persistent jarring modulations between second and third person modes (all-out first person is by far the minority).⁵⁹ Sometimes the reader is addressed through the generic second-person; sometimes the addressee is hailed directly; often a third person is brought on for scrutiny. But such transitions draw uncomfortable equivalences. We are constantly recognizing and misrecognizing ourselves in the text. We scan with the abiding fear of the ever-applicable criticism. That constant process of substitution makes for nervy reading – a paranoid infusion of our own selves into the space where the author might have been, but is not.

So, my interests throughout this book will lie – no prizes for guessing – in the *textual* dynamics of this eerie satire. I want to

⁵⁷ Mullan 2007, Peirano 2012.

⁵⁸ This might give us a more productive way of sorting claims about Juvenal the rhetorical hack or droning commonplace writ large, e.g. Kenney 2012, 133.

⁵⁹ On the leaping second person in *Sat.* 6, see Keane 2015, 69–86.

push ‘performance context’ and ‘recitation culture’ to one side. But I do not mean this as just another reactionary strike for the ‘text’ side in the age-old (old-age) text/performance debate; I mean it as a prod to consider the potential of text as technology, apart from its role as pale performance prompt or record. This may feel like reading against the grain, or seeing/hearing what I want to see/hear: Juvenalian satire’s founding pose, after all, is heavily performed, loudly *spoken* (roared).⁶⁰ But I shall argue that this fiction of orality is deeply dependent on, and opens up revolutionary avenues for, the clandestine nature of text.⁶¹ One clue, which I shall harp on about *ad nauseam*, is the fate of ‘public speakers’ in Juvenal. The voices which stand up to be counted in the course of the text inevitably get shut down; while these sucker surrogates and sacrifices scream in public at the top of their lungs, satirist anonymous writes a concealed self onto the safe privacy of the page.⁶² Because you *read* him, he is not there.⁶³

I shall make much of how this satire conceives of itself as writing, and works through writing, along the way. Right now, I shall box myself into making two suggestions: one to do with

⁶⁰ Uden 2015 takes Juvenalian performance as read from the beginning (e.g. ‘composed and recited’ (1); ‘these are sprawling, vociferous performances of arresting, high-volume rhetoric, not lyrics in fascicles to be filed away for posterity’ (3); he discusses the implications of recitation format at 13; and see Keane 2015 on Juvenal as rhetorical performer: ‘The performer exploits the audience’ (3; cf. 34). Yet a performance in which the reciting poet makes himself disappear feels a little too paradoxical (cf. Uden 2015, 53); a textualizing solution might cut this knot. Uden himself (2015, 88–89, 94–98) collects ample evidence for the decline of the *recitatio* as a forum for poetry at this time, a casualty of competitor forms of (Greek) rhetorical showmanship; but he overplays the *Satires*’ recitative ‘destination’ (102) by underplaying its writtleness. If the recitation was indeed a failing industry, the silence is golden: I hope to show that these satires are quieter than they may initially seem.

⁶¹ Of course, orality can be anonymizing too (even more so than text: see Scott 1990, 160–61), and I shall make much of Juvenalian frames of gossip/rumour; but on the whole, I shall latch onto anonymity through text.

⁶² Surrogates have usually been the access point for the inaccessible Juvenalian self, requiring a leap of faith identifying satirist and internal speaker (cf. the logic of Umurhan 2011, 225); this book aims to explode such straight equivalence.

⁶³ Perversely, Juvenal harnesses the tyrannical energy of imperial text that ‘negates face-to-face communication, creating a remote authority while taking away the immediacy and freedom of oral exchange’ (Zadorojnyi 2006, 363), as well as the possibility of anonymous resistance in the form of graffiti or lampoon (Zadorojnyi 2006, 375, and 2011). Zadorojnyi’s work is generally brilliant on the power of writing as absence, and relevant to Juvenal anonymous; cf. also Bennett 2005, 10–11. For comparable self-effacement *through* writing, cf. Kahane 2001 on Apuleius’ unplaceable narrator; he quotes Jesper Svenbro: ‘I write, therefore I efface myself’ (235–36).

satire's general scribal tribalism, the other to do with how Juvenal in particular fits this bill of written rights. The first is that the history of satire is wound tightly with a history of writing culture. Horace's version of Lucilius downloading himself onto his tablets (see below); his vision of a slave appending another poem to the book (*Sat.* 1.10.92); the fundamental satiric directive of *notare*, observation (noting) as well as writing (noting) (*Hor. Sat.* 1.4.5, 106); Persius' opening question *quis leget haec?* (*Sat.* 1.1.2), whispering his secrets into the ditch of the book (1.120); right up to the clandestine habits of later English satire, predicated on the dark worming of the written word.⁶⁴ Satire may posture as the confrontational male voice barking down its detractors, but in reality its home medium is the inaudible and supple text.⁶⁵ It might just be that the misleading metaphor of the authorial 'voice'⁶⁶ – which has cleaved so closely to Latin literature around this period – is tuning out the text's radical, and productive, silence. Which leads me to the second point, about how we might view Juvenal's own special status as *text* extraordinaire. Some scholars have begun to float the notion of 'script'⁶⁷ – and I think this may get us somewhere, provided we abandon any implication that script equals an impoverished, shrunken version of a fuller performance. For my purposes, the potential of the script is precisely its orientation towards *other* speakers, other readers who will speak it, verbalize it, activate it – and own it. The Juvenalian text effaces its authorial source so it can slip into us less perceptibly, migrate onto our lips more smoothly.⁶⁸ Here we might go one further than Uden's notion of the active reader,⁶⁹ who must work hard to fill in the blank spaces, unnamed culprits, logic gaps:⁷⁰ Juvenal's text does not merely set us up to take the final leap, but makes us say and own everything, corners us into

⁶⁴ Rabb 2007 and Love 2004; cf. Mullan 2007, 225 on the anonymous potential of 'scribal publication' (a form of secretive authorship and closed readership which could have been called upon in Juvenalian Rome, for that matter).

⁶⁵ Cf. Rabb 2007's (10–11) move to orient satire with less masculine benchmarks of open squaring off, and more historically feminized activities such as gossip and slander.

⁶⁶ In the canonical lexicon since the famous 'voice(s)' debate in Virgil hotted up (Parry 1963, Lyne 1987); cf. now Marmodoro and Hill 2014. For a new take, see Butler 2015.

⁶⁷ Roche 2012, 210. ⁶⁸ Cf. Uden 2015, 8, 29, 39. ⁶⁹ Uden 2015, 25.

⁷⁰ In this sense, Juvenal strikingly anticipates the print technology of ellipsis, dash, and lacuna found in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century libellous text (see Rabb 2007, 65).

becoming it, and betraying ourselves while we are at it.⁷¹ If the script seeks out and makes way for a voice, any voice, it is certainly not that of the author.

The pulse of self-concealment pumping through this work will often attract the name ‘anonymity’, and at this juncture I must heroically hedge my bets. The term is deliberately (usefully, of course I would say) double-edged, and conflates two related and mutually reinforcing (yet not necessarily dependent) claims. Let us start with the less controversial. By anonymity I shall often mean the general sense of Juvenal’s shocking ‘removal of self’ in a genre so traditionally self-obsessed: his work consistently betrays no ‘autobiographical’ elements, no sense of physical body, no clear window on the author’s societal position. The lion’s share of close reading in this book will work to document that absence, which is ‘demonstrable’ within the conventions of close reading as a critical mode. The sense of distance we feel from the ‘original’ circulation of the *Satires* sensitizes us to this kind of anonymity. As mentioned, textuality is an inherently anonymizing dynamic; but Juvenal is an especially anonymous author; and the two-millennia stretch of separation puts us in a particularly privileged position to feel an intensified version of this mystery.

The other (whispered) claim is that this mystery was there all along. This more controversial, and less provable, sense of ‘anonymity’ will be reserved for the non-committal margins of ambience and ‘vibe’, and the extreme badlands of the conclusion. Without further ado, I shall just come right out with it: this is the idea that texts could well have been – and in Juvenal’s case actually were – circulated anonymously. Swain and Peirano have collected some good evidence for the practice;⁷² the main objection, I suspect,

⁷¹ Cf. Roller 2012, 291 on Persius mythically transforming us into the whispering disseminators. Cf. also Slater 2001, 218 on the *quis ille* moment in Apuleius, where, all of a sudden, we become the speaker/the speaker becomes us.

⁷² Swain 2001, 55 helpfully identifies texts which (usually for reasons of cramming in sensitive material) deliberately suppress their author’s name (e.g. Anaximenes’ *Tricaranos*, the *Acta Alexandrinorum*, the *Old Oligarch* – or even the *Historia Augusta*). Peirano charts a similar phenomenon in terms of pseudonymity (2012, 38–56), a different but related process. In terms of strictly anonymous circulation: Galen’s famous book about his books claims the declaration of ownership is necessary

will always be something like ‘But . . . but this goes against everything we know of literary culture at the time: recitation,⁷³ revision;⁷⁴ no-holds-barred ambition for worldwide literary fame; authors could not write anonymously even if they tried’.

Three counter-shots here. Firstly, literary ‘culture’ means habit and tendency, not hard-and-fast law. Logistically speaking, it would have been easy to circulate writing without a name (omit to put a *titulus* on the scroll, and anon is your unknown uncle); coincidentally, the world of Juvenal often deals in dodgy documents and forged signatures, and this may clue us in to his own anonymous writing.⁷⁵

Secondly, the picture of contemporary literary production is heavily dependent on, and skewed by, Pliny’s investment in inventing a literary community.⁷⁶ But Pliny’s protreptics to participate in recitations, and his desperate invites to ‘publish’ ASAP and always, may just as well be signs that the literati are failing to do these things, as much as they are applause at a well-running system, high fives all-round for a flourishing scene. Perhaps certain writing really had gone underground in the shadow of Domitian. Perhaps some of it emerged slowly, hesitantly, gingerly; perhaps some of it never surfaced at all. As always with Pliny, it pays not to mistake the prescriptive for the descriptive.

Thirdly, there was a real transformation during this broad imperial period, in terms of how the reading ‘public’ was dreamed up: literary texts were fanning out across empire, and this crucial expansion of distribution meant authors could reliably bank on, and play around with, the freedom of *not being known* by their readers. As texts travelled far and widely, and reading

because many of his texts were circulating without proper ascription (see Peirano 2012, 46).

⁷³ *Recitatio* was a primary forum for editing cum important social institution: see Dupont 1997, Winsbury 2009, 96–108, Johnson 2010, 42–56.

⁷⁴ On which see Gurd 2012.

⁷⁵ See Peirano 2012, 44: ‘Similarly, wills could also be tampered with as in Juvenal’s memorable portrayal of the aristocrat “accustomed to attach a seal to forged wills” (*solitum falsas signare tabellas* 8.142; cf. 1.67 *signator falsi*).’ Cf. the *falsum nomen* of *Sat.* 1.98.

⁷⁶ On which see Gurd 2012, chapter 5.

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communities sprang up in strange places, authors could be more anonymous than ever.⁷⁷ If these defences serve only to show that the time was ripe for anonymous experimentation, and not necessarily that Juvenal experimented so, what I can seed here is a cautious *maybe*: the possibility that the intratextual absence of Juvenal's name (see below) may have been echoed in an always absent – not 'now lost' – paratext.⁷⁸ At the very least, I would love to make you paranoid that what we instinctively assume to be missing may have never been there in the first place.

So Anonymity #1 will take up the body of the book, with #2 haunting the shadows. Now one of the reasons that first sense of anonymity – Juvenal's blotted self – is so striking is its disregard for the satiric tradition of autobiography. The centrality of authorial presence to Roman satire had been enshrined ever since Horace's famous comment on, and qualified subscription to, Lucilian 'transparency':⁷⁹

ille uelut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
credebat libris neque, si male cesserat usquam
decurrens alio, neque si bene; quo fit ut omnis
uotiu pateat ueluti descripta tabella
uita senis. sequor hunc, Lucanus an Apulus anceps;

(Horace *Sat.* 2.1.30–34)⁸⁰

In the old days, he used to stow his secrets in books as if they were loyal friends, never skating off elsewhere, whether things went ill or well; so it happens that the whole life of the old man is open for inspection, as if

⁷⁷ A classic example is Dio Chrysostom's vision (42.5) of his orations getting to all sorts of corners as smashed potsherds (on which see Uden 2015, 64).

⁷⁸ I borrow the term 'paratext' from Genette 1997; he mentions the ancient practice of incorporating the author name and title into the opening or closing sections of the text. Oliver 1951, 243–48 conveniently summarizes ancient titling protocol, though nothing survives from Juvenal's day: presumably an external title that identified the *volumen* (a ticket hanging from the end of the scroll), possibly a title at the start of the work, certainly a subscript title at the end – all displaying the name of the work or *incipit* plus author name. But again: protocol is not iron-clad.

For the sense of anonymity, cf. Elsner 2001, 152 on the *De Dea Syria*.

⁷⁹ But see Harrison 1987 on deflation of autobiography here; for autobiography in Horace's *Satires*, see Freudenburg 1993, 5–6, Gowers 2003, Schlegel 2005, 12; Freudenburg 2010 shows the literary self's inevitable dependence on, and articulation through, previous literary selves. For thickening autobiography as itself a form of self-concealment, see Rabb 2007, 162 on Pope; cf. Uden 2015, 54.

⁸⁰ All texts are OCT editions unless otherwise specified.

Introduction: Meet Anon

it were written on a votive tablet. I'm following him, whether you call me Lucanian or Apulian.⁸¹

The obtrusive sense of the author gained enough momentum to sanctify it as a characteristic mode of satire.⁸² But as the imperial genre proper takes shape, this authorial presence seems to shrink.⁸³ Persius' poetry exhibits less autobiographical content than its Horatian model, while managing to retain a clear adumbration of self;⁸⁴ but when we come to tackle Juvenalian satire, the self is 'etiolated or at vanishing point'.⁸⁵ So the curtailment of autobiographical information to the zero degree is (from a generic standpoint) nothing short of revolutionary. Even if this autobiographical mode was always questionable, always fractured and enamoured of a flirtatiously inaccessible self just beyond the view of the text (and what autobiography is not?), the process of progressive muting is the interesting part: by Juvenal's time, the satirist was not making a written version of himself in any substantial form. Not playfully, not faithfully, not unreliably, not partially: not at all.

This is the conspicuous absence that persona theory domesticated, and which is now (thanks to Uden 2015) very much on our map. It pays to recapture the strangeness of it all, particularly if we think ourselves back into a reading culture that would minimize the separation of historical author and literary persona, if not actively conflate them.⁸⁶ Yet with Juvenal, we are lost on both fronts: we read with scant sense of an historical author, and a devastatingly pixellated and variegated picture of an authorial persona. Reading Juvenal must have always been, in part, an unsuccessful attempt to *find* him – and that is a textual effect we should respect.

⁸¹ All translations are my own unless otherwise specified. ⁸² See Keane 2001.

⁸³ Citroni 1991, 284–85 (a pretty unanimous observation: cf. La Penna 1990, 258, Hutchinson 1993, 34, Rimell 2005, 87, Hooley 2007b, 131, Roche 2012, 192). Keane 2015, 214 repeats this ancient wisdom, but then seems to backpedal with a claim that Juvenal is channeling the spirit of a (Horatian) Lucilius by giving us a highly personal (= emotional) form of satire (215). As you will see, the Juvenal of this book looks very different indeed.

⁸⁴ Cf. Uden 2015, 53.

⁸⁵ Henderson 1999, 194; Larmour 2004, 62, Uden 2015 point to the same 'invisibility'; Jenkyns 1982, 169 sees a 'distinctive voice' in the darkness.

⁸⁶ See Clay 1998, 39–40.

4 Methodizing Absence: Juvenal and the *Aetas Metapoetica*, or Juvenal and the Non-Programmatic Satire

Much criticism on Latin literature written in the nineties and noughties was monopolized by the metapoetic turn – an eruption in reflections on poetic self-reflexivity and programmaticity which may now be on the wane.⁸⁷ I should out myself at this point: the reflex to infer sophisticated self-commentary within the poems themselves is part of my own critical furniture, a set acquired mainly in the study of Augustan poetry, and in the long twilight of postmodernism which has been my academic adolescence. In this book, I shall apply some of these *metapoetic* lenses at varying degrees of magnification in order to access a Juvenalian *poetics*. But given that Juvenal is no ‘natural’ candidate for this kind of analysis, the methodology requires defense.

One of the obvious obstacles to tracking (implicit) metapoetics in Juvenal is the jarring dearth of (explicit) programmatic material (an absence closely tied to the absence of self, uprooting interpretation). Unlike his satiric ancestors, Juvenal rarely advertises his particular aesthetic creeds.⁸⁸ *Sat.* 1 begins with the famous rant against contemporary ‘mannerist’ poetry;⁸⁹ *Sat.* 6.634ff. openly flares Juvenal’s generic expansionism;⁹⁰ *Sat.* 7 dwells on the topic of underpaid poets; but other than this, Juvenalian programmaticity must be drawn from practice rather than averaged from statements. One of the few clear ‘messages’ that does appear – exception rather than rule – has been the starting point for many explanations of Juvenal’s ‘satiric method’: that is, ‘indignation makes poetry’ (*facit indignatio uersum*, 1.79).⁹¹ The eschewal of craftsmanship in favour of an external ‘generator’ is part of the mechanical pretensions of Juvenalian satire, displacing the poetic skill (*facit* = ποιέει) from the poet.⁹² Anger is yet another way for an author to disclaim responsibility for his verse. That noisy peak of *indignatio*, when

⁸⁷ For rich metapoetic readings in satire alone, look to the loaded Gowers corpus: 1993a, 1993b, 1994.

⁸⁸ Cf. Rosen 2007, 210 on *Sat.* 9.

⁸⁹ See Henderson 1999, 249–73; Freudenburg 2005a, 78–82. ⁹⁰ See Chapter 5.3.2.

⁹¹ See Jenkyns 1982, 158–59; Martyn 1970, 58 plays down *indignatio* as the cement of Juvenalian satire.

⁹² Roman 2014, 325 shows nicely how this key move brackets Juvenal from the autonomist tradition of Roman satire.

satire dolls itself up as female tragedy and threatens to break its masculine generic constraints (6.634ff.), is an authorizing moment for Juvenal *qua* advocate of excess, the satirist putting the *satur* back into saturated *satura*⁹³ – a presiding view of Juvenalian poetics which I shall aim to nuance. Even this aesthetic excess springs from a form of deficiency: Juvenal subordinates his satire to the outside world, tethers its outlandishness to the greater outlandishness of reality. Authority for angry inflation is always grounded *out there*. But when anger supposedly expires from book 3 onwards, there is no signpost; book 4 must depend on the figure of Democritus for programmatic guidance; and book 5 does not seem to deal with poetics at all. Juvenalian satire never celebrates its development with *paraded* fanfare, even if the evolution is undeniably (somehow) happening before our very eyes.

This book will scrape for Juvenalian poetics in less-expected corners, and end up with an unfamiliar product; but that is not to say that the silence and obliquity in which this poetics is packaged is removable window-dressing. The indirectness is part of the point; the medium the message.⁹⁴ Juvenal's satire creates a chronically outward-focussed vision: it claims to deliver reality straight, and so rarely dwells on the artificiality of that reality's frame.⁹⁵ The two symbiotic processes – total self-concealment and robust reality claim – will often appear in company throughout the book.⁹⁶ A low volume of poetic self-reflexivity is related to the absence of self.⁹⁷ The poetics of self-minimization makes these demands. Despite this barrier, we may still look to the poetry for clues to its interpretation. Indeed, one would be hard-pressed to

⁹³ Rimell 2005 distills (or distends) this view to the extreme.

⁹⁴ The scrambling of both message (obliquity) and messenger (anonymity) make Juvenal doubly clandestine: he combines two typologies (see Scott 1990, 139) which are not always found together.

⁹⁵ For self-reduction complementing focus on others, cf. Citroni 1991, 285. On satire's realist claims, and Juvenal's contribution thereto, see Matz 2010, 25–26; he also observes that satirical realists prefer not to draw attention to their own authorial voice (36). Cf. also Bogel 2001, 10. Such realist claims combine with the author's disappearance to render Juvenal a precursor of Sontag's ideal of the photographer's self-effacement (Sontag 1979, 122); and in fact photography is a common metaphor to describe Juvenalian 'thinking in pictures', cf. Jenkyns 1982, 173–74, 211.

⁹⁶ See particularly Chapters 3.2.1, 4.3.5, 5.1.2, 5.2.3, 5.3.2.

⁹⁷ Cf. Keane 2001, 227–28 on the process of constructing the Juvenalian self through satiric 'stand-ins'.

imagine a form of writing ‘free’ from self-consciousness, and it is part of the agenda of the book that this satire is emphatically *written*. The fact that most of these clues are planted in secondary form tells us something about Juvenalian satire, and that something is definitively *not* secondary. The lack of explicit authorial guidance, of clear articulation of poetic principles, is a function of satirist anonymous keeping right out of it.

5 In the Name of the Author

The jugular beckons, so let us conclude by getting straight at the very idea of the name ‘Juvenal’. Once upon a time, as recounted, persona theory seemed to solve the problem of the poet’s exiguous biography by making biography irrelevant. And yet biographism survives on the scrappiest of scraps. So deeply embedded is the ‘life and works’ mentality of interpretation that any contemporary introduction to Juvenal is bound to contain the standard factoids about our author. Thus Braund, perhaps the greatest advocate for dissociating poet from persona, is ironically victimized by the constraints of the introduction genre, and forced to rehash the standard *vita* material in the introduction to her Loeb edition. I introduce this introduction for its high-profile status as one of the most likely places a new reader will make her acquaintance. Straightaway one senses Braund chafing at the need to pay even the slightest lip service to these ‘worthless’⁹⁸ biographies. She begins with a standard topos of agnosticism, particularly apt in this mysterious case:

Virtually nothing is known for sure about the life and circumstances of Juvenal. It is not even certain that the name we use, Decimus Iunius Iuuenalis, is correct.⁹⁹

Braund will clearly give short shrift to the kinds of *argumenta ex silentio* that typically constitute Juvenal’s biography; she duly moves on to surer textual ground, pursuing Juvenal’s persona as it mutates throughout the corpus. But our grasp of a name is more important than Braund lets on. Names tame and familiarize; they

⁹⁸ Braund 2004, 18. ⁹⁹ *Ibid.*

allow us to handle literature cockily, as if it were the solid product of a unitary subjectivity and an organizing consciousness.¹⁰⁰ That is why the name of the author is so important; that is why its absence can be devastating and exhilarating.

In her work on the body of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Penelope Murray reassembles Vernant's observation regarding the two central criteria for personal identity, hauntingly relevant here: the first is a body, the second is a name.¹⁰¹ Both are markedly absent from Juvenal's satire.¹⁰² The evanescent body will receive full dissection later on; for now let us briefly seize on the satirist's pointed anonymity. In a corpus stacked with names and *nominatim* criticism (no matter how foggy), Juvenal never once names himself.¹⁰³ On the contrary, he stretches before us a page that could host anyone's signature – a poetry that de-authors itself by becoming the plausible product of any and every potential author. In *Sat.* 1, Juvenal famously fails to draw a distinction between the bombastic contemporary poets he apes and absorbs in the first fourteen lines: *expectes eadem a summo minimoque poeta* (*Sat.* 1.14). But this recitative recipe for 'rehashed cabbage' (cf. *Sat.* 7.154) is precisely what Juvenal claims for his own satire later:

si natura negat, facit indignatio uersum
qualemcumque potest, quales ego uel Cluuienus. (*Sat.* 1.79–80)

If talent blocks it, indignation writes verse, whatever sort of thing it can, à la me or Cluuienus.

One of the consequences of Juvenal's adoption of *indignatio* as the 'inevitable' response to an unworthy world is the removal of a clear authorial brand: if this is the standard reaction, if all we are seeing is reality transcribed, then anyone could write this stuff.

¹⁰⁰ A key feature of the author function: Bennett 2005, 100 (after Chartier and Foucault).

¹⁰¹ Murray 1998, 91; Vernant 1989, 40.

¹⁰² Granted, these absences could be notched up in any number of ancient texts, but Roman satire is special in its obsession with such identity markers.

¹⁰³ See Jones 2007, 58–60, who notes Juvenal's leap in 'naming' frequency after Horace and Persius – but never names himself (74–75). Contrast Lucilian self-naming from the get-go (See e.g. Zucchelli 1977, 84; and Hass 2007, 55–56). On Juvenalian naming, see Ferguson 1987, 6–16. Having claimed name saturation, this book will also revert obsessively to Juvenalian avoidance of names (cf. Uden 2015, 38).

On the general importance of self-naming for the construction of the author figure, see Bennett 2005, 121–23, Peirano 2014.

Authorship is palmed off onto a common emotion felt by all;¹⁰⁴ no claim to special poetic ability here, for the *indignatio* is more of an automated *uersificator* (*uersus facit*) than a highbrow inventive *poeta*.¹⁰⁵ Gowers notes that Horace customarily uses general terms to describe his satire in *Sat.* 1: *haec, qualiacumque* etc.¹⁰⁶ Juvenal appropriates these generic ‘qualifications’, but the effect is more than self-depreciation: his poetry is a denominator so common that it transcends (or undercuts) authorship. Any problems, you might as well take them up with Cluuienus.¹⁰⁷ The pronouns *ego* and *nos* arise frequently in *Sat.* 1, drawing attention to the paradox of a bold satiric ‘I’ that chooses to take cover under namelessness. In fact, the second word of the corpus is *ego*, which immediately raises the question: who is this shouting *au[di]ctor*, the ‘eternal I’ (*semper ego*)?¹⁰⁸ The ‘I’ needs no introduction, as if we have known him all along. And, of course we have – for he could be anyone, even me, even you, even Cluuienus.

The erasure of self, and along with it all claim to authorial ownership, is a remarkable moment in the history of Roman satire – and it is a move whose brilliance fades with every unquestioning usage of the name Juvenal.¹⁰⁹ We need not travel far to rake up evidence for the poetic industry’s obsession with names and fame: making a name for oneself was synonymous with ‘making it’ as an author in a Rome packed tight with poetic hopefuls. We have only to think of our satirist’s near-contemporary Martial: his name marks his very first epigram, and throughout the corpus he consistently jostles with competitor poets stealing his material and passing it off under their own name, or writing their own sub-standard drivel and circulating it under the Martial brand.¹¹⁰ Juvenal need never worry about these

¹⁰⁴ In my schema, this is the point of Juvenalian emotion (*pace* Keane 2015): it harnesses the depersonalising power of a communal affect.

¹⁰⁵ On the distinction between which, see Quintilian 10.1.89.

¹⁰⁶ Gowers 2012, 6. Cf. also Catullus 1.9.

¹⁰⁷ For the ‘cover-name’ theory of Cluuienus, see Highet 1954, 290–91; reply, see Baldwin 1967 305, 309. Uden 2015, 51 n. 4 tantalizes with a suggestion of an antiphrastic pun (Cluuienus from *clueo*, to be well known). LaFleur 1976a supports *Cluuianus* = Helvidius Priscus (originally MacKay 1958’s suggestion); cf. Gérard 1976, 29–30, Ferguson 1987, 8. On the ‘automatic reaction’ of Juvenalian satire, see Jones 2007, 18.

¹⁰⁸ Cf. Bureau 2011, 80 on Lucan’s *ego*; and Uden 2015, 6.

¹⁰⁹ Cf. Laird 2007, 160’s wise words on the effect of the name ‘Petronius’, for interpretation, dating – the lot.

¹¹⁰ Cf. Rimell 2008, 27–28; Seo 2009; McGill 2012, 74–111; Hardie 2012, 326–29.

dual dangers of plagiarism and misattribution; his satire eschews authorship by making his poetry part of the textual commons, and everyone a potential author. As I shall argue later, this has everything to do with a parlous climate, where the author has a vested interest in dissociating himself from his words. For now, let us simply note Juvenal's innovation in 'anonymizing' despite Rome's poetic tradition of *hyperonymy*. Juvenal not only fights off the pressure to claim with a name, but makes this anonymity a central point of his programme.

If Juvenal never names himself in his poetry, the attachment of the name 'Juvenal' to these (nearly) sixteen satires must have found some other adhesive. The *uitae* accompanying various manuscripts are downright fanciful:¹¹¹ the only information they provide is extrapolated from scanty 'hints' dropped in the satires themselves. In terms of later name-dropping, one of the curious facts of Juvenal's transmission is his immediate disappearance from subsequent literary history.¹¹² For all we know, Juvenal's biography was pieced together no earlier than his fourth-century 'rediscovery' – and *if* this obscure author remained unidentified as *the* author of the *Satires* during his own lifetime, we could even posit that the biography of Decimus Iunius Iuuenalis was a later invention instrumental in resurrecting his work and reviving a readership. Late antique readers, valuing the authority of authorship, may have needed even the spottiest of biographies to anchor the poetry. Perhaps it is not too inexcusable to conjecture that the rediscovery of Iuuenalis and the invention of Juvenal were one and the same thing.¹¹³

The major 'external' evidence for Juvenal's name is Martial's mention of a Iuuenalis in three epigrams: 7.24, 7.91, and 12.18.¹¹⁴ Scholars desperate for a gasp of authorial air have seized these

¹¹¹ See Brugnoli 1963.

¹¹² Cf. n. 8 above. Townend 1972 detects two periods of activity on the Juvenalian scholia, the first shortly after publication of *Satires* 1–6 – meaning that Juvenal was not completely ignored in his time.

¹¹³ Highet 1937, 492 comments on the degree of 'invention' (and variation) in the surviving lives.

¹¹⁴ The famous Aquinum inscription is often unearthed as evidence, though Syme 1979b, 1–3 is sceptical. The name *Iuuenalis* may have even been taken from Martial – as many Juvenalian names were. Cf. Ferguson 1987, 10.

references as sure-fire pointers to Juvenal's existence; but their eager identification of these 'Juvenals' with the author of the 'Juvenalian' corpus signals the fear of the anonymous more than good detective work. 7.24 and 7.91 are both hopelessly generic; the clinching identifier in 7.91 is the epithet *facundus*, which scholars welcome wholeheartedly as praise that gels with our 'knowledge' (from the *Satires*) that Juvenal was rhetorically trained. Of course, we also learn from the *Satires* – and countless other sources – that rhetorical training was no distinction for the elite Roman, since everyone underwent it; to be *facundus* is nothing personal. Galán Vioque also advises caution on the identification; in his book, the cognomen *Iuuenalis* is 'a common one'.¹¹⁵ This is also a crucial point for the limited 'identifying' power of the name in Roman culture.¹¹⁶ Roman names have the power to depersonalize as well as individualize; they can disperse the self across time and space, clump all the Juvenals into losing themselves together.

Epigram 12.18, on the other hand, is more difficult to shoot down. Its characterization of a Juvenal trudging through the Subura while Martial slips him news of idyllic Bilbilis has always seemed eerily prescient for scholars educated to read *Sat.* 3 as a *Juvenal* product. It was a source of constant grief that the dates failed to work, such that 12.18 might be read as an 'allusion' to Juvenal: the poem was published in 101/2 CE, at least ten years before the earliest viable date for Juvenal's first book. More recently, as I have mentioned, Uden has tried to knock down the surprisingly weak evidence for Juvenalian dating, and proposed that Martial *was* responding to a published book 1.¹¹⁷ Uden marshals verbal echoes to make his case – admittedly as good a form of evidence as any. But the territory is so fluid and nebulous that one could easily push in the opposite direction. Martial was not referring to his friend Juvenal, author of the *Satires*, but our satirist was alluding to *Martial* (as he so often did);¹¹⁸ later biographers, starved for a name to give their satirist, found

¹¹⁵ Galán Vioque 2002, 180. A literature search turns up one *Iuuenalis* at Tacitus *Historiae* 4.66, another at *HA* 14.2.6, 7. The name seems common enough in inscriptions (*CIL* VI, 6621). Cf. Kajanto 1965, 300.

¹¹⁶ See Chapter 3.5.2. ¹¹⁷ Uden 2015, 221–25. ¹¹⁸ Colton 1991.

a plausible candidate in Martial 12.18 centuries after that satirist was skulking around town. There is no explicit sense that the Juvenal of this poem is even a poet. Indeed, it is just as likely that the anonymous biographer tacked that *Iuuenalis* onto the corpus because he was an embattled city slicker roughly fitting our satirist's description, as it is that Martial was dedicating to the little known author-to-be of the *Satires*.¹¹⁹ The theme with which 12.18 chimes (urban fatigue vs. rural relief) is also a stock topic of the age, a common rhythm shaping the rhetoric of Martial, Pliny and Juvenal.¹²⁰ And if our satirist did engage with a poem addressed to a Juvenal, that is far from a vociferous claiming of that name for *himself*.

Apart from the strong intertextual contact between 12.18 and Juvenal's first book¹²¹ (contact which still makes sense if Juvenal was alluding to Martial), there is no compelling evidence to connect our satirist to any 'Juvenal'. And given the slick silence of contemporary authors when it comes to a poet of that name, it would be reckless to insist that Juvenal was undoubtedly the name of the author; reckless, and against the grain of this satirist's unprecedented floating self. The flimsiness of the evidence is a side-effect of the anonymous mode. To air this alienation more regularly, I shall from this point on often use the (no-)name 'Anon' as an alternative to 'Juvenal'. I shall also have frequent recourse to the passive voice, which is not designed as a concession to academic objectivity (or bad writing), but rather a way of affirming that no clear authorial agency lies behind this weird and wonderful text. Stability of authorship is a privilege, not a right – and this constant name-switching and agent-muddying might help keep that principle in the foreground. It is clear that this corpus resists

¹¹⁹ Cf. n. 113 above. For this process of pinning a name to a text because of a perceived literary relationship, cf. Petronius (another instance of contested attribution on which the jury is still very much out): Tacitus' Petronius resembles a character in the world of the *Satyrica*, ergo Petronius wrote the *Satyrica*.

¹²⁰ Cf. also Roman 2014, 332 on Martial remonstrating with a younger version of himself here.

¹²¹ Cf. especially *dum per limina te potentiorum / sudatrix toga uentilat vagumque / maior Caelius et minor fatigant* (Martial Ep. 12.18.4–6) with *uentilet aestivum digitis sudantibus aurum / nec suffere queat maioris pondera gemmae* (Sat. 1.27–28); see Uden 2015, 223–24.

attribution, resists a name behind the words; it remains for this book to explore *how* and *why*.

6 What of the Book

Chapter 2 will set about this task through close focus on Juvenal's two most explicitly programmatic poems: *Sat.* 1 and *Sat.* 7. Both these pieces canvass the contemporary literary scene and Juvenal's implicated place within it. I shall briefly contextualize *Sat.* 1 in the wake of Horace's and Persius' *apologia* satires and show the increasing danger of reprisal (which Anon insinuates into the background). Anonymity becomes the coping strategy under the restrictions and inflictions of empire. *Sat.* 1 is his first sustained exercise in creating a blank poetic voice, the words of which could be tied to anyone. The motivation to conceal the sense of an identifiable author becomes even more urgent under Hadrian (in power by the time of *Sat.* 7), an emperor who had not begun his reign auspiciously, and who was proving to keep close tabs on literature. *Sat.* 7 turns out to complete *Sat.* 1's work of 'mediocrizing' the poetic scene.

Chapter 3 tackles two of the most prominent methods of Juvenalian self-concealment: the absence of reference to his own body, and the evacuation of names. While Anon maintains strict secrecy with regard to his own body, he is much freer with the bodies around him. Here I trace the joint strategies of self-suppression and other-exposure as they arise in *Sat.* 3 and 10, with brief forays into 4 and 11; I then catapult us to an extended reading of *Sat.* 9, which articulates the relationship between unseen satirist and seen target most sharply. Juvenal's eschewing of a flesh-and-blood source of his discourse renders the satire a transparent and transferable medium; again, this could be anyone's game. The body will give way to its counterpart index, the name, in the last part of this chapter. I shall link the two through the very Roman media of self-publicity under fire in *Sat.* 8: nomenclature and statuary. At the eleventh hour, we shall see how the poetics of anonymity stretch into a refusal to name names, a brilliant tease of retraction in this apparently hyperonymous satire. Silence and obscurity become the weapons of choice; at the last ditch, *mum* is the word.

In [Chapter 4](#), I move onto the blow-by-blow close reading of Juvenal's later satires, which still suffer from a paucity of critical treatments. Their resuscitation is well underway. May this book continue the avalanche. Here I explore the anonymizing force of book 4. *Sat.* 10 lays out new terms and figures for Juvenalian self-concealment: Democritus imperfectly introduces a new manifesto of poetic and political mediocrity as means of survival, which a counterfactual Cicero might have perfectly embodied. *Sat.* 11 absorbs the message of *Sat.* 10 and applies it to a classic Juvenalian scheme (observable also in *Sat.* 3, 9, and 13) of self-concealment vs. target revelation: Anon invites his 'friend' Persicus to come over by promising him full self-disclosure, but actually reveals far more about Persicus than he does about himself. *Sat.* 12 also draws its principles from *Sat.* 10. Here the form, themes and equipment of the poem push an *ars poetica* that seeks mediocrity, smallness and survival over eminence, grandeur, and death.

[Chapter 5](#) similarly dissects book 5. *Sat.* 13, 14 and 15 (like their book 4 counterparts) all have some bearing on, and something to say about, the strategy of anonymity. *Sat.* 13 poses as a mock-consolation, but in fact contorts its way into a heavy accusation; the interlocutor sweats with silent guilt as Anon twists the surreptitious knife, as in *Sat.* 9 and 11. *Sat.* 14 re-issues the old Juvenalian theme of decline, but takes it to a new extreme. The satire works to insulate Anon from having any impact whatsoever on contemporary society – and keeps him safe and sound in the process. *Sat.* 15 continues this idea, but moves the action to a remote corner of the empire. This poem is perhaps Juvenal's greatest experiment in fudging his authorial identity, taking his cues from the cosmopolitanism of Hadrian and the cannibalism of Hadrian's remote subjects. Anon wilfully bogs himself in the vast swamp of empire.

After a brief comparative motion towards Seneca's *Apocolocyntosis*, the book concludes by cutting off the dangling strand of the incomplete *Sat.* 16 and experimenting with its very 'incompleteness'. The poem as it stands contains many gestures towards closure: formal, thematic, and metapoetic. I press further on the strange coincidence that the corpus self-destructs precisely at the point when Anon refers to the incumbent

emperor, in a satire dangerously critical of his military policy. I thus make suggestions – necessarily speculative – that these satires belong in the Latin literary tradition of suspiciously ‘deliberate’, prematurely terminating fragments. At any rate, the abrupt silence of *Sat.* 16 stands *for us* as a powerful point about what it meant to write under (despite, in *spite* of) the principate.

ANONYMITY PROGRAMMED

Possum remordere, si uelim, possum genuinum laesus infigere;
et nos didicimus litterulas, 'et nos saepe manum ferulae subtraximus', de nobis quoque dici potest: 'faenum habet in cornu, longe fuge'.

Jerome *Ep.* 50.5

I can bite back, if I want, I can 'get my molar stuck in' when assaulted; I too have learned a bit of literature, 'I too have snatched my hand from the cane', about me too you might say 'he's got hay on his horns; get outta there!'

When satirist Jerome shakes this kaleidoscope of ancestor worship, the colour he picks to sum up Juvenal is especially telling. While Horace and Persius are assigned avatars of attack, Juvenal gets the defence portfolio: *et nos saepe manum ferulae subtraximus*. But this is not exactly noble defence in open combat. *Au contraire*, this is textbook evasion; ducking danger, not facing it down like the man's man of a satirist we have come to know and love. In this chapter, I shall propose that Jerome's extractive instinct is dead right. Juvenal's surreptitious, text-based insinuations are ways of pulling the hand from the cane, so it is loose to write a poetry about not getting caught (among other things). In this chapter I shall throw up two related kinds of evasion, planted in two of his book-opening and programmatic master classes. Satire 1 shows us how to write satire that mystifies any attempt at attribution; Satire 7 gives us a poetry that takes refuge in the mediocre gang of scribblers it slams, to fence Juvenal off from the prying eyes and word patrols of Hadrian's court of star-tists. Both poems scramble their own source, and set the neutral tones of satirist anonymous.

1 Danger

All three complete Roman satirists flag the threat of reprisal as a live issue. Through their own nuanced evasions,¹ Horace, Persius, and Juvenal all ask the question about the consequences of satire: the aggressive genre of *nominatim* criticism founded (canonized-as-founded) by Lucilius had offence and retaliation written all over it. This possibility of reactive backlash lurks in every satirist's mind, and to some extent the mobilizing power of potential controversy gives satire its kick.² However common this background, the forms and degree of (perceived, conjured) danger differ widely across the three historically disparate authors.³ Since this book will tap the real, and very confected, sense of paranoia attending authorship in Juvenal's time, it is worth a brief comparative sketch of whether and how this paranoia seeps into his satiric predecessors.⁴

Let us start with the danger dilating in Horace's apology poem, *Sat.* 2.1.⁵ As the inaugural piece to the second book, the poem poses as reaction to negative public reaction: Horace has either come on too weak or too strong for certain readers' tastes. His reply is a full-scale defence of his generic practice, shielding itself with Lucilius' example of fearless public criticism. The poem certainly highlights the satirist's prerogative to cause harm, even though Horace promises to act solely in self-defence. The weight of prestige tips firmly towards the satirist's corner, insulating him through proximity to his 'great men' protectors. Ironically, satire is presented as the *safe* choice. When Trebatius encourages Horace to write a panegyric on Caesar's achievements, Horace replies that such an exercise involves grave issues of timing, and carries its own dangers:

¹ Of Lucilian head-on collision: see Fredricksmeyer 1990. ² Cf. Rosen 2012, 19–20.

³ Kenney 1962, 35–37 compares the three versions of 'apology' satire only to conclude that Juvenal could not quite measure up to his predecessors (40). His tame emphasis on literary connections between the three occludes vast historical differences. Penwill 2015, 193 nicely shows how Juvenal backs off at his interlocutor's warning much more spectacularly than Horace or Persius. On the apology pattern, cf. also Griffith 1970.

⁴ Ancient writing was always shaped by this need for caution: see Ahl 1984. Cf. Robinson 2005, 225, n. 9, quoting Bartsch 1994, 70.

⁵ This is in a sense an arbitrary starting point: Horace *Sat.* 1.4 manifests similar anxieties, to say nothing of Lucilius (see LaFleur 1981). Dickie 1981 traces the paranoid tradition all the way back to Aristophanes.

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‘haud mihi deero,
cum res ipsa feret: nisi dextro tempore, Flacci
uerba per attentam non ibunt Caesaris aurem,
cui male si palpere recalcitrat undique tutus’.

(Horace *Sat.* 2.1.17–20)

‘I won’t let myself down, when the situation requires it: the words of Flaccus will only come to Caesar’s cocked ear when the time is ripe; if you stroke him badly, he kicks back, guarded on all sides’.

Horace declines this sort of poetry as he inevitably would, and wholeheartedly devotes himself to satire. He only pays lip service to the potential costs at the moment Trebatius warns him of ‘powerful friends’ freezing him out:

‘o puer, ut sis
uitalis metuo, et maiorum ne quis amicus
frigore te feriat’.

(2.1.60–62)

‘Oh my boy, I’m afraid you won’t live long, and some friend of the Great will strike you with a freeze’.

This is not the most chilling of prospects compared to the goose-bumps we shall get from Juvenal: the death threatened here is social, not literal.⁶ Horace unsurprisingly pays no heed to this semi-serious caution: he will continue to churn out his chats, more confident than ever in the immunity of his social status. Horace had picked through Lucilius’ stylistic infelicities in the first book and significantly qualified his value *qua* satiric model; but in this satire he seems to resurrect him as a man whose position automatically safeguarded him against any legal trouble. Horace admits his inferiority to Lucilius both in wealth and wit (74–5), but after the long process of absorption into Maecenas’ (Caesar’s) circle in book I, he brims with the insurance of high status. Whatever danger obtains, it is primarily legal; and Horace now carries his own get-out-of-jail-free card.

No matter how suspicious we may be of satire’s ‘reality-reflecting’ credentials, Horace’s assertion of high status is revealing in itself: he now enjoyed the backing of great men, assumed that this was a good thing, and wanted people to know it. There is an incipient trend of Horace’s fame-mongering here; a hint of the poet

⁶ Leeman 1983, 211.

who strove to be known, read and recognized as widely as possible, and who by the end of his poetic career could claim straightforward celebrity: *totum muneris hoc tui est, / quod monstror digito praeterentium* (*Odes* 4.3.21–22).⁷ Persius – a pointed verbal remix of Horace – differs from the master on this point. His own apology satire (1) deprecates the culture of fame-worship endemic to the contemporary poetry scene.⁸ Happy with a readership of one or two people (Persius 1.3), Persius implicitly dismisses the idiotic ambitions of his fame-hungry interlocutor, whose Horatian vision – *at pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier 'hic est.'* (1.28) – falls flat. As it transpires, Persius is not averse to fame and praise *per se*; he only takes issue with the criteria through which they are earned (1.44ff.), capitalizing on faulty aesthetic and ethical principles.⁹ There is little sense that this fame correlates with danger.

Yet danger *does* bubble up during the conclusion to Persius 1. Following the pattern of Horace *Sat.* 2.1, the interlocutor raises the possibility of leaving the ‘thresholds of great men’ a little chilly:

‘sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere uero
auriculas? uide sis ne maiorum tibi forte
limina frigescent: sonat hic de nare canina
littera’.

(Persius 1.107–10)

‘But what need to scrape soft ears with the truth? Make sure that the thresholds of the Great don’t freeze you out: here the dog letter snorts from the nostril’.

As in Horace’s case, this sounds more like the practical concerns of ‘social suicide’ than fear of violent reprisal; the interlocutor, embodiment of Rome gone wrong, perceives danger only insofar as the satirist’s activity could alienate him from the patronage networks through which he should seek advance.¹⁰ Satire’s risk, for the corrupt interlocutor, is only that of social regress and financial loss. Persius initially pretends to retract his satire in reaction to this warning, but the facetious flavour soon becomes clear. Lucilius and Horace are brought on as confident models of good confrontational satire (114–18). Persius’ objectives will be delivered much more discreetly:

⁷ See Harvey *ad loc.*

⁸ On Persius’ self-differentiation from predecessors here, see Tzounakas 2005.

⁹ Freudenburg 2009, 206. ¹⁰ Cf. Roller 2012, 289.

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me muttire nefas? nec clam? nec cum scrobe? nusquam?
hic tamen infodiam. uidi, uidi ipse, libelle:
auriculas asini quis non habet? hoc ego opertum,
hoc ridere meum, tam nil, nulla tibi uendo
Iliade.

(1.119–23)

Is it forbidden for me to mutter? Not in secret? Not in a hole? Nowhere?
I'll dig a ditch here. I saw it, I myself saw it, booklet: who doesn't have
ass ears? This classified stuff, this joke of mine, so negligible, I'm not
selling it to you for any *Iliad*.

Of course, the very act of publication immediately explodes any claim to enhanced secrecy;¹¹ and Persius' 'secret' is so generic, so indirect, so contrary to the principles of Lucilian name-shaming, that no 'great man' would turn cold. This final comic tumble is the only sense of 'toned-down' speech we take from this new satiric force. In terms of danger, there is no real hint of anything more sinister befalling the over-aggressive satirist than the closed doors of the *maiores*. The worst Persius can do is rub those soft ears up the wrong way ... as if our Stoic firebrand gave a hoot.

A lot happened in the intervening years between Persius and Juvenal. Two dynasties of two collapsed in spectacularly terrifying climaxes (along with some hairy moments on the lead-ups) – enough to make any history-conscious member of the Roman literati pessimistic about the innate problems of the principate. Self-scrutiny and paranoia *must* have been reified by the second century; and the repeated fates of men condemned for their words *must* have made any author of Juvenal's era – *particularly* an author writing in a critical genre – *particularly* sensitive to the consequences of saying the wrong thing.¹² But we do not need the idle must-haves to observe that Juvenal's first satire sharpens the atmospheric of paranoia through implanting more vivid, hyperbolic 'risks'. The indispensable interlocutor in *Sat. 1* picks up the satirist-as-epic-hero trope, which Juvenal had used of Lucilius (1.19), and nudges it to its logical conclusion (162–70): committing to the warfare of satire means the very real possibility

¹¹ Bramble 1974, 136; Harrison 1987, 42.

¹² For general context, and the long-rippling psychological waves made by the persecution of writers, Rutledge 2009 (and cf. Ahl 1984); this is also the sense emerging from Dominik, Garthwaite, and Roche 2009. Rosen 2012, 39 also shows this sense of fear and consequence upped in Juvenal, compared to say Horace; cf. Roller 2012, 295.

of actual violence. Indeed, the initial warning shot – structurally the equivalent of Horace’s and Persius’ ‘chilly reaction’ speeches – is much more extreme than anything surveyed in the two predecessors:

‘pone Tigillinum, taeda lucebis in illa
qua stantes ardent qui fixo gutture fumant, ...
et latum media sulcum deducit harena’. (Juvenal *Sat.* 1.155–57)

‘Insert Tigillinus, and you’ll glow on that same torch where those people
burn, standing there, those who smoke with their throat pinned fast, ...
and it draws a broad furrow in the thick of the arena’.

Criticize (the modern equivalent of) Tigillinus, interlocutor threatens, and you will end up burnt alive, a literal consequence of Lucilian ‘burning’ (*ardens* 165); or your body will draw a broad furrow in the arena.¹³ If Housman’s proposal of a lacuna after 156 is correct,¹⁴ then the textual violence underscoring the physical violence is a very lucky, even meaningful, coincidence (cf. Conclusion 2.2): interlocutor’s speech seems ‘censored’ right at the moment of maximum fear (Housman would be rolling in his furrow at this idea). At any rate, interlocutor’s warning obeys the principle of ‘dead men only’ before it is explicitly formulated in 170–71 by naming *Tigillinus*, long-gone Neronian machinery; the fact that the principle is upheld renders the sense of danger more urgent. And yet the subtext here is that *even* Tigillinus can *still* get you into trouble, for dead names unfailingly attach to living referents (cf. the famous story about the emendation of Persius 1.121).¹⁵ Dead targets no longer bring instant security. Interlocutor’s advice may seem overblown, but whatever laughter unfolds within the drama of the satire, it must needs be of the nervous sort. While Horace and Persius maintain a flippant irony, Juvenal seems to take his interlocutor’s words much more seriously.

¹³ Assuming something like Housman’s restoration: *quorum informe unco trahitur post fata cadaver* (‘156A’). See Uden 2015, 35–36 on Tigillinus and the traced lines here.

¹⁴ Housman *ad loc.*; Courtney *ad loc.* and Nisbet 2009, 52.

¹⁵ See Suetonius, *Vita Auli Persi Flacci*. Tigillinus has a history of getting satirists into trouble: see Tacitus’ account of Petronius’ (assuming it is satirist Petronius’) demise (*Annals* 16.18–19). He is also a quintessential survivor and thriver, clinging to the top throughout the transition from Nero to Galba (Suetonius *Galba* 15).

As I hope to show below, the heightened presence of grave danger – or a raised consciousness of grave danger – becomes a charged point of distinction separating Juvenalian satire from its less neurotic predecessors. Despite the nervy humour, there is an abiding seriousness to the threats we glimpse in the background. The ambit of the metaphor equating satirist with epic warrior makes Anon's combat mortal; where Horace and Persius' respective interlocutors warn of cooled houses, Juvenal's warns of warm death.¹⁶ Against this background of higher stakes, the subject of the present investigation becomes more intelligible. If Anon's words are weighted to hang his life on the line, self-identification, let alone fame, is no longer a priority – indeed, should be avoided at all costs.

2 Belated Delation: Anon 1 on Not Being Identified

The *et dicier 'hic est'* . . . has no attractions for me.

Carroll (a.k.a. Dodgson)

Time then to look more closely at how Anon switches on the silencer in his debut satire. As is well rehearsed, *Sat.* 1 first erupts in the virtual recitation room. Its opening lines imply an audience member finally filled to bursting with the hackneyed performances of contemporary poets. This explosion seems carefully controlled to dissociate itself from previous explosions. On one side, worn mythological epic and tragedy sealed in the same safe box, on the other, Juvenal's New Deal, hyper-real satire.¹⁷ The contrast, however, is not spelled out; instead, Juvenal boasts *identical* qualifications, which allow him to *become* one of these soporific paper-wasters.¹⁸

et nos ergo manum ferulae subduximus, et nos
consilium dedimus Sullae, priuatus ut altum
dormiret. stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique
uatibus occurras, periturae parcere chartae.

(*Sat.* 1.15–19)

I too have snatched my hand from the cane, I too have advised Sulla to go
private and sleep deeply. It's idiotic mercy – when one runs into so many
Bards everywhere – to spare paper that's already waste.

¹⁶ Cf. Keane 2006, 51. ¹⁷ So Woodman 1983, 82.

¹⁸ Cf. Henderson 1999, 270, Keane 2007b, 48.

Juvenal has had the same kind of rhetorical education as his contemporaries, and thinks it moronic mercy to spare bin-bound paper.¹⁹ It is a well-worn point to stress the self-deflating implication of Juvenal in the poetic scene he derides.²⁰ What is less frequently charted is the purpose such implication might have amid the paranoid slinking of imperial Rome.

Uden has freshly noted the relevance of contemporary ‘delation anxiety’ for *Sat. 1*: in his view, the poem invigorates the climate of silent accusation which prevailed at the time and brushed along the lips of other prominent elites (e.g. Tacitus *Dialogus*).²¹ Uden takes Juvenal’s evasive sliding – particularly his hovering over unclear targets²² – as a new way of writing satire: Juvenal plucks the dark nerves of Rome without accusing anyone in particular, instead choosing to foist the burden of accusation onto *us*.²³ The argument is novel, and lays good groundwork for my claims here. Contemporary preoccupation with the *delator/accusator*²⁴ can be reconciled even more directly with Juvenal’s strategy in this satire and, as I shall argue, elsewhere in the corpus: to avoid accusations of delation, Juvenal partakes of a subtle self-deletion. *Sat. 1* is (among other things) about renouncing ownership of discourse such that no peeled eye could ever trace it back to *you*.

Juvenal’s first personal statement is a miniaturized CV designed to look like the experience of any elite Roman: Anon has been to school and trained in declamation. This is information, then, tailored to contain no insight whatsoever. But if we look more closely at the manner of phrasing, we can see Juvenal’s betrayal of a more specific skillset. He has not just been to school, but has

¹⁹ Such poetic toilet roll is the perfect inverse of Canius Rufus’ glorious histories in Martial *Ep. 3.20.2*: *chartis . . . uicturis* (coincidentally, another poem dealing with anonymous authorship).

²⁰ Cf. Fredricksmeyer 1990, 800, Larmour 2004, 57, Freudenburg 2005a, 82, Braund 2009, 452–53, Roman 2014, 324; on rhetorical implication, cf. Hooley 2007a, 401.

²¹ Uden 2015, 24–50. On the *delator* in Juvenal, see Powell 2010. He certainly becomes a stock figure in much of the contemporary literature: see Whitton 2008, 109–34, Williams 2010, 179. On *delatores* generally, see Rutledge 2001, Rivière 2002.

²² Uden 2015, 13.

²³ Uden 2015, 25; cf. 40, and Gérard 1976, 35 on *magni delator amici*.

²⁴ The terms are synonymous in Tacitus: see Uden 2015, 24 n. 1 (quoting Rutledge 2001, 10). Powell 2010, 235–36 gives a precise definition.

trained in ‘removing his hand from under the cane’ – that is, eluding the systemic violent reprisals of authority.²⁵ In other words, the *ludus* schooled him in the street-smarts of survival – a useful skill for keeping afloat in imperial Rome.²⁶ The content of the declamation he chooses is also significant: advising Sulla to ‘sleep deeply as a private citizen’.²⁷ The thrust of this *suasoria* is not exactly going against the grain; Juvenal does not just recommend the safe course, but meekly follows the contours of history (no defiant counterfactuals here). Such withdrawal from high-visibility public life is precisely the recommended route in book 4; in *privatus*, we may glimpse a strand of the word’s contemporary usage ‘private subject as opposed to the emperor and his house’ as well as its Republican meaning, ‘without official position’.²⁸ At any rate, these two pieces of biographical information succinctly tell us everything and nothing: Anon has a certificate in violence-evasion, and he used the cover of declamation to express his politics of withdrawal. But that is not to say that everyone was not doing the same thing.

Lines 19ff. continue the trend. This section donates one of the few ‘autobiographical’ gifts of the corpus:

patricios omnis opibus cum prouocet unus
quo tondente grauis iuueni mihi barba sonabat (1.24–25)²⁹

When one guy, at whose razor-stroke my ripe beard used to rasp when
I was young, challenges the whole Nobility with his wealth

This part of the spectacular nine-line period gives a sighting of a young Juvenal³⁰ who will seldom show his face over the subsequent books. But again, this is an insight containing no insight, an empty parcel of self: any Roman you care to name would have had his beard shaved (repeatedly – note *sonabat*) as a ‘young

²⁵ Cf. Keane 2001, 226, plotting the generic history of the image; she does not note the emphasis on *evasion*.

²⁶ Cf. Uden 2015, 49.

²⁷ See Uden 2015, 49. This kind of topic is among the safest territory of declamation – cf. Quintilian *Inst. Or.* 9.2.67. Ahl 1984, 189–90 is good on the recast priorities of figured speech by Quintilian’s time: the speaker’s *survival* was now foremost.

²⁸ See Courtney *ad loc.*

²⁹ Knoche bracketed these lines; I would certainly retain them, and I offer an explanation of the repetition in Chapter 3.3.2.

³⁰ On the possible name-pun, see Chapter 3.3.1.

man' – *iuvēnis*, too, being a notoriously flexible term covering a wide age range. Not only this, but any sense of specificity the line may carry is ruthlessly diluted by its later regurgitation (10.226): such a moment advertises the formula's recyclable nature, a ready-made that Juvenal throws off whenever appropriate (. . . or not). In fact, the satire works to generalize the poetry and occlude any autobiographical influence. As Juvenal says, satire is the 'natural' response for *any* Roman resident:

difficile est saturam non scribere. nam quis iniquae
tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se, . . . (1.30–31)

It's difficult *not* to write satire. For who is so patient with an unfair city, so iron-clad tough, that he can control himself . . .

Juvenal's autobiography is the biography of (m)any, his reaction the reaction of all. In effect, this section works to render satire so insuppressibly 'physiological'³¹ that its outburst defies attribution. In fact, the common imperative of Juvenalian satire – *aspice* – implies an authorial function that is purely deictic: Juvenal does not 'make up', but merely 'points to'.³² He is a transparent cipher gesticulating towards the obvious. Juvenal's poetry could be pinned to any bystander; its authority derives from the fact that it is not unique.³³

Juvenal's wilful concealment of his own name beneath a generic ego and an unknown Cluuienus has been mentioned above; both reinforce Anon's position of slippery interchangeability. Another way in which he scrambles his location shows up as he delineates his subject matter. Juvenal gives us a humorous cosmogony, which lifts satire's totalizing ambitions to the epic level:

ex quo Deucalion nimbis tollentibus aequor
nauigio montem ascendit sortesque poposcit
paulatimque anima caluerunt mollia saxa

³¹ Labate 1992 traces the motif of generic choice determined by 'physical' reasons in all the extant satirists; Juvenal's move to write satire is not dependent on the individual constraints of the poet (Horace and Persius), but the inevitable disgust induced by vice.

³² On which *aspect* see Jenkyns 1982, 173; cf. de Decker 1913, 144–51.

³³ We could read Anon's tramping in Lucilius' footsteps across the open plain (19–20) as a *recusatio* of originality, a riposte to Callimachean imagery of the 'light chariot and undiscovered path' (see Bramble 1974, 171); cf. Phaedrus' broadening of the Aesopic path, an equivalent anti-Callimachean move (on which see Henderson 2001, 91–92). See also below.

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et maribus nudas ostendit Pyrrha puellas,
quidquid agunt homines, uotum, timor, ira, uoluptas,
gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli est. (1.81–86)³⁴

From the time when Deucalion climbed the mountain by ship, the storm clouds raising the sea level, and requested an oracle, and bit by bit the softening stones warmed up with life, and Pyrrha showed her naked ladies to the men, whatever humans do – prayer, fear, anger, pleasure, joy, comings and goings – that’s the basic hash of my booklet.

Both timespan and subject matter are hopelessly vast: from the birth of humanity to the present day, ‘anything men do’ is fair fare (*farrago*)³⁵ for Juvenal’s expansive processor. Critics set store by Anon’s extreme temporal flexibility, his undateable extraction of subject matter from a broad chunk of history. While he fails to live up to this titanic boast, he nevertheless drifts over the annals of imperial (particularly Neronian and Domitianic) Rome. I submit that such undisciplined ranging is itself part of Juvenal’s aim to remain unrecognized. Satire ‘for all time’ stifles contemporaneity and makes Anon’s position even more impossible to recover; he resists concrete dating even as he says ‘*now* is the worst time of all’ – a statement which, like *ego* without a name, can be applied for all time, in any context. *Farrago* is another revealingly concealing word: like the Cluuienus statement above, it masquerades as self-deprecation, but really functions to process the Juvenalian book into the commonest kind of grain. Juvenal is showered in a wealth (*copia*) of material, albeit cheap fodder; all he needs to do is put his hands out and collect. It would be difficult *not* to do so.

Issues of identification and non-identification properly crystallize in Juvenal’s final conversation with his mysterious (unnamed) interlocutor (150ff.). The cautious speaker interrupts Juvenal’s assault and asks *the* satiric question: how to live up to predecessors’

³⁴ Willis alleges interpolation at 85–86 (Nisbet 2009, 55 too) but Clausen, Martyn and Knoche retain.

³⁵ On the meaning of this vexed word, see Powell 1987; Itic 2006, 236–37 reads the implicit notion of poetic *labor* into it (against the Anglophone ‘self-deprecation’ reading), i.e. this is just the raw material *before* it is processed (cf. Keane 2015, 39). But the ‘rawness’ is also about removing the human hand of the author – Juvenal’s satire has no value added, and the material is rehashed ‘straight’. This might put a different hue on the raw flesh in *Sat.* 15 too. Braund and Cloud 1982, 82 find in it allusion to the etymology of *satura* (i.e. the mixed platter). Jenkyns 1982, 221 thinks 85–86 mislead: Anon does not give us abstracts, but concrete embodiments. But surely the *farrago* metaphor means these abstracts *are* compacted into good solid stuff (see also Gold 2012, 98).

fearless outspokenness?³⁶ Juvenal replies with full confidence in the feasibility of *nominatim* satire: *cuius non audeo dicere nomen?* – to which one of the answers must be *tuum*. The idea that it is as pressing to avoid nomination (of oneself) as to avoid nominating (others) comes out cleverly in the interlocutor’s designation of poetic safe zones. The careful re-drawing begins – no coincidence – with the danger of being pegged as an informer:

qui dedit ergo tribus patruis aconita, uehatur
pensilibus plumis atque illinc despiciat nos?
‘cum ueniet contra, digito compesce labellum:
accusator erit qui uerbum dixerit “hic est.”’ (1.158–61)³⁷

So the guy who poisoned his three uncles, should he be carried on plush cushions and look down on us from there? ‘When he comes past, button your lip with your finger: the man who says “that’s him” will count as an informer’.

The sitting duck riding by should really be passed over in silence; for anyone who makes a positive identification risks being identified *himself* – as an *accusator*.³⁸ The phrase *hic est* in fact brings back shades of Persius³⁹ – the outstanding predecessor who has thus far received honourable non-mention (honourable for a satire steeped in whispers, silences, and the general anxiety of naming):⁴⁰

‘at pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier ‘hic est.’
ten cirratorum centum dictata fuisse
pro nihilo pendes?’ (Persius 1.28–30)

‘But it’s nice to be pointed out with a finger, and to have “that’s him” said about you. Isn’t it worth bunk to you, to have been the dictation exercise for a hundred curly-haired lads?’

Persius’ fame-hungry interlocutor assumes that recognition is everything; of course Persius, picky with his audience, slipping

³⁶ See Kenney 1962, 35–37; cf. Townend 1973, 149.

³⁷ I follow Clausen with *uerbum*, but entertain the self-reflexive variant *uersu* (V; cf. *uersum* PR).

³⁸ For the contemporary punishment of *delatores*, and public rejoicing in their identification, cf. Pliny *Panegyricus* 34.

³⁹ Cf. Uden 2015, 30–31 and Keane 2012, 83–84. See also Courtney *ad loc.* for more positive examples of *hic est*; another promising comparandum might be Horace *Sat.* 1.4.85.

⁴⁰ We shall revisit that anxiety of naming in the discussion of *Sat.* 8, which ends nicely: *illud quod dicere nolo* (275).

his mutterings into a hole, would not necessarily agree,⁴¹ even though he willingly confesses his ‘witness’ (informant?) status later in the poem (*uidi, uidi ipse, libelle* 120). Martial stakes a claim to just such fame with the same line end and another passive form of *dicere*:

sum, fateor, semperque fui, Callistrate, pauper
sed non obscurus nec male notus eques,
sed toto legor orbe frequens et dicitur ‘hic est’;
quodque cinis paucis, hoc mihi uita dedi. (Ep. 5.13)

I’m poor (I confess) as I always was, Callistratus, but I’m a knight neither obscure nor little known, and I’m read regularly across the whole globe, and people say ‘that’s him’; what ash has granted a few, life has granted me.

For Martial, the acknowledgement Persius debunked is a proud feather in the cap. Anon, on the other hand, brilliantly manipulates Persius’ and Martial’s ‘identifying’⁴² tags to maintain his new satire’s anonymity: the finger that had once been used to point out a famous poet is now employed to shut a new poet’s lips; *hic est* is banished from the poet’s repertoire and desire, whether it is a recognition of himself by others, or others by himself. Anon keeps mum about specific targets, and for that reason cannot become a specific target himself; identification is blocked on both fronts, a double safety mechanism insulating the satire from being roped to a particular referent or a particular source.

Sat. 1 is especially good at acting out a poetics of periphrasis as well as anonymity (and this conjunction will recur throughout the book).⁴³ I mentioned that Persius is the sole unidentified predecessor, present only in the recycled moment of recognition (*hic est*). But in fact, none of Juvenal’s forebears are named by the primary speaker: Lucilius is the *magnus* . . . *Auruncae alumnus* (20), Horace the *Venusina* . . . *lucerna* (51).⁴⁴ Lucilius gets a direct

⁴¹ Bramble 1974, 100, points out that the point-out was an obscene gesture as well as an index of fame.

⁴² Cf. also Horace *Odes* 4.3.21–22, which Roche 2012, 213 rightly links with Juvenal 7.53–56 (see below). Interestingly, Penwill 2015, 192 pins Martial behind the mask of Juvenal’s anonymous interlocutor here.

⁴³ On Juvenalian periphrasis, cf. Larmour 2016, 14.

⁴⁴ *Venusina* . . . *lucerna* perhaps namechecks the antonomasia in Cinna fr. 11: *Arateis* . . . *lucernis*, itself a version of Callimachus’ famous Aratus epigram (27 Pf.). The tight Alexandrian name-play here may activate the acrostic fun below. In addition, this kind

namecheck at 165, but this is within the speech bubble of the anonymous interlocutor⁴⁵ – a voice who pipes up, as we have seen, in order to tell Juvenal *not* to name. These periphrases tell us something about the Juvenalian rebranding of satire: they rewrite the satiric classics by removing the names of the authors. Juvenal hints that satire, his satire, consists precisely in careful substitution for the satirist's title. Juvenal pays his respects by writing round the names, or rubbing them out altogether; in this way, he makes his trailblazers anonymous too.

One way of skipping names is through pronoun substitution, and Anon is particularly adept at harnessing pronominal vagueness to the project of anonymity. He rejects the particularity of the deictic *hic*, but exploits the ambiguity of the plural *haec*. Pronouns can conceal *and* reveal, substitute and defer as much as name and identify. Juvenal plays this game with an unremarked acrostic:⁴⁶

haec ego non credam Venusina digna lucerna?
haec ego non agitem? sed quid magis? Heracleas
aut Diomedes aut mugitum labyrinthi
 et mare percussum puero fabrumque uolantem,
 cum leno accipiat moechi bona, si capiendi
 ius nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar,
 doctus et ad calicem uigilanti stertere naso; (1.51–57)

Don't I reckon that these things merit the Venusian lamp? Shouldn't I agitate against them? What else then? Heracles-es or Diomedes-es or the mooing of the labyrinth and the sea struck by the boy and the flying craftsman, when a pimp takes the gifts of his wife's playboy, and she has no legal rights, a scholar in surveying the ceiling, a scholar in snoring over his cups, although his nose is awake;

Haec can often stand as shorthand for a satirist's work.⁴⁷ But here the acrostic form brings out the flexibility of the deictic's field of reference: the horizontal *haec* must 'refer' to the

of antonomasia is typically Horatian, often used by the master to consign a poetic genre to the 'been there, done that' past (see Farrell 1991, 53–55): so Juvenal could be giving Horace a taste of his own medicine of obsolescence.

⁴⁵ Juvenal resorts to this old satiric trick a lot: other Anons spring up at 8.163, 10.67–72, 81–88, 15.16–23. Juvenal becomes one himself in *Sat.* 9, where he plays not the usual objector, but the enabler, bleeding Naevolus for all the information he is worth.

⁴⁶ Unpublished Kachuck 2009 is the only treatment I have come across. If Juvenal's text were first circulated with the 'new' *scriptura continua* (see Chapter 3 n. 51), the regularized columns would have made the vertical word more obvious.

⁴⁷ Cf. Persius 1.2, 125, 5.5; see also Chapter 1 n. 106.

complaints immediately *preceding* line 51, the vertical to the *present* targets of lines 52ff. *These things* are not necessarily *these things*; *haec* shifts meaning depending, literally, on which way you look at it. The shiftily mutability of *haec* draws attention to Anon's stunning mobility, skipping from moving target to moving target, well before the reader can secure it for herself. Deictics of course assume meaning from the position of the person pointing – and we have no idea where this pointer is placed. Indeed, we could extend the acrostic to embrace even wider pronominal play: the horizontal gives us the plural demonstrative *haec* followed by that slippery *ego* (twice), the vertical the demonstrative plural *haec* followed by a different demonstrative (singular) *id*. Satire becomes the swirl of a disembodied *I* pointing at unidentified *things*. A *haec* acrostic also takes on added force if we recall a common purpose of these patterns: authorial signature.⁴⁸ Cicero talks of Ennius inscribing a now lost poem with the acrostic autograph Q. ENNIVS FECIT;⁴⁹ scholars have pointed to Virgil's acrostic name in two of his works;⁵⁰ the *Ilias Latina*, probably composed a few years pre-Juvenal, contains the (in)famous ring acrostic ITALIC<V>S SCRIPSIT.⁵¹ So Anon turns a device often used to exclaim authorial identity on its head, sliding over his name a confusing deictic substitute; and this occurs in a context where names are either pluralized (*Heracleas*) or suppressed altogether, lost under the categories of *puer*, *faber*, *leno*, *moechus*, *uxor*. The very form of the acrostic drums it in. While the horizontal trains us to expect *haec* plus *ego*, the world plus the individual subjectivity filtering it, the vertical disappoints: the ego is subtracted from the equation. Waiting patiently for an *ego*, we pick up an *id* instead. Lesson learned: if we look for a name to which we can ascribe this satire, all we will find are *these things* – generic, impersonal, open to all who have their eyes open.

So this acrostic efficiently boils down our notion of the vanishing author: satire is hoisted from an internal to an external event,

⁴⁸ For this function in Dionysius of Heraclea, see Peirano 2012, 55.

⁴⁹ *De Divinatione* 2.111.

⁵⁰ See Brown 1963 on *Georgics* 1.424–37, Carter 2002 on *Aeneid* 12.587–8.

⁵¹ *Ilias Latina* 1–8, 1063–70.

and the ‘I’ evaporates. If there was any doubt that this satire thinks of itself as writing, the embedded acrostic should clear that up. The text is Juvenal’s medial enabler; it guarantees the absence so central to the satire. Anon may write as if he stands up and shouts in the middle of a recitation; but he imagines himself assaulting the *paper* which other poets will end up killing anyway (a comical displacement of the real violence dogging the satire’s imaginary). Even if you bump into so many poets, revenge is better diverted onto the *page*. It is difficult not to *write* satire. Juvenal puts himself (or a virtual, generic satirist) at the crossroads⁵² not to yell, but to fill hushly a wax tablet – a written medium, interestingly, which is quickly and readily erasable⁵³ (as the paper was destined to perish). In fact, when writing comes up in Juvenal, it is often in its capacity as disposable, self-erasing matter.⁵⁴ And this is its advantage. Unlike the Lucilius who charges boldly across the plain (itself an anti-Callimachean statement that Juvenal will take the well-travelled highway for maximum-speed anonymity),⁵⁵ and the Lucilius who fronts up to his seething *auditor*, Anon puts his road rage to paper. His pen is meeker than Lucilius’ sword. But that is what it is all about.

Sat. 1 is nothing short of a showpiece on how to scribble satire in a paranoid society without attracting notice; how to turn that sinister finger from identification to concealment, from pointing to penmanship. Juvenal’s standout contribution to this critical genre is to liberate the criticism – muffled and oblique, but still dangerous – from any *particular* mouth, by writing poetry that could be placed in *any* mouth. He suppresses conventional markers of personal

⁵² This is one of the most treasured Juvenalian ‘positions’ (e.g. Roche 2012, 195, Larmour 2016, 22), and I shall also store Anon somewhere there – but it is worth noting that the Latin does not quite go that far. *Nonne licet medio ceras implere capaces / quadriuitio* (1.63–64): no explicit *mihi*, and no direct claim to be there – only that it is *perfectly fair game to be there*, should someone want it that (cross-)way. Uden 2015, 51 is excellent on the symbolism of the position.

⁵³ On quick deletion as the big benefit of wax writing for speech preparation, see Quintilian 10.3.31.

⁵⁴ Cf. discussion of tablets below; 9.75, 14.102 etc. Some other references to writing: the *cinaedus* writing satire at 4.106; *facit indignatio uersum* 1.79; *scribendi cacoethes* 7.52 (and *passim*, or ubiquitous, in that satire); *tales uersus* 11.182. If we accept the ‘meaningfulness’ of the *haec* acrostic in 1, we commit to writtenness; that is no oral effect. Cf. the lines repeated across books (Chapter 3 n. 62).

⁵⁵ Cf. Cucchiarelli 2012, 185.

identity (a name, a body) in favour of a generic autobiography – a large part of which is an education in evasion – and a ‘reality-based’ subject matter that gives away nothing of his position, for that vantage point on the crossroads is available to everyone. The author behind this text is *programmatically* impossible to uncover. We need much more than persona theory to reconcile this jarring anonymity. This book will argue that the Juvenalian corpus should not be read as a story of pale experiments with various *personae* (‘angry’, ‘ironic’, ‘cynical’).⁵⁶ Rather, it should be read as a consistent engagement with the urgent questions of literary life in a menacing Rome:⁵⁷ how can an author write unnoticed? How can she insure against the kickbacks of a capricious regime and a flammable populace? Anonymity and self-effacement are the best options; Juvenal’s corpus of un-authorized satire shows us how many forms these options may take.

3 Hadrian: The Poet and the Prince

Within the present frame, satire’s new anonymous mode is interpretable as a response to, and above all a literary amplification of, the straitened life of the elite under the principate. The Caesars’ first century was punctuated thickly with cases of sinister suppression. Figures opposing the regime routinely met dead ends, and many of these figures doubled, or starred, as authors.⁵⁸ We need glance no further than Juvenal’s near-contemporary Tacitus to appreciate the neuroses of Rome’s ruling (and writing) class against the backdrop of imperial surveillance: poetry in the *Dialogus* is the most indirectly outspoken – and most dangerous – form of writing left in Rome.⁵⁹ While the constraints of speech were calibrated in the literature to expand and contract depending

⁵⁶ Braund 1988’s terminology, refreshed in Keane 2010, 113 and 2015, 24.

⁵⁷ For satire’s essential negotiation of adverse political situations, cf. Freudenburg 2001, 4’s programme.

⁵⁸ For a list of literary victims under empire, see Winsbury 2009, 142–43; he also charts the practice of bookburning (135–40) and the perceived dangers of historiography (140–41). Ahl 1984, 207 points out that most victims were often political rather than literary casualties; but the two are not easily separable.

⁵⁹ On criticism’s migration from oratory to poetry in the *Dialogus*, see Bartsch 1994, 118–19.

on who was at the helm, the anxiety over words was an inalienable feature of the principate itself.⁶⁰ In one sense, then, Juvenalian anonymity is a product of a political arrangement that breeds reluctance to claim ownership over words, for fear that they can be turned against you. Anon's shady method tells us something about the principate *in general*, as much as his content ranges over the annals of the principate *in general*.⁶¹

And yet, as discussed above, general and specific are never far distant in Juvenal; indeed, the general often gloves a much more precise punch. It would be buying into Juvenalian fudging to claim that all regimes were the same, and that the identity of the particular *princeps* in question – with his individual priorities, policies, tendencies, quirks and habits – made no difference whatsoever. To credit conventional dating, Anon's publishing career straddled two regimes: the end of Trajan's and the beginning of Hadrian's.⁶² While the first two books are slung over a range of possible dates, it is fairly certain that by the advent of book 3 (*Sat.* 7), Hadrian is the man in the chair. The proclamation of a new era of Caesarian patronage at the beginning of *Sat.* 7 seems to accord with our other accounts of Hadrian: the enlightened *Graeculus* who took a keen interest in the arts. Hadrian in fact accrued renown for his hands-on interventions into the literary world, even showing poetic leanings himself.⁶³ This point merits a pause.

Hadrian's biography in the gossipy *HA* is nowhere near trustworthy.⁶⁴ But it is safe to infer that one of the biography's major strands of material – emperor's devotion to and supervision of literature – must have had some basis.⁶⁵ Anecdotes tell us of Hadrian's pronouncements on seemingly superficial grammatical

⁶⁰ For autocratic intervention in elite literary culture, see for example Zadorojnyi 2006, 372–73.

⁶¹ For individual variation vs. systemic validity, cf. Moles 1998, 151 on Tacitus.

⁶² E.g. Courtney 1980, 2; Gérard 1976, 15.

⁶³ On Hadrian's relationship with contemporary writers, see Fein 1994, 86–220; her picture (219–20) of Hadrian's preference for politically 'useful' authors, and consequently a realm of disregarded authors who were subject to no censorship, supports the claims of this book. For Hadrian's place in the proud tradition of suspiciously literary emperors, see Zadorojnyi 2006, 360–61.

⁶⁴ Though Benario 1980, 14 thinks the *Vita* can be read 'with considerable confidence'.

⁶⁵ Cf. Baldwin 1989, 69. The Hadrianic quirk also appears in Dio 69.3. Contrast Trajan's relationship with the literati, on which see Fein 1994, 86–220.

points.⁶⁶ Nothing was below his readerly scrutiny.⁶⁷ We also catch his poetic tastes and activities: apparently he had a penchant for the archaic in Latin literature, preferred Antimachus to Homer, but himself composed love elegies and other ditties, of which two are ‘preserved’. While it would be difficult to tabulate further evidence, this broad point suffices for our purposes: come *Sat.* 7, Anon is writing near an emperor with known poetic predispositions.

He is also facing a *princeps* whose reign began with its own jolt of terror.⁶⁸ Dio foregrounds Hadrian’s chronic envy of outstanding men, which led him to administer peevish punishments during the regime’s birth pangs. Palma and Celsus are the first to fall, accused of conspiring against Hadrian during a hunt. Next come Nigrinus and Lusius, executed for no good reason other than their power, wealth and fame. One of Hadrian’s defining features in Dio – completing his extreme interest in, and surveillance of, the minutiae of reality – is indeed his jealousy of ‘excellence’ in all forms:

φιλοτιμία τε γὰρ ἀπλήστῳ ἐχρῆτο, καὶ κατὰ τοῦτο καὶ τᾶλλα πάντα καὶ τὰ βραχύτατα ἐπετήδευε· καὶ γὰρ ἐπλασσε καὶ ἔγραφε καὶ οὐδὲν ὃ τι οὐκ εἰρηνικὸν καὶ πολεμικὸν καὶ βασιλικὸν καὶ ἰδιωτικὸν εἰδέναι ἔλεγε. καὶ τοῦτο μὲν οὐδὲν πού τοὺς ἀνθρώπους ἐβλαπτεν, ὃ δὲ δὴ φθόνος αὐτοῦ δεινότατος ἐς πάντας τοὺς τιμὴν προέχοντας ὧν πολλοὺς μὲν καθεῖλε συχνοὺς δὲ καὶ ἀπώλεσε. βουλόμενος γὰρ πάντων ἐν πᾶσι περιεῖναι ἐμίσει τοὺς ἐν τιμῇ ὑπεραίροντας. (Dio 69.3)⁶⁹

For he was subject to boundless ambition, and so he made all conceivable pursuits his business, even the most minor; for example, he modelled and painted, and said that there was nothing relevant to peace or war, to imperial or private life, that he did not know about. Of course, all of this did men no harm; but his jealousy of all who excelled in any sense was awful and caused the downfall of many, as well as destroying several. Since he wanted to overtake everybody in everything, he hated those who attained eminence in any field.

This quality spurs the exile of Favorinus the sophist (to-be-recalled in [Chapter 4.3.4](#)). Apollodorus the architect is not so

⁶⁶ On Hadrian’s close relationship with contemporary intellectuals, and keen interest in the finicky grammatical questions, see Wallace-Hadrill 1983, 78–79.

⁶⁷ Perhaps a specific manifestation of his claim to ‘panoptic’ knowledge of all things, however negligible, public or private (*Vita Hadriani* 11, 17; Dio 69.3, 9).

The age was generally obsessed with managing the dangers of public speech (Goldhill 2010, 240–41).

⁶⁸ On Hadrian’s ‘succession anxiety’, cf. Ferguson 1987 ‘Hadrian’.

⁶⁹ I print the Loeb text (Cary 1968).

lucky (69.4). This man apparently insulted Hadrian in his youth when the future emperor interrupted a conversation between Apollodorus and Trajan regarding architecture. Apollodorus put the youth in his place by telling him to get back to his still-life scribbles. But when Hadrian finally becomes emperor, he does not brook such boldness (παρρησία 69.4): it only takes Apollodorus' blunt criticisms of the emperor's building plans for his head to hit the chopping block. If there is a glint of truth to such anecdotes, they show a Caesar intolerant of success and standing – especially among the creative pursuits over which he fantasized mastery.⁷⁰

While we straight-faced scholars must take this later evidence with huge rocks of salt, we can at least entertain the value of a *gossip* tradition about Hadrian which understood him as a paranoid poet out to dominate the scene (even if the picture never came close to 'true'); indeed, as happened with Nero and his contemporary 'reflections' in literature, we could even say that Juvenal's foggy mirror of the prince probably helped perpetuate that gossip tradition in the first place. These unreliable, unverifiable fact(oid)s will be pervasive scenery for the following chapters, which focus systematically on Juvenal's later (most securely Hadrianic) satires. The interchangeable voice for which I shall argue, and which I shall often tag with the term 'mediocrity', is particularly urgent in this *Hadrianic* context of *monopolised poetry and criticism*. The principate by nature centralized a figure around whom all forms of 'excellence' accreted;⁷¹ but literary endeavour was not an indispensable part of a *princeps'* repertoire. Hadrian's interest in this sector thus crowded yet *another* field with his presence, rendered poetry *another* enterprise in which excellence could be fatal at worst.⁷² Hadrian's penchant for poets comes across as solicitation bordering on surveillance: he 'looked after' the muses (*respexit* 7.3), but he also 'looks over' his poets

⁷⁰ And while we are on Hadrianic architecture: if we date *Sat.* 7 within a few years of 123, we might also catch the Athenaeum in the works. This purpose-built recitation space would have really cemented the imperial monopoly over, and unremitting supervision of, literary activity. It provided space for literary recitation, senatorial meetings, and judicial gatherings (see Nicholls 2013, 275) – squashing literature and politics into ever cosier cohabitation.

⁷¹ Even intellectual: cf. Penwill 2003, 357–58.

⁷² Cf. den Boer 1955, 138 on Hadrian's jealous literary activity.

(*circumspicit* 7.20), surveys, scrutinizes, looks out for them in every sense. I shall argue here that *Sat.* 7 manages this problem by voluntarily surrendering any quality product to Hadrian, and showing up the mediocrity of the sub-par arts scene *outside* his sphere of influence. Hadrian had no competition to worry about (Anon included).

The idea that Juvenal is ‘clearing the field’ for Hadrianic dominance of a controlled poetic sector and relegating himself to the second tier should not be confused with ‘Hadrian had to be the only *poet* in Rome’. *Sat.* 7 rather deals with the *authorship* of artistic production in the broadest sense: not only those who wrote, but those who enabled the writing through patronage. Hadrian becomes an ‘author’ both through his actual poetic activity – which may have been ‘superficial’ – and, more importantly, his appropriation of the industry itself. This is the force of *Sat.* 7’s sweeping start: *et spes et ratio studiorum in Caesare tantum*. *Ratio* here must mean not just ‘motive/motivation’ but something broader: ‘discipline’, ‘industry’, ‘business’. Hadrian now owns the whole company, and the exclusive capacity to churn out quality material. Juvenal’s fixation on the dire state of the arts in contemporary Rome does not clash with this picture of ‘imperialized’ excellence contained in that emphatic *tantum*. If anything, Anon devotes the poem to reinforcing this Hadrianic exceptionalism: you own the copyright to quality, Caesar, and no one outside your proprietary factory comes close.⁷³

In this way, *Sat.* 7 is committed to ‘mediocritization’; it buys into a common narrative of artistic decline to show to a poetically inclined emperor, and the elite readers and writers around this emperor, a snapshot of the contemporary scene beyond emperor’s chosen circle, and assure him that he has nothing to worry about. Anon works overtime to render contemporary intellectual activity beyond the emperor’s workshop as silly as possible. As we shall see below, the poem’s parade of struggling *literati* sums up to nothing remarkable. The productions of poets in particular are worthless: perishable, not worth reading (let alone investing in).

⁷³ *Contra* Jones 1989, 449, who reads Hadrian’s generosity as another cause of poetic deterioration. My own reading approximates more to Kilpatrick 1973, 236’s, where the poem’s opening serves as ‘a tactful and complimentary exclusion’ of the emperor.

I shall argue that this climate of mediocrity is one in which Anon himself gladly participates⁷⁴ – and that this is yet another strategy of bolstering that ever-precious anonymity. With a poet for a prince, this is the best shortcut to the unglamorous middle, and a direct passport to escaping his notice.

4 Apologia for Mediocrity

As discussed, *Sat.* 1 erupts with an abrupt paradox: the stock vilification of the contemporary poetic climate nestles uncomfortably with Anon's admission that he is a fully fledged product of it. He has spent years seething in the audience, and by now he knows every permutation like the back of Pliny's head. Anon postures as the rogue perched to proclaim *finally* something that is real and different; but in establishing the necessary poetic credentials and constructing an authoritative platform from which to roar, he ends up re-swearing allegiance to that very band of imbeciles he itches to escape.⁷⁵

The paradox is well-documented.⁷⁶ I argued above that the balance of association and dissociation on which the paradox totters has far too often been tilted towards the dissociative side. Of course, Juvenal's fiery clamour is nothing like the limpid works he flings off in parody; his modesty is merely disguising what he knows, we know, everyone knows to be the launch of the century. So most critics would have it, invested heavily in their own version of Juvenal the classic.⁷⁷ But the associative strand refuses to subside – and comes with its own indispensable 'programmatic' function. In this brave new world of monitored speech and hovering informants, it is in Anon's interests to erase scrupulously any traces of his discourse's origin. Anon's

⁷⁴ For the deliberate mediocrity argument here, cf. Peirano 2012, 163's comments on the poet of the *Laus Pisonis*, a poem she puts in touch with *Sat.* 7 on the topic of poetry and patronage (161–64).

⁷⁵ Bartsch 1994, 137–38, however, sees an increase in sympathy for these contemporary authors from *Sat.* 1 to *Sat.* 7 – and a large degree of self-implication in 7, to the point that Anon becomes a 'court poet himself' (138–41). Braund 1988's concept of 'irony' is also a concept of co-implication, i.e. involves the speaker embodying aspects of the broken contemporary scene (see for example 42). On Juvenal's association with the poets, cf. Hardie 1990, 152.

⁷⁶ See above, n. 18 and 20. ⁷⁷ For the oscillation, see Kenney 1962, 30.

marination in mainstream literary culture has a practical consequence: it makes him sound like everyone else, and so his writing could belong to anyone.

Sat. 7 conceives another way of managing this. While the patronage theme was a numbing refrain in book 1, Juvenal's early works failed to take the next self-reflexive step: that is, the relationship between *poets* and their patrons. At the beginning of *Sat. 1*, contemporary poets in their performance setting are just bad; no sustained attention is given to the social system in which they churn out their dross, apart from what we can infer by extension from the ubiquitous patron-client theme. *Sat. 7*, however, takes as its focus these sidelined conditions of poetic production – so much so that poetry is installed as a dependant of the determinative material circumstances around it. The scholarly industry dependent on *Juvenal's* poem has mainly mulled over the question of his 'sympathy' (the pathology in most Juvenalian criticism): is Anon on the side of the unpaid poets, historians, rhetoricians (*et sim.*, 'intellectuals'), against those parsimonious patrons? Or is he critical of the lot?⁷⁸ Generous with this question, scholars have been tighter with the more obvious observation: that Juvenal the *poet's* commentary on the state of literary production must be a commentary on the state of *his own* literary production.⁷⁹ Anon's depressing picture of tumbleweeds rolling through this once mighty industrial landscape must bear on his own clapped-out machinery. Indeed, I shall argue that *Sat. 7* offers yet another rationalization of Juvenal's unremarkable mediocrity by making him, too, an inevitable consequence of the broken system he versifies.

In [Chapter 4.1.1](#), we shall dwell briefly on Juvenal's 'materializing' eye:⁸⁰ his tendency both to reduce the world to an absurd, dehumanized collection of 'things', and to throw these things

⁷⁸ Poets are bad quality, but for multiple reasons: Jones 1989, 463. Balanced sympathy/criticism: Braund 1998. Critical of the poets: Keane 2015, 94. Critical of both intellectuals and patrons: Wiesen 1973, Hardie 1990, 158–59, Rudd 1976, 104. Plaza 2006, 237 proceeds from Braund and Hardie to make *Sat. 7* a fusion of two categories: self-irony and object-oriented humour (against the intellectuals).

⁷⁹ Bartsch 1994, 147 however approaches this point through comparison to Tacitus' use of Maternus in *Dialogus*; and Roman 2014, 335 talks of Juvenal deliberately limiting his poetic options through his portrait of the wonky industry.

⁸⁰ Wiesen 1973, 472 does not use the term, but identifies the technique; cf. Jenkyns 1982, 178 and *passim*; Keane 2015, 97.

about as mere (more) commodities in Rome's unstable marketplace. Anon's objectification of humans always accompanies an anthropomorphization of things; the poles of animate and inanimate are often reversed, with each serving as trope for the other.⁸¹ *Sat.* 7 dwells on this material stratum throughout;⁸² in a sense, it does for the brittleness of literature what *Sat.* 10 will do for the fragility of the human body. Anon's argument begins with the perishability of poetry thanks to a less-than-nutritive patronage culture; but it will become clear in due course that the corrosion extends far beyond the present day, to break down even the canonical immortals.

The satire breaks out in brief hope and quickly folds into native gloom. Critical frustration over the blank identity of the Caesar of verse 1 has diverted many studies of the poem into a desperate historicist land-grab: the dating has shifted back and forth from 'Caesar=Domitian' to 'Caesar=Trajan' to 'Caesar=Hadrian', with most contemporary scholarship now backing the last.⁸³ The squabbling over the precise 'referent' of the name of course veils the fact that it was left blank for a reason: not only to build ironic/playful/ambiguous credentials,⁸⁴ but also to make the point that the problem of patronage is systemic, not transient. Again, I must stress the both/and possibilities of this manoeuvre, another paradox of general/specific referentiality with which our critical tools, sharpened with such bias towards *clarity*, are not really adequate to deal: Hadrian is Caesar is the lot of them. As is pervasive in Juvenal, the absence of an explicit contemporary reference leaves the satire a vacant lot, which can be occupied by any given (imperial) time and continue to make sense. So, while a Hadrianic backdrop does seem to fit best (see above), our reservations should be cherished as integral side-effects of the text's own hesitation to name. That first line delineates a situation that is *always* (already . . .) the case; imperial Rome means the emperor is *always*

⁸¹ Cf. Jenkyns 1982, 213. ⁸² Cf. Roman 2014, 333.

⁸³ Hadrian preponderates: Coleman 1990, 38, Hardie 1990, 179, Ramage 1989, 670–71, Ferguson 1987, 15, Rudd 1976, 87, Gérard 1976, 341–42. Trajan: Waters 1970, 72–73. Domitian: Helmbold and O'Neil 1959, 100, but with secondary hits at Hadrian (107 – cf. Bartsch, n. 84 below).

⁸⁴ Bartsch 1994, 142–43 thinks the indeterminacy deliberate, drawing a link between Domitian and Hadrian.

by definition ‘the only hope’, recruiting and accreting ever more self-aggrandizing excellence around his towering person. Significantly, Juvenal opts out of the arrangement, and consigns himself to unengaged mediocrity – a move that certainly pays off come the dangers of political prominence in *Sat.* 10. Penumbral Juvenal will prefer to keep out of Caesar’s attentive glare (*respexit*, 3) – and that goes for *any* Caesar. But the fact that Caesar has to be left without a business card makes a sly comment that *this* Caesar, Hadrian, is just as good/bad as *any*.

Sat. 7 self-situates at a time when poets far and wide are selling out of the profession. Amid this vast ‘restructuring’, Juvenal advises his poet-addressee (unnamed as yet)⁸⁵ to follow suit. If you are not getting paid, you might as well become an auctioneer and flog your motley wares:

nam si Pieria quadrans tibi nullus in umbra
ostendatur, ames nomen uictumque Machaerae
et uendas potius commissa quod auctio uendit
stantibus, oenophorum, tripedes, armaria, cistas,
Alcithoen Pacci, Thebas et Terea Fausti. (7.8–12)

If no small change were offered you in the Pierian shade, you’d better like the name and life of Machaera, and flog whatever the auction battleground flogs to bystanders, winejars, three-legged tables, closets, chests, a Paccius *Alcithoe*, and a Faustus *Thebes* and *Tereus*.

The long double-verse of non-stop nouns (11–12) sets up one of the key concerns of the satire: the notion that poetry is just another product for exchange, a commodity just as at home halfway down an inventory as any other bit of bric-a-brac.⁸⁶ Tragedies, for instance, are literally squeezed into pieces of furniture (an *armarium* is precisely where you might store your scrolls). The proper names Alcithoe and Tereus also introduce a fundamental conceit of the coming satire: that these kinds of titles can easily double as the eponymous human characters.⁸⁷ In this sense, we have a dual travesty: the fruits of intellectual pursuit passed off as household appliances, the living characters sold off into slavery.

⁸⁵ Cf. Braund 1988, 43–45 on the poem’s multiple addressees.

⁸⁶ Cf. 3.9; Braund 1988, 30 also remarks that the tragedies topping the list qualify the sympathy with poets.

⁸⁷ On this personification, see Rudd 1976, 111–14.

Juvenal briskly moves on to the grim prospects of ‘regular’ (non-imperial) aristocratic patronage in contemporary society; and here we see another ramification of poetry’s materiality. Its bare physical form (paper, bookroll) means it is exchangeable – but also disposable, like so much waste:

si qua aliunde putas rerum expectanda tuarum
 praesidia atque ideo croceae membrana tabellae
 impletur, lignorum aliquid posce ocus et quae
 componis dona Veneris, Telesine, marito,
 aut clude et positos tinea pertunde libellos.
 frange miser calamum uigilataque proelia dele,
 qui facis in parua sublimia carmina cella,
 ut dignus uenias hederis et imagine macra. (7.22–29)

If you reckon you can expect your financial support from somewhere else, and if the surface of your page is getting filled because of that, ask for some firewood straightaway, and give those gifts of Venus you’re composing to her husband, or shut the booklets up, and let the worms bore into them. Break your quill and delete those battles you lost sleep on, you poor old thing, writing sublime poetry in a little garret, to come away with the ivy and a malnourished statue.

If Telesinus is holding out for material support from outside imperial quarters, he might as well burn his poems in a religious offering or leave them to the bookworms. Destruction is easier than creation. But even noble creation is recast as something mechanical and laborious. Making poems is merely a matter of the parchment being filled (note *impletur*, which removes any craft of authorship altogether),⁸⁸ of ‘staying awake’ over those lullaby battles. A few imperatives and the product of sleepless nights is wiped out without a trace: implement broken (*frange*), content deleted (*dele*). All that comes of this will be (at best) some ivy and an emaciated bust – both cause (as the only measly reward) and effect (accurate representation) of the poet’s bodily condition. Poet and poetry are both perishable objects, reduced respectively to tired labourer and the fraying product of his labour.⁸⁹

We *could* push the same dissociative line here as some push in *Sat.* 1: on the one hand Anon, on the other hackneyed

⁸⁸ Cf. Wiesen 1973, 471.

⁸⁹ Cf. Butler 2011’s interest in the materiality of the text, leading to a focus on poetry as laborious process and fragile product (e.g. 4–5).

contemporary culture. But this is an uphill task. Sitting us back in the recitation hall for the first time since *Sat.* 1, Anon launches his first concrete complaint about the haughty patron. The patron writes poetry *himself* (another reason for poet's redundancy); but if you do want to give a recitation, he lends you some budget equipment.⁹⁰ Over against this class of misers, Anon clearly aligns himself with the work gang that never makes anything or gets anywhere:

nos tamen hoc agimus tenuique in puluere sulcos
ducimus et litus sterili uersamus aratro.
nam si discedas, [laqueo tenet ambitiosi
consuetudo mali], tenet insanabile multos
scribendi cacoethes et aegro in corde senescit. (7.48–52)

Yet we do it anyway: we draw furrows in the delicate dust and go over the shore with a sterile plough. And if you try to leave, the terminal itch for writing traps you, and ages in your ailing heart.

Nos tamen, combined with three first person plurals, indicates more than sympathy; rather, Juvenal is committing to identification *as poet*, and a poet who writes at that.⁹¹ Of course, such information is transmitted with the hexameters themselves. But it is revealing that Juvenal identifies with *these* poets: the kind with grand ambitions and squalid lifestyles. Indeed, he gives himself no choice. As with the writing of satire in *Sat.* 1, so with writing in general here: it becomes a pathology, an itch that must be scratched – and so on, and on, into the sick heart of old age. This ‘physiological’ view pares poetic activity to nothing more than a universal epidemic; writing is not something you utilize privileged skills to *do*, but something that gets *done* in spite of you. Composition is a common cold. It may even be a little more noxious: the last time we read those ‘letters in the earth’, they were the work of a dragged corpse (*et latum media sulcum deducit harena* 1.157 > *tenuique in puluere sulcos / ducimus* 7.48–49).

⁹⁰ For this sordid, depopulated recitation space contrasting with the gilded halls of Horace and Statius, see Larmour 2016, 49–50.

⁹¹ For the first time: Rudd 1976, 96. Mention of old age may add another ‘autobiographical’ detail: see Chapter 3.3.1 and 3.3.2.

4 Apologia for Mediocrity

The upshot of the patronage crisis is that a ‘great poet’ of Augustan ilk simply does not exist anymore. The *uates egregius* is no more than an obsolete conceptual category:

sed uatem egregium, cui non sit publica uena,
qui nihil expositum soleat deducere, nec qui
communi feriat carmen triuiale moneta,
hunc, qualem nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum,
anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi
inpatiens, cupidus siluarum aptusque bibendis
fontibus Aonidum. neque enim cantare sub antro
Pierio thyrsumque potest contingere maesta
paupertas atque aeris inops, quo nocte dieque
corpus eget: satur est cum dicit Horatius ‘euhoe’.

(7.53–62)

But the outstanding Bard, with no ordinary seam, the type to spin nothing hackneyed, the type to strike no well-worn song from the common treasury, this one, the type I can’t point out, and can only vaguely sense – a mind free of care, and without experience of bitterness, composes him; a mind greedy for the woods and ready to drink the springs of the Muses. For gloomy poverty can’t chant in the Pierian cave or grip the thyrsus; it’s got no coin, which the body needs, night and day. Horace is full when he says ‘Euhoe’.

The ‘outstanding’ bard cannot even be pointed out – a problem for a deictic satirist whose poetry has always claimed to be mere genuflection to the world around him.⁹² Perhaps Anon has taken the lesson of *Sat. 1* to heart: never point your finger in public. Lucky a famous poet is no longer a possibility. Again, it seems arguable that Anon is standing aloof from this group of high-aimers and -achievers; certainly the kind of momentous inspiration described here looks anachronistic. Again, the embodied, performative element of poetry is sidelined: the *uates* all puffed up and singing big in public is nowhere to be seen in this world where ruined texts rule the roost. The closest we get to embodied performance is flashback to past glory: a well-fed Horace at the peak of his operatic virtuosity. While Anon ostensibly manhandles the lyric Horace, raving under a Dionysiac spell, the standard etymological pun in *satur* also draws attention to Horace’s earliest incarnation as satirist.⁹³

⁹² Cf. [Chapter 3.2, 3.4](#); this constitutes yet another response to Persius 1.28–29 (above): mediocrity *rules out* public recognition.

⁹³ Cf. [Plaza 2006](#), 323.

However briefly, Juvenal summons up the memory of Horace's podgy satiric body, rooting his lyric inspiration in that all-powerful material bodily stratum.⁹⁴ You need to be full first, to disappear into the lyric ether later. The outsize poetic 'presence' of Horace here will be cancelled later by his rebirth as soiled avatar of absence: grimy text/bust (see below). The past features poetry in bodies; the present can only stow them in placeholder texts. We effectively see in a full-bodied Horace what an etymological oxymoron a 'skinny satirist' is; yet Anon has to be one, for those are the terms and conditions of modern poetry. *Corpus eget*, in fact, is a perfect distillation of the satirist as bodily non-entity, the malnourished form which will be the subject of [Chapter 3](#).

After charting the hypothetical effects of poverty on Virgil's *Aeneid*, Anon hauls us back to the contemporary climate. Rubrenus Lappa will inevitably fall flat against the unfair standards of wealthier past tragedians:

poscimus ut sit
non minor antiquo Rubrenus Lappa coturno,
cuius et alueolos et laenam pignerat Atreus? (7.71–73)

Do we insist that Rubrinus Lappa, whose Atreus pawned himself for some trays and a cloak, be no disappointment compared to the ancient buskin?

Juvenal's expression here is typically compact, again upholding the comedy of literalization.⁹⁵ Lappa is not just 'less than ancient tragedy', but quite literally 'too small for an ancient buskin'; he has big shoes to fill, and he cannot fill them (not even one of them).⁹⁶ His body, like any other contemporary poet, has shrunk; he has to sell off his own work even to clothe it/him properly (*laenam*), and buy the dishes to give himself the bare *opportunity* to feed! The sparse cake is cheaply iced with some more hilarious anthropomorphization of the sort recognized above. Here, however, it is absolutely explicit that 'Atreus' does the mortgaging; not only is he bought and sold for a few basic objects of survival, but he is forced to negotiate the purchase (of himself) himself. The classic mythological villain has

⁹⁴ See Farrell 2007 on Horace's generically polarized bodies; cf. Barchiesi and Cucchiarelli 2005, 213–17 on Horace's satiric body.

⁹⁵ Cf. Rudd 1976, 100. ⁹⁶ Cf. Smith 1989b, 816.

fallen a long way from home – from the high halls of Greece to the grubby streets of Rome. And the genre that should, by rights, be all immediacy, all presence, all performance – tragedy – is worn down into a moving text, an object of human trafficking no better than the Alcihoë of Paccius.

The debasing, simultaneous personification and reification of poetic works becomes clearer, and more erotically charged, in the famous Statius section. Anon here plays loudly on the friction between an epic poem's feminine name (*Thebais*, *Aeneis*, etc.) and the militarism it should 'embody':⁹⁷

curritur ad uocem iucundam et carmen amicae
Thebaidos, laetam cum fecit Statius urbem
promisitque diem: tanta dulcedine captos
adficit ille animos tantaque libidine uolgi
auditur. sed cum fregit subsellia uersu
esurit, intactam Paridi nisi uendit Agauen.
ille et militiae multis largitus honorem
semenstri uatum digitos circumligat auro.
quod non dant proceres, dabit histrio. tu Camerinos
et Baream, tu nobilium magna atria curas?
praefectos Pelopea facit, Philomela tribunos. (7.82–92)

People flock to the beautiful voice and song of his girl Thebaid, when Statius has cheered Rome and settled on a date: he wins their hearts and moves them with such sweetness, and the mob listens on with such lust. But when he's cracked the benches with his verse, he still goes hungry, unless he flogs his virgin *Agave* to Paris. *He* appoints people to army positions; he fits the fingers of Bards with the golden ring just six months on. What the Great and the Good don't grant, an actor will. Do you attend to the Camerini and Barea, the great halls of the nobility? Pelopea enrolls prefects, Philomela tribunes.

Vocem could refer to the poet's voice, but the sense of the Latin gives it to *Thebais* herself, Statius' sensual 'girlfriend' who, we imagine, almost recites herself. The audience is captivated by this mistress, and the poem has a very physical impact on the surrounding furniture. But the man still starves – unless, that is, he sells his 'untouched Agave' to Paris. With the metaphor from prostitution, again we have a work with a Greek female name that can easily double as a human. In this farce of crossovers between life and art,

⁹⁷ Cf. the epilogue to Statius' *Thebaid* (12.810–9).

human and book, we can no longer be certain what names ‘mean’;⁹⁸ nor is the suspicion valid only for Greek names. Canonical Roman authors, too, became synonymous with their books (cf. Horace and Virgil below). At any rate, the central irony is that even the most popular martial epic nowadays fails to pack a punch among the *real soldiery*; in order to get ahead in a Roman male’s life, you need Greek women to do your dirty work (*prae-fectos Pelopea facit, Philomela tribunos*). And even this kind of lowbrow literary activity is no guaranteed income, for Paris is only one man; all the big patrons of the past are now distinctly lacking (Maecenas, Proculeius, Fabius, Cotta, Lentulus). The best one can do is sell pulp to an actor; it is an industry that regulates out the possibility of quality.

In a stocktake moment, Juvenal reformulates a key phrase of *Sat. 1* and adapts it to the spirit of mediocrity. A central concern in *Sat. 1* had been the *ability* of the satirist to keep pace with his *material*, always (by satiric law) ‘too much’:

dices hic forsitan ‘unde
ingenium par materiae?’ (1.150–51)

Maybe you’ll say ‘where will you get the talent to match the material?’

In *Sat. 7*, Juvenal makes the issue one about *payment* keeping pace with *ability*, which it had done (once upon a time):

tum par ingenio pretium, tunc utile multis
pallere et uinum toto nescire Decembri. (7.96–97)

Then the remuneration matched the talent; then it paid dividends to many to go pale and keep off the wine for the whole of December.

But this is not simply a matter of talent going cruelly unrewarded. *Ingenium* in this satire is materially determined. It cannot even arise without conducive conditions. It takes up space, and there is no room:

quis locus *ingenio*, nisi cum se carmine solo
uexant et dominis Cirrhæ Nysaeque feruntur
pectora uestra duas non admittentia curas? (7.63–65)⁹⁹

⁹⁸ Cf. discussion of *Sat. 8*, [Chapter 3.5.2](#).

⁹⁹ Some MSS (*VSE*) have *nostra* for *uestra* – a distinct possibility given Juvenal’s self-enrolment in the poet-guild (48–49).

4 Apologia for Mediocrity

What room for talent is there – unless your hearts don't even let in two other priorities, and torture themselves with poetry alone, and get carried away by the emperors of Cirrha and Nysa.

Juvenal's argument in this poem is deliciously circular – as circular as the sterile social system in which it stalls: patrons fail to provide the support to let talent thrive, talent dies, patrons fail to provide support because there is no talent.¹⁰⁰ Entrance to the cycle could be at any point. But the crux is that *tum par ingenio pretium* is a false contrast between then and now. The formula continues to hold in Juvenal's world, where both merit *and* reward are evenly matched (at zero).

One of the costs of bringing 'living' works of literature *into* the world is that they also cost a lot to bring *up*. In historiography's case, the material mismatch between input and yield sprouts in explicitly agricultural language:

uester porro labor fecundior, historiarum
scriptores? perit hic plus temporis atque olei plus.
nullo quippe modo millensima pagina surgit
omnibus et crescit multa damnosa papyro;
sic ingens rerum numerus iubet atque operum lex.
quae tamen inde seges? terrae quis fructus apertae?
quis dabit historico quantum daret acta legenti? (7.98–104)

So does your work reap more reward, you historians? This job destroys more time and oil. For sure, the thousandth page rises, with no restrictions for anyone, and grows to ruin you with so much papyrus; that's the dictate of the huge number of facts, and the law of the genre. But what's the harvest from that? What's the fruit of that open earth? Who'll give a historian as much as a newsreader gets?

Here again – even more so than before (cf. 48–49) – literary production is a menial and thankless georgic labour, all effort and no reward. The enterprise wastes more time and oil (presumably relative to poetry's *uigilata proelia*); the magnitude of the work is just that much more imposing. While it grows at breakneck speed (*surgit ... crescit*), consuming papyrus to accommodate the ever-multiplying documentable facts, the unstoppable biological momentum is really a form of destruction (*pagina ... perit damnosa*). No crop, no fruit to the

¹⁰⁰ Cf. Braund 1998, 58, 68 on the simultaneous criticism of both patrons *and* poets.

activity – merely vast swathes of papyrus mown down. This organic growth is, paradoxically, a force for sterility.¹⁰¹ But the central point is the naked material terms in which ‘literature’ is cast. Juvenal decocts historiography as an uncomplicated task: merely a case of accumulation and growth, things which the work *itself* can do, or does naturally. Just as with *impletur* above, the work writes itself, and the author is no more than a facilitator. The material is literally in command: the huge amount of facts and ‘law’ of the works ‘dictate the terms’ (*iubet*). Such emphasis on the work’s autonomy effectively *dethrones the author* in a similar way to Juvenal’s image of satire as natural reaction (in *Sat.* 1 and 10).¹⁰² Interestingly, writing the past in private is worth less than the present in public (*acta legenti*). The idea of literature reduced to waste paper was there from the beginning: compare the hack poets (1.4–7) and Juvenal’s own reluctance to show mercy to sheets which are going to be written off anyway (*periturae* 1.18, cf. *perit* here). And so, while we are nominally dealing with historiography, it is crystal clear that Juvenal’s reductive scribbles on literature have been preserved from *Sat.* 1, and that we should view these endless reams of history as a close relative of Juvenal’s own bottomless, insuppressible, and ever-increasing *satura*.¹⁰³

The trashing of intellectual pursuits as a physical toil like any other gains ground in the section reserved for declamation: a topic particularly close to the bone for a self-confessed declamatory satirist.¹⁰⁴ This passage again makes the case for inadequate remuneration; but the profession of rhetoric teacher does not deserve a raise. The discipline comes across as so much ‘reconstituted cabbage’:

declamare doces? o ferrea pectora Vetti,
cui perimit saeuos classis numerosa tyrannos.
nam quaecumque sedens modo legerat, haec eadem stans

¹⁰¹ On sterility in Juvenal, see Miller 1998, 2001.

¹⁰² See above n. 31, and Chapter 4.1.1.

¹⁰³ For the endlessly inflationary Juvenalian effects, see Rimell 2005.

¹⁰⁴ For Juvenal’s ambivalent use of declamation, cf. Jones 2007, 122, Hooley 2007a, 399–402, 407–12, Hooley 2007b, 114–15, Braund 2009, Fredericks 1979, 180; de Decker 1913 is the classic on Juvenal and declamation.

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perferet atque eadem cantabit uersibus isdem:
occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros. (7.150–54)¹⁰⁵

You teach declamation? What an iron heart that Vettius has, whose crowded class annihilates all those ‘savage tyrants’. Whatever one of them just read sitting, he’ll now go over the same thing standing, and will chant the same in the same verses; the rehashed kraut kills the poor teachers.

Vettius has to steel himself to endure this tyrannicide and ‘class warfare’. The children chant in perfect unison, repeating their exercises *verbatim, ad nauseam*; the tired pronoun *eadem* chimes out the monotony three times in little more than a line. We are reminded – yawn – of the kind of poetic quality expected from contemporaries in 1.14. The mind-numbing discourse loses even more colour for the fact that it is cloned: delivered in unison by a bunch of little robots. The blunting of the content through such choral droning is important too. Tyrannicidal speeches are now just the plaything of the schoolroom: emperor, move along, nothing to see here. Juvenal gives the rhetoric teacher a defensive voice in 158–66, and allows him to complain about a head ‘full of Hannibal’ (*miserum dirus caput Hannibal implet* 161 – tying this exercise to the filler (*impletur* 24) of poetry). For a moment, Anon appears onside. But then he unveils the source of the voice to be an equally boring chorus of *sophistae*:

haec alii sex
uel plures uno conclamant ore sophistae
et ueras agitant lites raptore relicto; (7.166–68)

Six or more other sophists yell these things with a single mouth, and they act out real cases when they’ve left behind their ‘Rapist’.

Like student, like teacher: even the complaints are institutionalized and formulaic enough to be known by heart, and recited in groups of ‘six or more’.

If these declamation-heads are as repetitive as the students moulded in their image, Juvenal implies that recycling is inherent to the discipline – and Anon himself is by no means innocent. A form of tyrant topos will come up in *Sat.* 10, not to mention

¹⁰⁵ With Willis, I have adopted Jahn’s *cui* for *cum* (MSS) in 151: Vettius has a permanent heart of steel, not just when his class are pounding it with rhetorical exercises; and *cui* singles him out as the victim (or villain – it is *his* class after all).

a version of Hannibal (whose fate is explicit metamorphosis into a ‘declamation’ [*declamatio fias* 10.167]). It would be trivial to remake the point that Juvenal is infused with the very rhetorical culture he sends up; but it is crucial that here he explicitly *advertises* the paradox. For Anon dispenses his own advice to the budding parrot. This section – and this poem – assumes the form of those very pale *suasoriae* about which the teacher(s) has(-ve) just been moaning:

ergo sibi dabit ipse rudem, si nostra mouebunt
consilia, et uitae diuersum iter ingreditur
ad pugnam qui rhetorica descendit ab umbra,
summula ne pereat qua uilis tessera uenit
frumenti; quippe haec merces lautissima. tempta
Chrysogonus quanti doceat uel Pollio quanti
lautorum pueros, artem scindes Theodori.
(7.171–77)

So he’ll retire young, if my advice is worth anything, and he’ll embark on a different life path, that man who comes down from the rhetoric cubby to the fight, so that he doesn’t lose his little sum which brings him a cheap corn voucher; indeed that’s his most extravagant reward. Find how much Chrysogonus or Pollio get for teaching posh kids, and you’ll rip up Theodorus’ *Manual*.

Once a *declamator*, always a *declamator*: Juvenal had himself given advice to Sulla as a member of a similar schoolroom (*et nos / consilium dedimus Sullae*, 1.15–16), so now he continues in the same vein (*consilia*), unable to kick the declamatory habit.¹⁰⁶ Juvenal is a practitioner of this cheap art; and the cheapening only gets worse as we see the same technique of ‘destruction-by-objectification’ re-emerge. Anon says that if you work out music teachers’ pay, you will (certainly) rip up the *a/Ars* of Theodorus. The reference forks between a textbook of Theodorus, and the ‘art of Theodorus’ (i.e. rhetoric itself), but this is precisely the point: you can tear up the whole enterprise as easily as a book, so cheap and fragile is its basic substance. Juvenal exposes a second ingredient (rhetoric) in his crucible in the same way as he did a first ingredient (high poetry): nothing more than scrunched, torn bits of paper – which anyone could create and

¹⁰⁶ Cf. Chapter 3.4. As Peirano 2012, 27 points out, *consilium dare* was the standard expression for ‘doing a *suasoria*’.

destroy at a stroke. In this post-performative dystopia, even declamation goes silent (*fusa uenena silent*) – for everything is tattered text.

Before Juvenal ends the rant, poetry comes in for one more horrifying debasement. Earlier in the satire, Horace and Virgil were robust exempla of flourishing poets. But now they look very ill indeed:

cede, Palaemon,
et patere inde aliquid decrescere, non aliter quam
institor hibernae tegetis niueique cadurci,
dummodo non pereat mediae quod noctis ab hora
sedisti, qua nemo faber, qua nemo sederet
qui solet obliquo lanam deducere ferro,
dummodo non pereat totidem olfecisse lucernas
quot stabant pueri, cum totus decolor esset
Flaccus et haereret nigro fuligo Maroni. (7.219–27)¹⁰⁷

Give it up, Palaemon, and let yourself disappear, like a haggler bargaining over a winter covering and a white duvet, as long as you don't lose what you get for sitting there from midnight, in a place where no craftsman would sit, and no one used to spinning wool with the slanting iron, as long as you don't lose what you get for inhaling as many lamps as boys standing there, even though your whole Flaccus is stained and soot cakes on your black Maro.

Palaemon, poor *grammaticus*, represents the legacy of those two golden poets. And look at them now: what remains of the author (book or bust)¹⁰⁸ becomes charred with soot from the oil lamps – the very appliances that should allow them to survive, to be read through the night! Thus even the loftiest poetry – proverbially speaking – submits to the iron laws of physical decay in Juvenal's entropic (and dystopic) universe.¹⁰⁹ In fact, the posthumous textual embodiments of both poets (taking the names to denote texts) fall victim precisely to the fates willed or worried about by the authors themselves: Virgil famously ushered his *Aeneid* into the fire on his deathbed, and Horace dreaded going back to school as textbook.¹¹⁰ In each case, Juvenal makes the dream or the nightmare come true, reinforcing the debasement through shifting to

¹⁰⁷ I adopt Scholte's emendation *solet* for *docet* (224), with Willis and Courtney.

¹⁰⁸ Or actual figure, another of the poem's author/work slippages: Jenkyns 1982, 178–79.

¹⁰⁹ Cf. Roman 2014, 335. ¹¹⁰ See Gowers 2012, 25.

lowbrow signifiers (illustrious Horatius and Vergilius of 62 and 69 become the more workaday Flaccus and Maro here).

Moreover, the poetry is ruined in the intellectual reception as well the physical handling: authors become objects to be rote-learned like the reader's own fingers and fingernails (*ut . . . auctores nouerit omnes / tamquam ungues digitosque suos* 231–32), atomized into meaninglessness. 'Knowing' these authors is a remote, textual encounter: they are at your fingertips, you follow their contours with your extremities, but the contact is marginal, superficial, disappointing. The only answers these *grammatici* need to know are those to trivial questions: names (of characters, not satirists!), birthplaces, how long Acestes lived, how many jars of wine he gave (233–36) – questions that sift the poetry down into encyclopaedic collections, and reinforce the *quot* mentality of a materialistic Rome.¹¹¹ If this is how today's readers 'know' their authors, Anon will be just fine. The lasting impression of the satire, then, is not only that contemporary poetry is worthless. To add insult to injury, poverty plagues contemporary *comprehension*; at least comprehension among the *grammatici* readership, and *grammaticus* can cover both 'schoolteacher' and 'professional scholar'. No one could recover deep thought from good poetry even if it were produced. Within the studies of this generation, the classics are retroactively ruined: left on the table to accumulate soot, preserved only as mines for minutiae, mediated into oblivion. And as for the current non-classics, the output of Anon et al.? Perhaps not read, in any meaningful sense, at all.

So, *Sat.* 7 paints a grim portrait of contemporary letters – and it is a grim portrait designed to hang in Juvenal's impossibly tiny 'room of his own'. The poetic and rhetorical culture in which this poem erupts is cheap, repetitive, easily constructed and just as easily dismantled; decrepit texts changing hands in a sordid marketplace. Juvenal buys into that poetics of mediocrity wholesale. For if we take that opening hope of a Caesar-saviour seriously, Anon writes the necessity of his poetic production for us: he glances at the only proper patron (*cum poet*) and sends the

¹¹¹ Cf. Penwill 2003, 357's observations on tame Flavian literature.

possibility right back, choosing to revel in the anonymity of the meritless masses. Lack of Hadrianic patronage means that Anon qualifies as a real contemporary poet's poet: saturated in the same education, working under the same conditions, and so, by law of economic determinism, saying the same kind of thing that Telesinus would say, or Cluuienus . . . whoever. *Sat.* 7 is yet another attempt to crack the voice of the everyman and remove the identifying signatures; to say what is generally said and crumple into fish-wrapping. In an imperial society where it pays not to be outstanding, in which the defunct patronage system makes it viable and easy not to stand out, no one strikes the average better than Juvenal.

5 Golden Mediocrity

Anon's two explicitly 'poetacentric' poems both hack away at the contemporary scene, then, in order to produce a kind of satire in line with the zeitgeist: mechanical, generic, unattributable. The apologetics of *Sat.* 1 – despite tracing a proud line of Horatian and Persian pedigree – create a climate of unparalleled danger and paranoia; Anon's career becomes, from day one, an anonymous tiptoeing through Rome's booby-trapped streets, and an attempt to cushion himself by inhabiting the common discourse within the buffer of textuality. The small parcel of past life which Anon delivers is an autobiography of evasion. His poetry poses as anger-framed reality rather than distinctive virtuosity. Anyone could have authored these words, for they are anchored in the obvious. Self-deprecation is a good form of self-concealment.

The urgency of producing this kind of poetry intensifies on the safer (i.e. more dangerous) Hadrianic turf of *Sat.* 7, wherein Anon completes the (self-inclusive) work of debasement he began in *Sat.* 1. Hadrian's biographers agree in casting him as a poetically inclined, hands-on, jealous guardian of outstanding achievement. Anon gives the emperor what he wants. He shows extra-Hadrianic literary activity to be nothing but silly and innocuous paper-wasting, contemptible and unworthy of the big man's attention. And this picture emphatically comprises Anon's own mediocre

efforts. Alienating himself from the circle of imperial excellence, Juvenal slips through the net of notice and performs yet another dexterous exercise in the craft of self-concealment. The (in)corporeal expression of this (anti-)phenomenon will be the subject of [Chapter 3](#).

THE ANATOMY OF ANONYMITY: BODIES AND NAMES

‘Part of what makes the book bizarre is that Whitman, because he wants to stand for everyone, because he wants to be less a historical person than a marker for democratic personhood, can’t really write a memoir full of a life’s particularities. If he were to reveal the specific genesis and texture of his personality, if he presented a picture of irreducible individuality, he would lose his ability to be ‘Walt Whitman, a cosmos’ – his ‘I’ would belong to an empirical person rather than constituting a pronoun in which the readers of the future could participate. As a result, while he recounts a few basic facts about his life, most of the book consists of him describing natural and national histories as if they were details of his intimate biography. And many of his memories are general enough to be anyone’s memory: how he took his ease under a flowering tree or whatever ... as a memoir, it’s an interesting failure. Just as in the poems, he has to be nobody in particular in order to be a democratic everyman, has to empty himself out so that his poetry can be a textual commons for the future into which he projects himself’.

Ben Lerner on Anon, a.k.a. Juvenal, a.k.a. Walt Whitman

1 Juve the Obscure

I claimed in [Chapter 1](#) that Juvenal messes conscientiously with two basic markers of selfhood: the body and the name. This chapter will aim to bulk that observation out via sustained attention to each mode of absence. I shall first look at the unnerving imbalance between Juvenal’s fleshless ego and the vulnerable state of his naked characters. I shall narrow above all on those figures who have usually been seen as ‘surrogates’ for the satirist himself,¹ surrogates whom I think

¹ The tradition is long and widespread, but for a recent representative of ‘surrogate’ farming, see Umurhan 2011.

deserve to be strung up more as sacrificial victims. Through these visible, embodied speakers, standing up and thrusting themselves into the public domain, Juvenal preserves his unseen self.² The emptiness of that self can be paradoxically pieced together from the minuscule flashes of wrinkled skin Juvenal does let slip; but the gulf between Anon and his internal victims is still unbridgeable, and nothing shows that better than *Sat.* 9. I shall then move on to showcase how this poetics of ‘obscurity’ plays out at the level of both name and body by working through Juvenal’s great ode to the anonym: *Sat.* 8. *Stemmata quid faciunt?* Nothing for nobody.

2 A Vivisection

Satire is a genre grounded in the human body. Lucilius was first to imagine himself as satirist-clinician diagnosing the ills of mankind, and offering up his satire as remedy.³ While it is difficult to tell how much of his own (now piecemeal) body Lucilius submitted to his readers’ check-ups, it is safe to say that Horace and Persius balanced their own scans with frequent submission to scanning. These satirists turn to their own bodies as much as they turn on others’.⁴ And the scholarship mimics that body language: the corpus of work on satire’s ‘corporeal’ rhetoric has swollen sizably of late.⁵ Barchiesi and Cucchiarelli especially note the widespread use of the body in satire as ‘self-referential symbol’: a site where the author reveals himself in his text, warts and all.

A spotlight on the satirist’s body indeed holds true for Lucilius, Horace, and Persius.⁶ But come Juvenal, Barchiesi and Cucchiarelli are forced to acknowledge a tectonic shift: ‘Juvenal; or, how the

² Cf. Mullan 2007, 244–46 on Peacock’s satiric practice: combining anonymity with a tendency to let the voices speak for (i.e. betray) themselves.

³ Barchiesi and Cucchiarelli 2005, 210.

⁴ The body was satire’s (busybody) ‘business’: see Braund and Gold 1998, 247–56.

⁵ Already canonized: Braund and Gold 1998, Barchiesi and Cucchiarelli 2005.

⁶ For Persius’ bodily presence, see Barchiesi and Cucchiarelli 2005, 218–19, Reckford 2009, 93.

satirist's body finally faded from view'.⁷ This is a startling disappearance in generic terms. Satire had become accustomed to betraying everything, even its author: as Horace famously wrote of Lucilius, the man transcribed his intact self directly onto the page.⁸ Juvenal's removal of his body plays a major role in the larger-scale removal of his 'self'. And this impoverishment of autobiography/physicality partly explains his difficulty, indeed antipathy, as a poet. If Juvenal's voice is the embodiment of anything, it is the embodiment of 'rhetoric' or 'discourse'. The author is almost completely disembodied. This makes it difficult to shake hands.

Lucky we can always talk then. Barchiesi and Cucchiarelli are certainly correct in their observation of Juvenal's flesh-rejection. There is room for debate, however, in the way the authors contextualize this move. Tying the suppression of bodily self to the increased depersonalization in Juvenal's 'epic' vision of satire,⁹ Barchiesi and Cucchiarelli tell a good story, but not the only one. For the frustrating thing about Juvenal's satiric body is that it is *almost*, but not completely, whitewashed from his poetry. Barchiesi and Cucchiarelli themselves recognize these traces,¹⁰ but ultimately choose to read severe reduction as absolute annihilation. I shall discuss these small yet significant remains of Anon's body later on. Let us first lay out some other bodies for autopsy.

2.1 *Body Counts: Decomposing Anatomy*

While Anon's body may retreat from view, other Juvenalian bodies are everywhere laid bare. His outward-focussed eye consistently penetrates beneath the grubby togas, both to show the vulnerability of the human body within a perilous Rome, and to deflect attention away from his own.¹¹ The diversion to other

⁷ Barchiesi and Cucchiarelli 2005, 219.

⁸ Horace *Sat.* 2.1.30–34; an impossibly idealized wholeness, on which see Freudenburg 2010, 274–75. On autobiography's (and the body's) centrality to generic orientation, see Keane 2001.

⁹ Cf. Farrell 2007, 193 on Horace's bodily presence in lower genres, and absence from higher ones.

¹⁰ Barchiesi and Cucchiarelli 2005, 222, n. 11

¹¹ See Uden 2011, 74–85. The suppression of the body is also important against the second sophistic assumption that a person's 'real' identity lay in the body, as well as the constant scrutiny that this encouraged: see Gleason 2001, 69, Whitmarsh 2005, 31–32.

bodies is a critical part of the ‘reality effect’ active in the *Satires*: Juvenal suppresses the bodily traces of the discourse, banishes the middle man, in order to deliver the illusion of freshly squeezed reality straight to the reader’s door.¹² The satire is packaged as a series of events we can each easily witness for ourselves; and the absence of a filtering body is fundamental to this effect. Horace relativizes and diminishes the authority of his satiric information by laying out snippets of self. His chronic conjunctivitis gives us an imperfect view at best.¹³ Juvenalian satire, on the other hand, is liberated by its complete disembodiment, allowing it to set up shop within *us*. It violently transmigrates into *our* bodies, forces its view into our own.

Throughout Juvenal’s corpus, then, we are struck by the sinister mismatch between the concealment of Anon’s own body and the constant exposure of others’. Personal revelation is a time-honoured satiric device.¹⁴ But it is also a step that invariably exposes the target to injury and violence. Anon’s bodies are shrivelled down into their vulnerable component parts and made to suffer all kinds of corporal punishment.¹⁵ Their fate complements and justifies Juvenal’s own self-evaporation: disembodiment is the best way to skirt around the opportunities for grievous bodily harm (cf. *Sat.* 1.15). In this section, we shall first chart some of the experiences of Juvenal’s more visible bodies spread across the *Satires*; then we shall balance these with Juvenal’s protectively nondescript self. Finally, we shall press the notion of a Juvenalian alter ego in *Sat.* 9: a poem that vividly illustrates the difference between the unrecognisable Juvenal and the exposed other.¹⁶

¹² For Juvenal’s incorrigible attraction to concrete particulars, see Baumert 1989, 740–50, Jenkyns 1982, 221; cf. Jones 2007, 19 on his reality effect; Freudenburg 1993, 5–6 on satire’s claim to artlessness.

¹³ See Gowers 2012 on Horace *Sat.* 1.5.48–49; cf. Barchiesi and Cucchiarelli 2005, 215, 218, Cucchiarelli 2001, 66–70 on Horace’s and Persius’ *lippitudo*.

¹⁴ Cf. Braund and Raschke 2009, 506–07.

¹⁵ On morselization, the reduction of the integral body into component parts, see Schmitz 2000, 150–61. For a good selection of Juvenal’s images of violence and mutilation, see Keane 2001, 228. For ‘spilling’ bodies as signs of Kristevan abjection in Juvenal, see Larmour 2016, 45.

¹⁶ Building on Uden 2015, 74–85.

2.2 *Open Combat, Open Bodies: Lucilius, Umbricius, Presence*

With such slim pickings of self splayed across the *Satires*, it is understandable that critics have had to resort to ‘stand-in’ figures for help; better to read the satirist indirectly than not at all. The problem with this methodology is that it too quickly projects a Juvenalian self for which these substitutes *must* be analogues. Because – so the assumption goes – they perform a kind of satire, they have to be ‘satirists’ in the Juvenalian vein. I shall argue here that no such sympathy obtains between Anon and his doomed delegates: that this is primarily a logic of sacrifice, and a relationship of displacement, not replacement. If sympathies lie anywhere, they are certainly not in the male tradition of ‘open warfare’ satire personified by Lucilius and Umbricius; they come closer to the ‘feminized’ style of gossip, insinuation, and roving, which are stowed in the characters of Laronia and the nameless female satirist of *Sat.* 6, and spread across a minor cast hitherto unassociated with Juvenal. And yet even here, their bodies are too visible, their performances too public: they have nothing on Anon’s ability to flicker mysteriously just beyond the screen of the text.

Lucilius first charges across the plain perched on his high horse: agile, robust equestrian satire. Juvenal may be covering the same ground, but it is more a case of tiptoeing in the hoofsteps:

cur tamen hoc potius libeat decurrere campo,
per quem magnus equos Auruncae flexit alumnus,
si uacat ac placidi rationem admittitis, edam. (1.19–21)

But the reason it’s preferable to charge across the same plain, over which the great product of Aurunca drove his horses, I’ll tell you – if you’ve got a moment, and calmly take my reasoning on board.

Where Lucilius gracefully bent his multi-horse chariot, Juvenal now unceremoniously rushes through (*decurrere*), perhaps on foot. We remember also that this is precisely how Lucilius did not travel in Horace’s version of the fully equipped satiric self above: no matter how it went for the veteran satirist, he never ran off somewhere else (*decurrens alio* Horace *Sat.* 2.1.32).¹⁷ The retraction from upper class, Republican, ‘open’ confrontation

¹⁷ To complicate matters, *decurrens* is precisely what the roaring torrent of Pindar does in *Odes* 4.2.5 – so could Juvenal also be flooding our plain?

is already in the works; it would be hard to imagine that polite conditional (*si . . . admittitis*)¹⁸ gracing the frothing lips of the first satirist at full pelt. Lucilius' famous last stand at the end of *Sat.* 1 brings up the body in this ideal satiric engagement even more:

ense velut stricto quotiens Lucilius ardens
infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
criminibus, tacita sudant praecordia culpa. (1.165–67)

Whenever Lucilius roared, firing on all cylinders, as if he'd drawn his sword, the man on the receiving end glows red, his mind chilling with his crimes, and his insides sweat with silent guilt.

Here the Lucilian body fronts up to its target directly, blazing and growling a physiological reaction out of its poor victim. Such live satire runs bracingly in real time, and there is no need to thrash how different is the satire of Juvenal's cowering conclusion:

experiar quid concedatur in illos
quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina. (1.170–71)

I guess I should probably try whatever's allowed against those whose ashes are stowed by the *Flaminia* and the *Latina*.

While Lucilius brawled mano-a-mano, Juvenal might just have a go (why not take *experiar* as subjunctive over future?) at long-dead people whose ashes are protected by their streetside tombs. Between Juvenal and his targets, several layers of time and space interpose themselves; that is about as far from a bodily encounter as you can get, and one implicitly reliant upon the dynamics of text to protect (*tegere*) the author in absentia as much as the hidden victims. This satire shirks the clash of bodies; it is dead, not living, whispered into our page rather than said to their faces.

We see how wrong this Lucilian mode of active, bodily participation can go in imperial Rome when we come to *Sat.* 3. Umbricius is stuck in a looping homage to Lucilian presence; in some ways he is Lucilius in loser form, the bested epic warrior, an *auditor* who *rubet*. Many critics have summoned up this shady protagonist as a substitute satirist figure for Juvenal.¹⁹ But the

¹⁸ Penwill 2015, 192 rightly pays attention to the second person plural moving to singular in 150 (*dices*) – itself a kind of retraction from Lucilian 'public' satire to contemporary 'private'.

¹⁹ The degree of Umbricius' 'Juvenal-ity' (and the relationship between the two) has been one of the poem's interpretive *crucis*. Fredericks 1973 shows the overlap between

general compatibility of their ‘voices’ has worked to cover up what Umbricius does (crucially) differently. The synergy of sentiment between the Juvenalian prologue and the Umbrician body produces an illusory unanimity. Rather than using the authorial frame to validate Umbricius’ criticisms (look, Juvenal supports his *amicus*), we could cite this as choice evidence for the gene of satire I have been sequencing thus far: Anon is not laying the groundwork for his friend’s complaints to guarantee their truth, but lamely pre-echoing them. Umbricius is here the extraneous ‘reality’ onto which Juvenal disclaims responsibility; he is just saying what the shady man told him.

So the similarity between the speakers serves the important function of making the first derivative of the second. But they also operate differently in some very fundamental ways. Firstly, Umbricius’ satiric style is much more public than Juvenal’s could ever be: he stands and delivers as an old-school orator, mourning to his imaginary *Quirites* the loss of their spirit (3.60). The soap-box he occupies is located in a defined (if marginal) space (outside the Porta Capena), at a defined time (sundown) – you could never pin Juvenal with such clear coordinates. Secondly, Umbricius, like Naevolus below, is a clear bodily presence: he refers to his own corporeal junk, and puts it directly in the firing line of a chaotic and violent Rome. It is worth combing this difference a little, to defamiliarise Umbricius as mere ersatz, and advertize his role as necessary sacrifice.

At the outset, Umbricius delivers a *self*-portrait engineered to secure our trust. The flavour smacks of a man on a mission to restore moral and corporal integrity:²⁰

dum noua canities, dum prima et recta senectus,
dum superest Lachesi quod torqueat et pedibus me
porto meis nullo dextram subeunte bacillo,
cedamus patria. (3.26–29)

Juvenal and Umbricius; Anderson 1982, 219–232 finds a sympathetic character. Braund 1988, 32 detects an implicit critique, or ironization, of Umbricius’ views by the fact that ‘Juvenal’ stays behind (cf. Frøelund Jensen 1986, 196, and Roman 2014, 330–31). For Umbricius as Juvenalian stand-in, see Keane 2001, 227 (cf. 2015, 57), Baines 2003, 236, Roche 2012, 204; on his ‘poet’ status, LaFleur 1976b, 411, Baines 2003, 234–35.

²⁰ Gold 1998, 371–72 notes the absence of a ‘perfect, contained male body’ in Juvenal; Umbricius wants to be an exception.

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While the grey is fresh, while old age is young and unstooped, while there's still something for Lachesis to spin, while I'm supporting myself on my own feet, and no walking stick is propping my right hand, I must farewell this fatherland.

Umbricius may be old, but only as old as he feels. The greys are new, his senescence is only in its infancy and – importantly – ‘upright’,²¹ and he can still transport himself without a walking aid. Umbricius is the very picture of a functional human body – but only in this moment of exit. His mobility is validated in the central act of the satire (leaving Rome), something that could not have been done in Umbricius’ time as impoverished invalid:

me nemo ministro
fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo tamquam
mancus et extinctae, corpus non utile, dextrae. (3.46–48)²²

No one is going to be a thief while I act as accomplice, and so I head out as a staffer to no one, an invalid, a useless body with a defunct right hand.

Umbricius’ life in Rome is characterized by limited access and profound disability. The simile perfectly captures what it is to be an ‘upright’ man in a crooked world: your humanity is reduced to a ‘crippled’ human body.²³ Umbricius’ grand gesture of able-bodied exit can be read as a rejection of this unjust comparison.

The body of poverty is a very different animal. The abject client provides the comic butt in all his shabbily clad glory:

quid quod materiam praebet causasque iocorum
omnibus hic idem, si foeda et scissa lacerna,
si toga sordidula est et rupta calceus alter
pelle patet, uel si consuto uolnere crassum
atque recens linum ostendit non una cicatrix?
nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
quam quod ridiculos homines facit. (3.147–153)

What about this: this same guy furnishes the substance and source of jokes for all, if his coat is filthy and holey, if his toga is grubby and one shoe flaps open, the leather split, or if more than one scar betrays a thick new

²¹ See OLD *rectus* 7, 10: physically and morally upright.

²² Placing *corpus non utile* within commas is the only way to bleed tolerable sense from the line (see Courtney *ad loc.*); Willis follows Markland and Eremita, emending *extinctae* ... *dextrae* to ablative *extincta* ... *dextra*.

²³ Cf. Larmour 2005, 164 on Umbricius’ paradigm for the ‘mutilated Roman male’. On the poor man’s subhuman status in *Sat.* 3, cf. Bellandi 1980, 38.

2 A Vivisection

thread after the wound has been sutured? Luckless poverty has nothing harder to it than this: it makes men into a laughing stock.

The pathetic touch here is that the poor man's scabby clothes *are* his body; they succinctly advertize his condition. Metaphor makes the 'corporalization' of the clothes clear: the rips in the material become 'wounds', the mended wounds become 'scars'.²⁴ This image of wounded and scarred attire prepares us for the real injuries inflicted on the poor man's body later in the satire; injuries which, at their extreme, will peak in total corporal annihilation.

Being poor in Rome is an intensely physical experience; a minuscule part of a gigantic, ungainly body politic himself, Umbricius intimately relates the daily crushing-by-crowd. In one of the satire's more scenic (or filmic)²⁵ passages, we again see the stark contrast in mobility:

si uocat officium, turba cedente uehetur
dives et ingenti curret super ora Liburna
atque obiter leget aut scribet vel dormiet intus;
namque facit somnum clausa lectica fenestra.
ante tamen ueniet: nobis properantibus obstat
unda prior, magno populus premit agmine lumbos
qui sequitur; ferit hic cubito, ferit assere duro
alter, at hic tignum capiti incutit, ille metretam.
pinguia crura luto, planta mox undique magna
calcor, et in digito clauus mihi militis haeret. (3.239–48)²⁶

If business beckons, the crowd makes way, the rich man is carried and streams across the faces in his huge Liburnian, and as he goes will read or write or sleep inside – for a litter with its window closed induces sleep – and still he'll get there first: the wave in front stems me as I bustle, and the people behind crush my back with their great mass; this one whacks me with his elbow, another one with a hard stick, but this one clocks my head with a beam, that one a wine cask. My legs are covered in mud, soon I'm walked all over by one big heel, and a soldier's hobnail lodges in my big toe.

The rich man, stationary and sound asleep in his litter, moves without moving; the poor man, despite huge physical effort, stays put.²⁷ Unlike Umbricius' triumphant picture of himself as he

²⁴ Cf. Ferguson *ad loc.* ²⁵ Cf. Bond 2001, 86.

²⁶ Willis and Knoche's diagnosis of interpolation at 242 is worth entertaining, but I have chosen to retain it with Clausen and Martyn.

²⁷ On the characteristic 'low' perspective here, see Plaza 2006, 110–11.

parades out of the city, here we lose sight of a competent human body; presence in the *Vrbs* is tantamount to mutilation and paralysis. And Umbricius is forthcoming about objectifying *his own* body as the target (*mihi*). In the skirmish, we first see a whole people pressing against one man's back; and then we move to the 'individual' assaults of body parts and objects, on Umbricius' own body (parts). Struck with a disembodied elbow and a hard stick, Umbricius sections himself from top to toe: a wooden beam and a wine-cask bash his head, his legs are 'fed fat' with mud, he is stepped on by a huge foot, and finally, insult to injury, a soldier's hobnail lodges in his toe (which could explain his later insistence on listening to Juvenal's satires *caligatus* [322]: never again).²⁸ This chaotic scuffle, in which bits and pieces of bodily matter enter the fray without attachment to any particular person, is a major player in Juvenal's strategy of 'dehumanization', or 'depersonalization'. We shall see a similar skipping between body parts and peoples in *Sat.* 15.

Such uncomfortable jostling remains vaguely in the realm of the slapstick. Umbricius' diatribe moves into more serious territory, however, when it talks of Rome's mortal dangers. In the case of 254–67, we see not just a metaphorical 'dismemberment', but rather a comprehensive annihilation of bodies. Again we take the bird's-eye view (cf. *super ora* above): trees sway menacingly, the rock cargo hypothetically collapses to form a mountain 'on top of the masses' (*super agmina* 258; cf. *agmine* 244). Umbricius then directs our gaze beneath the mangled heap. The gradual reduction in expectation is masterful: *quid superest* (260) – could there be survivors? – *de corporibus* (260) – no, we are looking for bodies – *quis membra, quis ossa inuenit* (261) – but we cannot even find body *parts*. Every corpse is destroyed democratically (*uulgo* 260) in the same way as the life-breath (*anima* 261) – which perversely transfers to and animates the ordinarily inanimate object of the *domus* (261),²⁹ a hive of activity with *plenty* of breath to go around

²⁸ For the rich wordplay possibilities of which, see Hook 2008: the word carries both military and 'rural' associations (367–68). The complex of boot/trampling imagery is important in *Sat.* 3 (248, 295, 322), but also extends to other key points in the corpus (10.86; 15.60; 16.14, 16.24–5 – for which see Chapter 4.1.2 and Conclusion 2.2).

²⁹ Cf. Schmitz 2000, 170.

(*bucca foculum excitat* 262). The easy movement of this lively household (*properantur* 264 – cf. *properantibus* 243) again contrasts with the enforced stagnation of the poor man, this time stuck on the wrong bank of the Styx. The brilliant touch closing the vignette also brings the body into view. Our poor man killed in the routine avalanche cannot find his place down below (as above) because he has no coin in his mouth (267); but he arguably has a bigger problem, in that he has no body, no mouth to put it in. Just when we thought the poor man could not get any smaller, Umbricius digs in the hobnail: he has lost the one thing that could be considered his inalienable property – his body. Absolute poverty is powerfully figured as absolute bodily dissolution; no coin or *corpus* to call your own.

One of *Sat.* 3's final examples of grievous bodily harm also involves the idea of reduction. Late at night, Umbricius is intercepted by an Achillean thug on the prowl for an easy target. The battle, like the crowd scene before, is another one-sided affair. Note the wording of the thug's ultimatum: *aut dic aut accipe calcem* (295) – out comes the boot again. But the real kick in the teeth is Umbricius' summary of the encounter:

libertas pauperis haec est:
pulsatus rogat et pugnis concisus adorat
ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reuerti. (3.299–301)

The freedom of the poor is this: when beaten he asks, when completely disfigured by fists he begs to be allowed to come away from it with a few teeth left.

Battered with fists, all the poor man can hope for is permission to leave the *rixa* with a few teeth. Here the poor man's poverty is shown by the fact that his only true belongings are parts of his body; and is really laid bare by the fact that these parts are pathetically incomplete. Poverty leaves one's body particularly open to the violence of the big city; and as one shrinks, that violence only intensifies.

So Umbricius serves himself up to the wear and tear of a knockabout Rome. But the best illustration of these very different approaches to the self arrives just as Umbricius waves his goodbye. His parting request is for a continuing role in a society he will never manage to escape:

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ergo uale nostri memor, et quotiens te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
me quoque ad Heluinam Cererem uestramque Dianam
conuerte a Cumis. saturarum ego, ni pudet illas,
auditor gelidos ueniam caligatus in agros. (318–22)

So, this is goodbye – remember me, and whenever Rome returns you to your Aquinum, rushing to be refreshed, invite me too from Cumae, destination Helvius' Ceres, and your Diana. I'll come into those cool fields all booted up, as an audience for satires, if that doesn't embarrass them.

We would never hear 'remember me' from Anon's mouth; his self-cancelling mission is to be forgotten. Umbricius signs off with a pathetic twinge of self-monumentalization. But even more tantalizing are those cryptic last lines. It has never been quite clear why these satires (and no possessive certifies that they are Juvenal's) should cringe so much here: are they embarrassed to be seen with this booted bumpkin of an audience?³⁰ But given the reputation of publicly aired poetry so far, perhaps the shame comes from recitation *per se*. Satires are not built for an audience. They shrink from such direct (over)hearings. If that is the colour of the blush here, Umbricius has picked up on Juvenal's silence (cf. Naevolus below ... 'but now I want to hear from you ...') and yet fundamentally misapprehended the reasons for it. He thinks he is in a world of friendly reciprocity: I tell you mine, you tell me yours.³¹ But in reality, this is one-way traffic, from voice to script. Anon will not return his ramblings up close and personal, but instead peels off mutely into the crowded city – his tablets presumably full to the brim with killer material.³² Thanks Umbricius, I think I have everything I need.

Umbricius' oral model of satire goes nicely with his self-betraying habit. Throughout the satire, he slides fluidly between the first, second and third person poor man trudging along as the

³⁰ The reading of Φ (*adiutor* instead of *auditor*) is tantalizing here: what would a 'helper' of satires really be? A co-author? A distributor? It makes me pause and gasp: could Juvenal have been a team?

³¹ *Contra* Keane 2015, 59, who implies Juvenal will make good on the obligation, rather than cutting and running.

³² If we can map this speech/text dichotomy onto the Umbricius/Juvenal relationship, it would add another nuance to *Sat.* 3's dialogue with Plato *Phaedrus* (on which see Hardie 1998).

protagonist. This is one of the pivotal distinctions between his voice and that of Anon.³³ Where the departing spirit of Rome is happy to deliver a lengthy monologue full of self-exposing vignettes, putting himself and the poor man (mutually representative and interchangeable) in the limelight of violent vivisection, the man who introduces him, and stays firmly behind, shuns such public lynching. So Umbricius serves dutifully as satiric victim, his mutilated body indexing its past wounds, and wanting them to be remembered; Anon deflects the gaze from himself and rescues his hand from under the cane yet again. Such prestidigitation is fundamental to Anon's disappearing act (cf. discussion of *Sat.* 9 below). In a city where exposure is practically synonymous and simultaneous with violence, savvy Anon is right to conceal his body from prying eyes and harming hands by diving into a bodiless text.

2.3 *The Gossip Column: Laronia, Quae/Ipsa/Haec/Eadem*

Umbricius can be set up as the thought experiment of what happens to the full body contact of Lucilian satire in contemporary Rome: the fallen *equus*³⁴ comes out on bottom. The shady man's exit is Juvenal's extended eulogy to Republican Self, to old-fashioned presence. As I said above, such surrogacy is more a form of displacement onto a sacrificial victim. Now I would like to bring two more of these traditional bench-warming substitutes on to showcase a slightly different satiric brand – one that is closer to (but still not identical with) the fugitive spirit of the Juvenalian.

The female figures are the best approximations here, though even they get a little too close for comfort. Laronia in *Sat.* 2 inherits the pose of Lucilian confrontation, but does a more discreet job of it.³⁵ The participles say it all:

³³ See also [Conclusion](#).

³⁴ Armstrong 2012 largely bases his identification of Juvenal as an *equus* on conflating him with Umbricius *equus*.

³⁵ For Laronia as satirist substitute (though not exact double), see Braund 1995, Braund 1988, 10; Laronia as satirist 'in drag', Henderson 1999, 193 (riffing on Anderson 1982, 21); cf. Keane 2015, 47. Freudenburg 2001, 252–53's concept of Juvenal 'living through' a more outspoken Laronia is getting much warmer, to my mind.

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non tulit ex illis toruum Laronia quendam
clamantem totiens ‘ubi nunc, lex Iulia, dormis?’
atque ita subridens: (2.36–38)

Laronia couldn’t abide some grave-faced gent from this crowd screaming so often ‘where now do you sleep, O Julian Law?’, and she smirked out the following:

The posh hypocrite sounds off at high volume (*clamantem*), but Laronia’s intervention is kept cool: a mild *subridens* over a Lucilian *ardens*. Indeed, that poetics of the sub (both under-ness, and substitution) is much closer already to what we have prised from Anon. Our author helps Laronia out (or even outflanks her) in the smirking, under-the-breath utterance: he studiously avoids naming this ‘certain man’ (34) whom Laronia stands sideways against. In certain ways, Laronia’s technique is downright Juvenalian. She traps her audience/victim without ‘pointing out’ the juicy targets directly. In Uden’s formulation, she goads others to strike,³⁶ or backs them into a corner of shame:

sed tamen unde
haec emis, hirsuto spirant opobalsama collo
quae tibi? ne pudeat dominum monstrare tabernae. (40–42)

But where do you buy this from, this fancy perfume that breathes from your shaggy neck? Don’t be ashamed to point out which shop owner.

The victim is encouraged to discharge the hard part and point out the relevant shopowner; in other words, to do it to himself, and betray himself in the doing. Laronia also frames slander as common knowledge:

notum est cur solo tabulas impleuerit Hister
liberto, dederit uiuus cur multa puellae. (58–59)

It’s well known why Hister filled up his will solely for his freedman, and why he gave many presents to his young girl while he was still on this earth.

Such saying without saying – a useful offshoot of strategic gossip – will be Juvenal’s own preferred *modus operandi* in *Sat.* 11.³⁷ And

³⁶ Uden 2015, 42.

³⁷ For insights on gossip and rumour as arts of resistance: Scott 1990, 141–47; and in modern satire, Rabb 2007, 47–66, especially gossip’s knack for ‘surreptitiously multiplying authorship’ (54; quoting Gordon 1988, 18). Gossip is part of the Juvenalian repertoire from *Sat.* 1: *it noua nec tristis per cunctas fabula cenas* (145).

though Laronia only gets a scant fifteen seconds of fame within the text, her manner of speaking evades Umbrician self-reference and bodily presence. So far, so slippery. She would seem to get the Juvenalian stamp of approval: *quid enim falsi Laronia* (64)?

And yet the reaction to her intervention is worryingly Lucilian. Now another participle makes it clear that her shots were fired in person, and to great effect:

fugerunt trepidi uera ac manifesta canentem
Stoicidae; (63–64)

The Stoicisers fled her in terror as she sang her suite of the True and the Self-evident.

She hymns the true and the blindingly obvious (as Anon would say of his mere transcription of a potent reality writing him), but she chants it to their faces (*canentem*). She is an aspiring and inspired singer – so no better than the interchangeable *uates* of *Sat.* 1, powered by muses who are explicitly banished from Juvenal's own down-to-earth practice in *Sat.* 4.34–35 (*non est / cantandum*). Juvenal would never perform in public, and he would never show his satire making such ripples that the targets would suddenly flee in panic. Laronia moves in the right penumbral direction, but she still kowtows to presence and immediacy; she cannot help reciting her frustrations to those men that matter, and fails to squish them into the cloudy vessel of the text. We might ask ourselves how long she will last.

Another contender for Juvenal's authoritative avatar is the anonymous gossip of *Sat.* 6.398–412.³⁸ Again, this figure practises some respectable must-haves of underworld satire; but again, they do not quite measure up to Anon's breathtaking murk. This woman flits across Rome, from privy council to crossroads. Her geographical coverage, her skimming presence everywhere and nowhere, could well be mistaken for the Juvenalian.³⁹

sed cantet potius quam totam peruolet Urbem
audax et coetus possit quae ferre uirorum
cumque paludatis ducibus praesente marito
ipsa loqui recta facie siccisque mamillis.
haec eadem nouit quid toto fiat in orbe,

³⁸ See Umurhan 2011, 222, 229–41. ³⁹ Umurhan 2011, 231–32.

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quid Seres, quid Thraces agant, secreta nouercae
et pueri, quis amet, quis diripiat adulter;
dicet quis uiduam praegnatam fecerit et quo
mense, quibus uerbis concumbat quaeque, modis quot.
instantem regi Armenio Parthoque cometen
prima uidet, famam rumoresque illa recentis
excipit ad portas, quosdam facit; isse Niphaten
in populos magnoque illic cuncta arua teneri
diluuiio, nutare urbes, subsidere terras,
quocumque in triuiio, cuicumque est obuia, narrat. (6.398–412)

But better for a woman to sing than flit boldly through the whole city, the kind who can take meetings of men, and talk in person with the uniformed generals as her husband looks on, her face straight and tits dry. This same woman knows all the world's current affairs, what the Chinese and the Thracians are doing, the secrets of the stepmother and the boy, who's in love, which lover is being tugged every which way; she'll spill who made the widow pregnant and in what month, what dirty talk each woman uses in the sack, and how many positions. She's the first one to spot the comet causing problems for the Armenian or Parthian king; she gets the freshest rumour and gossip at the gates, and some things she makes up herself; that Niphates has moved against whole peoples, and all the fields have been occupied by a huge flood, cities are on the brink, pieces of land are collapsing – she spins this to anyone she meets, at whatever crossroads.

She gathers newsworthy gossip from all over Rome and Empire, and hands it out at the crossroads – a busy intersection *implicitly* frequented by Anon in *Sat.* 1.63–64.⁴⁰ But something is not quite right. This woman haunts the corridors of power for the most current of events; Juvenal keeps time in constant shift and flux. She is interested in identifying specific happenings, and denouncing specific targets (*quid ... quid ... quid ... quis ... quis ... quis ... quo ... quibus ... quaeque ... quot*). You could not pull that sort of detail out of Juvenal with a critical wrench; and by scrupulous redaction, Anon thankfully restores the generality of reference here, does *not* name names, as if to counter the frenzied, hyperactive finger-pointing of the woman herself. *Ipsa* does not just record and disseminate the news from everywhere; she makes things up herself (*quosdam facit*), she has authorial pretensions. Anon is humbly servicing a reality bigger than himself, and makes

⁴⁰ Cf. also the drunken tattler telltale at 9.112 (see Uden 2015, 85).

2 A Vivisection

up nothing from scratch. Finally, their co-presence at the crossroads again produces a deceptive equivalence crowding out the radical difference. For this woman transmits *all* the information indiscriminately, to anyone and everyone, at whatever crossroads she finds herself. She speaks to all in person. Juvenal's mission is completely distinct:

nonne licet medio ceras implere capaces
quadriuo . . . ? (1.63–64)

Isn't it perfectly alright to fill up roomy wax tablets in the middle of the crossroads?

Teflon Anon does not even claim to be there, merely asks (rhetorically . . . or politely?) whether it is allowed for someone (no personal pronoun!) to be there. And when that certain someone is there, they are certainly not 'telling' the sensitive information they gleaned from the private chambers of the rich and powerful to any random passerby. They stand there in subtle silence, etching the outrageous reality pulsating around them into deep grooves of wax. They do not kiss, they do not tell: they (might) write.

The good gossip intentions of this woman, and her promising agility at scuttling about Rome, are ultimately undone by her conspicuousness. She speaks in person for all of this, and thrusts her freakish man-body into Rome's most dangerous places, in full view of the husband (6.400–1). Her poker face and defunct breasts mark her out as yet another body for public scrutiny. She stands latest in a long line of quasi-satirist sacrifices, figures who approach Anon from different directions, but who all fail the true test of anonymity in their tendency to say too much, to too many people, too directly, too presently. No one can match the feat of Anon: to wrap himself in a scroll, and make his body disappear.

2.4 A Fresh Wax

Well, almost no one. I have argued so far that none of the traditional surrogate figures quite fits the highly classified Juvenalian brief (and I shall continue that line on Democritus below), despite the women coming closer than the men. But a nameless young woman in *Sat.* 14 comes very close indeed, and cements even

further some of the links we have so far made between writing, absence, and satire. Towards the beginning of *Sat.* 14, Juvenal balances his first shot at bad father-son education with a complementary mother-daughter duo. The lines are put there to look important, both because they fall in the introduction of a megalithic satire, and because they warm up to one of its epigrammatic natural laws (*sic natura iubet*):

rusticus expectas ut non sit adultera Larga
 filia, quae numquam maternos dicere moechos
 tam cito nec tanto poterit contexere cursu
 ut non ter deciens respiret? conscia matri
 uirgo fuit, ceras nunc hac dictante pusillas
 implet et ad moechum dat eisdem ferre cinaedis.
 sic natura iubet: uelocius et citius nos
 corrumpunt uitiorum exempla domestica, magnis
 cum subeant animos auctoribus. (14.25–33)

You're a bumpkin if you expect that Larga's daughter won't be an adulteress. Couldn't she name her mother's toyboys so quickly, or weave them together at such pace, that she wouldn't breathe thirty times? Before marriage, she was her mother's helping hand; now she fills wax tablets while her mother dictates, and she gives them to the same *cinaedi*, to pass on to her toyboy. So nature commands: home-grown examples of vice taint us more speedily and sooner, since they get into our minds on proper authority.

The daughter is a complex powerhouse of media and messages here; but she seems to engage with at least two strata of Anon's past practice. When still a virgin, she plays aid to her mother's secret affairs, but her ability to name (*dicere*) and 'weave in' (*contexere*) the adulterers within thirty breaths reminds us of a typically Juvenalian swerve:

quorum si nomina quaeras,
 promptius expediam quot amauerit Eppia moechos,
 quot Themison aegros autumnno occiderit uno,
 quot Basilus socios, quot circumscripserit Hirrus
 pupillos, quot longa uiros exorbeat uno
 Maura die, quot discipulos inclinet Hamillus;
 percurram citius quot uillas possideat nunc
 quo tondente grauis iuueni mihi barba sonabat.⁴¹ (10.219–26)

⁴¹ I print Eppia over Oppia here; see n. 61 below.

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... if you asked me their names, I'd sooner rattle off how many lovers Eppia had, how many patients Themison killed in a single autumn, how many associates Basilus, how many pupils Hirrus conned, how many men tall Maura blows on a single day, how many students Hamillus bends over; I'd sooner run over how many my villas now owned by that guy, at whose razor-stroke my ripe beard used to rasp when I was young.

In *Sat.* 10, Juvenal pulls back when asked for names of geriatric diseases, and gives us only numbers (but with other names thrown in for bonus). I shall push this passage further below, but for now, merely clock how the daughter's breathless listing (i.e. direct naming?) of her mother's *moechi* contrasts with Juvenal's blind *quot ... moechos*: Juvenal gives anonymized statistics, but Larga's lass ticks off all the crucial names and addresses. The daughter of 'The Generous One' is kind with her information too. And yet ... it is difficult to tell whether the daughter was really so trigger happy, or whether this is merely a tortured Juvenalian periphrasis for 'her mum had many lovers'. In any case, the hasty naming and shaming is something which the daughter gets out of her system young, for she soon graduates to *writing* her own love letters. This is a second order, more mature phase of information management. For now she 'fills up wax tablets' in the very same way that Juvenal (probably) did on those crossroads in *Sat.* 1. What is more, she poses as the anti-author of these erasable gobbets: her mother dictates to her (as reality effectively dictated to Anon), and she gets them to her (or her mother's?) *moechus* via shady intermediary *cinaedi*. Her subtle text messages under the table are clearly perverse versions of satiric script – this time, the letters are explicitly for the *moechus*, not just about him.

And it would not be the first time that women's writing, in all its code and caution, gravitates suspiciously towards Juvenalian satire. Mother-daughter education in letters has come up already in *Sat.* 6, and the literary style of those tablets could pass for Anon's handiwork too:

desperanda tibi salua concordia socru.
illa docet spoliis nudi gaudere mariti,
illa docet missis a corruptore tabellis
nil rude nec simplex rescribere, decipit illa
custodes aut aere domat.

(6.231–35)

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If your mother-in-law's healthy, forget about harmony. She teaches her to relish the spoils of her stripped husband, she teaches her to reply to letters sent by her suitor, no naïve and straightforward style either, and she fools the guards or wins them with some coin.

No ancient Lucilian *simplicitas* here, no relics from the days when words said what they meant and meant what they said; rather, you need tortured and deliberate obscurity to write yourself out of getting sprung. Lay that side by side with the female lawyers who ghost-write Celsus' speeches for him:

nulla fere causa est in qua non femina litem
mouerit. accusat Manilia, si rea non est.
componunt ipsae per se formantque libellos,
principium atque locos Celso dictare paratae. (242–45)

There's barely any legal case where a woman didn't cause the dispute. Manilia prosecutes, if she's not the defendant. They themselves compose and design the documents on their own steam, prepared to dictate to Celsus what his beginning and examples should be.

Here we are perhaps swamped back in the world of the slimy *delator*, female this time (*accusat Manilia*); it is telling that these hotshot women lawyers write and craft the speeches themselves, and dictate the words to Celsus – but presumably he is the one who will be forced to usher them into public utterance. Both of these passages show off women writing undercover, indirectly (cf. the hidden love-letters unearthed at 277–78); and in the latter case, perhaps even anonymously. Larga's daughter makes use of the same secretive technology of the written word; and Anon, filling up those same wax tablets, is floating somewhere not too far behind.

So the world of furtive wax tablets and opaque scribbles, the female inhabitants thereof, and participants *therein*, are perhaps as close as we can come to the Juvenalian in Juvenal. Perhaps Larga's daughter, yet again, plays the slightly more careless foil to Anon's zipped lips and guarded tidbits: she is keen to transcribe her mother's words, but all too easily gives them out to anyone and everyone on the journey to the *moechus* (never trust a *cinaedus* to do your dirty work?). Juvenal simply commits the world to his tablets on those crossroads (maybe), and says nothing about the distribution route from wax to other

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readers' eyes. He keeps the tablets close to his chest, and bars people from reading over his shoulder. Larga's daughter has the right idea when it comes to the medium, but she may well be too heedless in passing on the message to an unsafe pair of hands. As surrogates go, this is as good as it gets: still not quite good enough.

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We have picked apart the insufficient surrogates; time now for a quick check-up on what is left of the 'author himself'. As set out above, critics rightly make a lot of Juvenal's lack of reference to his own body. I too identify a pervasive 'erasure of the self': a decorporealization of the corpus that constitutes a major (if alienating) contribution to satire's development.⁴² Yet despite this disappearance, certain isolated snippets of a bodily self *are* scattered across the corpus. In this section I shall argue that, far from being aberrations from Juvenal's standard procedure, these are fundamental parts of the same project.

Book 1 furnishes our first clues. In *Sat.* 1.25, Anon expresses his age through the standard shaving of the beard. From here we gain an incidental, indeterminate sense of what 'Juvenal' now looks like:

patricios omnis opibus cum prouocet unus
quo tondente grauis iuueni mihi barba sonabat, ...
difficile est saturam non scribere. (1.24–25, 30)

When one guy, at whose razor-stroke my ripe beard used to rasp when
I was young, challenges the whole Nobility with his wealth ... it's
difficult *not* to write satire.

This passing note puts 'Juvenal's' youth in a beardless yesteryear that could have fallen in any place and any time; the imperfect *sonabat* could cover a long range.⁴³ The snippet reveals no information about Juvenal's youthful appearance apart from the fact that he underwent the very same personal maintenance as

⁴² See n. 7 above.

⁴³ Reference, too, to a period pre-Hadrian's bearded revolution? See Hardie 1997, 138, who takes *barbato* ... *regi* (4.103) as a jolly barb at Hadrian. On Hadrian's bearded portraiture, see Vout 2006.

everyone else.⁴⁴ The (non-)biographical detail may also pun on the meaninglessness of Juvenal's name:⁴⁵ *Iuuenalis* is long past his days as a *iuenis*. In any case, his status as an *old(er) man* is an important factoid of biography throughout the corpus.

This flicker of former life also reframes another poet's face in the process. He, like everyone else, also had a first shave once upon a time – but under very different circumstances:

carmina cum primum populo *iuenalia* legi,
barba resecta mihi bisue semelue fuit. (Ovid *Tristia* 4.10.58–59)

When I first read my juvenalia in public, my beard had been shaved just once or twice.

This must be a calculated allusive move, for many reasons. Juvenal seizes on a moment when the most 'autobiographical' poet, in his most 'autobiographical' poem, has his beard chopped – and almost names a *Iuuenalis* in the process. The limited timespan in the Ovidian perfects, which date the distant memory almost to the week (was it shave # 1 or 2?), becomes the deliberately obscure imperfect of *sonabat*: Ovid's singular moment of *rite de passage* is updated into a duration of repeated action for an unspecified period ('Youth'). But we should also worry about what Ovid is doing here – and by extension, what Juvenal is not. For this is precisely the point of the precocious genius's debut on the popular stage; this is the crunch time, the moment of truth, as Ovid first launches his product on the global market. While Ovid shows us his beard only as a specific temporal marker orienting his launch as a great poet of the people, Juvenal is more concerned with the outrageous barber than the standard beard. His shady poetics of anonymity are a world away from the autobiographical elegy of Ovid, who wrote about himself, publicly performing himself, at the earliest of ages. These respective retrospectives are beyond comparison.

We saw that Anon's suppression of a unique poetic identity is evident from the first satire, wherein he programmatically opts for a generic model of authorship. We also stitched this

⁴⁴ Cf. Reeve 1983, 29. The line also re-tessellates Tityrus' autobiography at Virgil *Eclogues* 1.28 (see Keane 2006, 129).

⁴⁵ Barchiesi and Cucchiarelli 2005, 220 note the pun (cf. Cucchiarelli 2001, 212 n. 89). *Iuuenalis* is the only secure part of the poet's name, if the references in Martial build 'security' (but see Chapter 1.5).

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decommissioning of poetic ego to the exigencies of a paranoid society wherein ‘standing out’ is a grim prospect. As a voice implicitly now preaching from the perspective of old age, Anon has somehow managed to play Agricola and survive through strategic self-shrinking.⁴⁶ *Sat.* 4 delivers the first and clearest hint of this programme. Anon sets the table at Domitian’s banquet by cataloguing the inner court. Plotius Pegasus arrives first, but hot on his heels comes ‘the gentle old age of Crispus’.⁴⁷ Juvenal gives him extended treatment, clearly interested in the way he navigates his way to old age:

uenit et Crispi iucunda senectus,
cuius erant mores qualis facundia, mite
ingenium. maria ac terras populosque regenti
quis comes utilior, si clade et peste sub illa
saeuitiam damnare et honestum adferre liceret
consilium? sed quid uiolentius aure tyranni,
cum quo de pluuiis aut aestibus aut nimbo
uere locuturi fatum pendebat amici?
ille igitur numquam derexit brachia contra
torrentem, nec cuius erat qui libera posset
uerba animi proferre et uitam inpendere uero.
sic multas hiemes atque octogensima uidit
solstitia, his armis illa quoque tutus in aula.

(4.81–93)

Pleasant old Crispus came too, mild-natured, his character just like his eloquence. Who would be a more useful companion to man governing seas, lands, and peoples – if he’d only been allowed to call out the cruelty, and offer good advice, under that disaster, that plague. But what’s bloodier than the ear of a tyrant, on whom the fate of a friend hangs, a friend wanting to talk about the rain or the heat or the cloudy spring? So Crispus never paddled against the current, nor was he the kind of ‘citizen’ to speak out the free words of his mind, and risk his life for truth. So he saw a host of winters, and his eightieth summer, protected by such armour, even in *that* court.

Crispus expertly swims with the tide, curbing his free speech into restricted channels. Such paranoid self-editing approximates closely to the kind of angst glimpsed in *Sat.* 1; at any rate, Crispus and

⁴⁶ Agricolan self-effacement furnishes an instructive paradigm for Juvenalian: cf. Whitmarsh 2006, 321.

⁴⁷ See Ferguson 1987 ‘Crispus’; he finds it strange Juvenal spares his notorious *delator* past.

Anon are parallel speakers equally well-versed in the art of survival.⁴⁸

Old age is on the more personal agenda when Anon introduces the next figures in the parade: Acilius and son.⁴⁹ As the elder is introduced, his age is again his most miraculous achievement. But the younger is not so lucky:

proximus eiusdem properabat Acilius aevi
cum iuvene indigno quem mors tam saeua maneret
et domini gladiis tam festinata; (4.94–96)

Next in line was hustling along Acilius, a contemporary of Crispus, along with his young son, who hadn't earned such a savage death that was awaiting him, accelerated by his master's swords.

This young man, unworthy of such a cruel death, prompts a suggestive reflection from Anon himself:

sed olim
prodigio par est in nobilitate senectus,
unde fit ut malim fraterculus esse gigantis.⁵⁰ (4.96–98)

But old age has long looked like a prodigy among the nobles – which is why I prefer to be the brotherlet of a giant.

The oblique phrase *fraterculus gigantis* requires some sorting. As an equivalent of *terrae filius* – used of a man whose parentage is unknown, and hence the polar opposite of a *nobilis* – the expression's periphrastic form itself illustrates the kind of twisted speech needed to escape notice. But the giants were also paradigms of the 'bigger they are, harder they fall' principle. Their overreaching towards Olympus attracted violent reprisals from the ultimate Olympian power. In imperial Rome, the myth's contemporary analogue,⁵¹ the best way to last is by ducking beneath this towering nobility, making oneself small in body (and name), or at least averaging oneself out as a *fraterculus gigantis*. Self-reduction, here figured as the maximal minimization of the body, an unremarkable derivative of two outstanding freaks,⁵² is thus

⁴⁸ Though Roller 2012, 298 is perhaps right to suggest Crispus' silence is a notch below Juvenal's indirection in the hierarchy of 'speaking truth to power'.

⁴⁹ On which see Gérard 1976, 242–48.

⁵⁰ Willis follows Ribbeck and Knoche in bracketing 98; I side with Clausen and Martyn.

⁵¹ Santorelli 2012, 26 takes these lines as prime grist for his revisionist mill: the conditions remain essentially the same under Trajan.

⁵² Cf. Uden 2011, 156 on the phrase's 'warped sense of perspective'.

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also a game that Anon plays to survive. Self-deprecation is self-expedient. If you keep your body under the radar, there is no way it can be stricken down. Nobility is swapped for the no-body, and the no-name.

The point is put differently as Anon explicates the fate of Acilius the younger:

profuit ergo nihil misero quod comminus ursos
figebat Numidas Albana nudus harena
uenator. quis enim iam non intellegat artes
patricias? quis priscum illud miratur acumen,
Brute, tuum? facile est barbato inponere regi. (4.99–103)

So it didn't help the poor boy at all, to go naked as a hunter gladiator in the Alban arena, bagging Numidian bears right up close. Who doesn't get the noble tricks nowadays? Who marvels at that old craftiness of yours, Brutus? It's easy to pull one over a bearded king.

Even though this young *nobilis* sought to degrade himself with a lowly disguise, the audience sees right through him (cf. Gracchus below). His exposure in the provincial arena seems like an excellent way to shirk the emperor's penetrating gaze, but in reality merely ups his visibility and vulnerability; after all, when did the *safe* road lie in donning scant armour and performing hand to hand combat (*comminus*) with Numidian bears? The noble body is something that cannot shed its permanent known-ness (*nobilis* > *noscere*). But Anon's 'fraterculine', unnamed body remains advantageously out of view. And as we shall see below, the wrinkles of that body mark Juvenal out as another consummate survivor.

This large-scale suppression of self is partly responsible for Juvenal's poetic existence here, now: for years he lay down and took the overflow of words around him, until he finally makes his comeback in retirement.⁵³ And the self-preservative self-erasure he trained himself to practise all those years carries over into the poetry:⁵⁴ Anon finally becomes the performer, yes, but the performer aims to give a virtuoso nondescript performance in and through the text. And so it is all the more surprising when, in

⁵³ Yet discretion remains obligatory: note the strange *tacendae* on Rubrius' crime (105 – see Santorelli 2012 *ad loc.*).

⁵⁴ Cf. Conclusion n. 13 (old habits die hard).

Sat. 11 – a relatively aged point in Juvenal’s corpus – the mystery man puts himself so willingly on display. Anon sets his life on the table in this satire. *Experiēre hodie*, he says,

numquid pulcherrima dictu,
Persice, non praestem uita <ipse> et moribus et re,⁵⁵ (11.56–57)

Whether I do or I don’t match all this big talk in my life, behaviour, and affairs,

The laid table of the self – in a satire quoting γνῶθι σεαυτὸν (27), no less – only spreads further, when we are given a glimpse of Juvenal’s wrinkly skin at the end:

spectent iuuenes, quos clamor et audax
sponsio, quos cultae decet adsedissee puellae:
nostra bibat uernum contracta cuticula solem
effugiatque togam. (11.201–04)

Let the young’uns watch, whom the shouting and bold betting suits, and sitting by a hip young lady: my wrinkly skin would rather drink the spring sun and get out of the toga.

While this is an extremely brief and partial image of Juvenal’s body, it accords with that of ‘Juvenal the old man’ in *Sat.* 1.25, not to mention the obsession with the how-tos of reaching old age in *Sat.* 4. Although we could write off these tiny flashes as insignificant through their size, rarity, and generality of reference, on the contrary they are significant precisely because of these things. I shall argue that any crack in the blank façade says nothing that is inconsistent with Anon’s self-concealing norm. As Juvenal’s corpus ages, old age itself comes to mean something quite specific; the long tract in *Sat.* 10 enables us to infer what his wrinkles could mean.⁵⁶

3.1 *Getting On*

Sat. 10’s first portrait of old age is a detail of an old man’s face. This disgusting sight of the geriatric is *dissimilem sui* (10.192), unlike itself; its identity cannot be reconstructed from its face any

⁵⁵ For the textual problems here, see [Chapter 4 n. 70](#).

⁵⁶ Cf. Keane 2015, 151. For Keane, Geriatric Juvenal is key to the exploration of cultural clichés on old age in book 5 (169–212).

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longer, morphing indistinguishably into every other old man. While the group of old men is a nightmarishly homogeneous group of zombies, the world of youth falls into a clearly visible hierarchy:

plurima sunt iuuenum discrimina, pulchrior ille
hoc atque ore alio, multum hic robustior illo:
una senum facies, cum uoce trementia membra
et iam leue caput madidique infantia nasi;
frangendus misero gingiua panis inermi.⁵⁷ (196–200)

There's any number of differences between young men: that one's more beautiful than this one, more beautiful than another when ranked on mouths; this one is much more solid than that one: but old men have just one face, limbs trembling along with their voice, their head now smooth and an infant's dripping nose; the poor sod's bread has to be chewed with unarmed gums.

Youth is the place where you can tell and make difference comfortably, whereas age effaces the very concept of difference (and identity) itself (*una . . . facies*).⁵⁸ This contrast must interest us for its self-reflexive implications. Anon's 'old-age' credentials qualify him further in the quest for anonymity; even if we could (by extension) imagine Anon's old body, it would be impossible to individuate it amid the seniors' uniformed club.

In other respects, the old body is a perfect Juvenalian target – another kind of body defined by loss, incapacity, debility. Various bodily *damna* beleaguer the old man; and yet worse than all the literal and metaphorical 'dismemberment' (*omni / membrorum damno* 233) is the loss of *memory*. This is a significant passage because it meshes with our previous discussion of Juvenal's disintegrating aesthetic. But it also hints at Anon's 'personal' implication in the phenomena he is describing.⁵⁹ Repeated lines are rare in Juvenal,⁶⁰ and for this reason carry natural weight by mere fact

⁵⁷ I print Housman's suggestion of *ore for ille* (Φ), which P omits. Anon shows that youth can be distinguished not only one from another, but also ranked minutely with respect to individual body parts.

⁵⁸ Cf Fishelov 1990, 377. ⁵⁹ Cf. Edwards 1987, 164's notion of 'self-parody' here.

⁶⁰ Though perhaps more frequent than in other authors whose *corpora* are of comparable length: cf. 10.365–66 and 14.315–16 (one and a half lines repeated) and the near repetition of 13.137 at 16.41. Bellandi 1980, 74 (cf. Elwitschger 1992, 21) reads the repetition as an index of the new 'diatribist' Juvenal; I see it as a potent symbol of continuity more than change (*pace* Uden 2015, 169–70); cf. Keane 2015, 142.

of repetition. But the integration of line 1.25 is particularly pointed in a context of old-age bashing:

praeterea minimus gelido iam in corpore sanguis
 febre calet sola, circumsilit agmine facto
 morborum omne genus, quorum si nomina quaeras,
 promptius expediam quot amauerit Eppia moechos,
 quot Themison aegros autumnus occiderit uno,
 quot Basilus socios, quot circumscripserit Hirrus
 pupillos, quot longa uiros exorbeat uno
 Maura die, quot discipulos inclinet Hamillus;
 percurram citius quot uillas possideat nunc
 quo tondente grauis iuueni mihi barba sonabat.⁶¹ (10.217–26)

What's more, the pathetic amount of blood warms in his chilled body only with the onset of fever, and every kind of disease dances round him in tight choreography, and if you asked me their names, I'd sooner rattle off how many lovers Eppia had, how many patients Themison killed in a single autumn, how many associates Basilus, how many pupils Hirrus conned, how many men tall Maura blows on a single day, how many students Hamillus bends over; I'd sooner run over how many my villas now owned by that guy, at whose razor-stroke my ripe beard used to rasp when I was young.

Juvenal reveals his age in the content of the verse, but also in the *repetition*: you cannot teach an old dog new tricks.⁶² Juvenal repeating himself textually underwrites some of the ideas and images in the immediate vicinity: the old man taking food from someone else's fingers (an image itself taken from Pliny *Ep.* 8.18),⁶³ and *dementia* rendering him unable to recognize once

⁶¹ I print the variant *Eppia* for *Oppia*, since the section reeks of déjà vu (*Eppia* already at 6.82, 104, 114); Ferguson 1987 'Oppia' also seriously considers the Eppian alternative. Willis brackets 225–26, but they have point in the context of geriatric 'reminiscence'.

⁶² Cf. discussion of self-reflexive repetition in Chapter 4.2.2; as Peirano 2012, 146 shows, self-quotation could be a form of autobiographical signature (e.g. Horace *Ep.* 1.20.20 rehashing *Sat.* 1.6.45–46). Uden 2015, 171–75 is excellent on the function of repeated lines (172–73 on the repetition here); incidentally, another argument for Juvenal's text-based effects. The names in this section also proclaim a return: Eppia (accepting variant) appears at 6.82, 104, 114; Maura at 6.307–08; Basilus at 7.145. Despite retention of 1.25 intact here, Juvenal has taken great care to reintegrate the line into its surrounding context: the innumerable *quot*'s seem to give way to yet another one, until we realize we are entering a subordinate clause (*quo-t-ondente*). (Differing quantities in *quo* and *quot* are no barrier to wordplay, cf. Ahl 1985, 56–57, Hook 2008, 368.) The reader, too, must work to recognize – particularly after the (probable) Hadrianic advent of *scriptura continua* (see Winsbury 2009, 35).

⁶³ See Syme 1979a, 253; perhaps there is the hint of an allusive trope here as old Juvenal takes material from Pliny's fingers?

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familiar figures (hence the inadvertent repetitions). Juvenal has lost count over the years, can no longer identify his own poetic offspring. His failure to 'name' all the diseases could also be a symptomatic case of forgetfulness, especially given that forgetting names (of slaves – *nomina servorum* 234) is a hallmark of old age a few lines below. Again we see the possibility of direct naming chased immediately by its retraction (cf. *Sat.* 1, and *Sat.* 8 below): Anon will not divulge the names straight, but will give other names (Eppia, Themison, Basilus et al.) in the course of rolling off the numbers (*quot*); other names served up as substitutes for names we will never have, and so the real targets are smuggled in the back door. Periphrasis still wins the day, as the name of Juvenal's barber continues to escape him (*quo tondente . . .*). All this memory lapse dramatizes the onset of poetic Alzheimer's; but that is just a new form of the strategic forgetfulness of specifics – *especially* about the self – that was the plan all along. That is how you make it to old age.

But the fact that one of the few 'insights' into Anon's bodily biography is repeated *verbatim* is further evidence of his systematic identity-suppression. The second time he mentions his face in ten poems, he resorts to an identical linguistic formula. It is as if no time has passed since we first heard that unidentifiable, disembodied, Juvenalian-or-Cluvienan voice of *Sat.* 1; even after ten poems, we have made no progress in assembling a mental image of him. Old Anon still looks exactly the same and recollects a standard event, which every Roman male would experience. This blank identity is an aspect specifically built into old age by Juvenal himself: as he says earlier, the difference between old and young is that all old men look the same. No wonder Juvenal is speaking of himself in exactly the same (facial) terms: there is no way of, no vocabulary for, articulating differences.

So once again, the (self-)betrayal is really no betrayal at all. Juvenal allows us no more detailed inference other than the fact that he is old and cannot be distinguished from other old men. The flash of bodily self appears to stand out only because of the dark backdrop assiduously maintained across Anon's corpus. But what seems a temporary lapse in the religious observance of anonymity is actually an instrumental part of it. Where Anon's

anatomy is not absent, it is not distinctive enough to help constitute a personal identity, and its age is a sign of undercover survival. The only identity it *can* constitute is an interchangeable one: old Juvenal takes safety in the hordes of unnoticeable old men milling around him, from which troupe of non-suspects he could never be picked.

4 Warts and All

The overriding thrust of this chapter thus far – survival through bodily evanescence – becomes a little less abstract if we think back again to Juvenal’s most prominent internal characters (‘alter egos’). A kind of old age connects many of them, and yet bodily visibility (not to mention vulnerability) is a key marker of their difference from Anon. Whatever the extent of the identification between Umbricius and the satirist, or Naevolus and the satirist, or Calvinus and the satirist, the limit of ‘sympathy’ lies in the one-way nature of the relationship.⁶⁴ Anon is always privileged to focus the bodily details of his characters, but never allows them to reveal anything equivalent about his own body. He sees without being seen; and as we shall see, when he names, he names without being named. We have already noted such a lopsided relationship with Umbricius, a man who resembles the Juvenalian voice in many respects but diverges widely in his (excessive) self-revelation; and we shall expatiate further on Calvinus’ self-exposure in [Chapter 5](#). Let us now turn to the relationship between Juvenal and Naevolus in *Sat.* 9, which distils the difference between Anon and ‘friends’ in a particularly vivid way. Here

⁶⁴ Uden 2015, 76 notes this key imbalance in the relationship between Juvenal and Naevolus; cf. Bellandi 2009, 490–91, Keane 2015, 113–14. My own discussion will press harder on the connection between visibility and vulnerability.

The idea of Naevolus as alter ego assumes different forms: Braund 1988, 130 sees Naevolus as embodiment of the angry satirist of books 1 and 2; Rosen 2007, 224–25 extends this to a fuller identification between Juvenal and his target (cf. 229). Henderson 1999, 200 sees Naevolus as Juvenal’s ultimate challenge; Plaza 2006, 165–66 as a joker and satirist parallel to Juvenal. Any attempt at identification has the asymmetry of self-revelation to explain. For connections *and* disjunctions between Umbricius and Naevolus, see Bellandi 2009, 475–83, Braund 1988, 139–40, Keane 2015, 88, 108–15. Tennant 2003, 124 marginalizes Naevolus and reads the satire as yet another indictment of the corrupted patronage system.

again, Anon's proximity to his interlocutor sharpens the quality of self-concealment that renders him so fundamentally apart.⁶⁵

Naevolus is cast from the beginning of *Sat.* 9 as Juvenal's most 'public' character. Anon identifies him in line 1, and (so we never forget the name) repeats the address at 91; of course, Anon works it so his stooge never returns the favour of naming him. Juvenal stops him at a virtual literary crossroads and asks him why he runs into him 'so often' (*totiens*, 1) looking like the loser Marsyas. This 'direct' encounter – Juvenal's only shot at a dialogic satire – has absolutely no spatial or temporal bearings, however – it is a meeting happening all the time (*totiens*), and so at no time, and no particular place. The throwaway mythological comparison to Marsyas is a good barometer for the 'skin-deep' revelations to come; Marsyas was of course a victim of the ultimate exposure, divested of even his naked skin. Naevolus is described in unprecedentedly loving detail that manages to catch other satiric victims in the crossfire:

Scire uelim quare totiens mihi, Naeuole, tristis
occurras fronte obducta ceu Marsya uictus.
quid tibi cum uultu, qualem deprensus habebat
Rauola dum Rhodopes uda terit inguina barba?
nos colaphum incutimus lambenti crustula seruo.
non erit hac facie miserabilior Crepereius
Pollio, qui triplicem usuram praestare paratus
circumit et fatuos non inuenit.⁶⁶ (9.1–8)

Naevolus, I'd like to know why you so often bump into me looking grim, your brow furrowed, like Marsyas after he's been done. What's with that face of yours, the kind Ravola had when he was sprung rubbing Rhodope's crotch with his lubed beard? We slap the slave that licks the pastries. Crepereius Pollio won't have a more miserable face, and he goes round town prepared to offer a triple interest rate, and doesn't track down any stupid takers.

Juvenal kills several birds with one stone: dissecting Naevolus' face prompts parallel revelations about Ravola, Rhodope and Crepereius Pollio.⁶⁷ Naevolus' appearance is hopelessly self-betraying, and

⁶⁵ The following section owes a lot to Uden 2015, 74–85.

⁶⁶ Most recent editions (bar Martyn) bracket 5, but it looks strange as an interpolation (see Courtney *ad loc.*). It is also thematically in tune with the satire: here are the violent consequences of exposing yourself in sexual passivity, a collective box around the ears.

⁶⁷ See Ferguson 1987; Pollio makes a comeback at 11.43.

Anon is equipped to make certain conclusions instantaneously. The contrast between Naevolus' new and old looks allows Anon to reconstruct the general arc of what has happened to him. For the rest, nosy Anon is not shy about inquiring further, confident that Naevolus will wear his warts on his sleeve; the whole satire is framed as an extraction of information, a desire to know more (*scire velim quare* . . .; cf. *quis nescit Sat.* 15.1). Basic facts can be read straightaway: Naevolus looks a shambles, a long way from his former manicured appearance (8–17). Juvenal, ever the physiognomic expert,⁶⁸ infers from this physical change an accompanying swerve in Naevolus' lifestyle (8–21). And yet while Warty offers an unexampled transparency and receptivity to the satiric eye, Anon still revels in revelation. He presents Naevolus as an infamous public figure (*notior Aufidio moechus* 25; recall Laronia's *notum est*)⁶⁹ walking the streets of Rome, putting himself on public display in the best tradition of female prostitution (*nam quo non prostat femina templo?* 24).⁷⁰ Importantly, Juvenal also has privileged access to Naevolus' history, which allows him to supplement the more immediately evident vices with those that Naevolus himself would rather keep hidden: *quodque taces, ipsos etiam inclinare maritos* (26). Anon is in the mood to expose Naevolus, warts and all (as well as let him expose himself). Indeed, this victim becomes the perfect paradox of the Juvenalian world personified: that world needs no satirist, for it walks into its own traps, of its own accord. This self-imposed superfluity is yet another form of Anon's stunning smokescreen.

Juvenal thus supplements the information (and context) recoverable from Naevolus' face with his own pointed revelations. But Anon is *almost* redundant in his role as agent of exposure here – for Naevolus is too ready to tell us everything about his body, taking us on a comprehensive guided tour.⁷¹ His 'astrology' takes us right down to the 'parts of the body which the cloakfold conceals' (32–33), and from that vantage point we get a good look at both him and the rich patron Virro:

⁶⁸ On the physiognomic inversion here, see Uden 2015, 75 n. 46.

⁶⁹ See Ferguson 1987 'Aufidius'. On the 'common knowledge' strategy, cf. Uden 2015, 77.

⁷⁰ 'Unnervingly precise' on the GPS (see Uden 2015, 77).

⁷¹ Cf. Braund 1988, 137 on Naevolan 'self-betrayal'.

4 Warts and All

fata regunt homines, fatum est et partibus illis
quas sinus abscondit. nam si tibi sidera cessant,
nil faciet longi mensura incognita nerui,
quamuis te nudum spumanti Virro labello
uiderit et blandae adsidue densaeque tabellae
sollicitent, αὐτός γὰρ ἐφέλκεται ἄνδρα κίναϊδος. (9.32–37)

The fates lord it over men, it's fate, even in those parts which our folds hide. Because if the stars leave you, the unheard of span of your giant cock will do nothing for you, even if Virro has seen you naked as he froths at the mouth, and his constant barrage of cooing love letters harrases you – 'For the hero is drawn to the poof'.

Naevolus boasts a distinguishing bodily feature that makes him stand out immediately: the 'unheard of' dimensions of a long cock. Virro has seen him fully naked; this quick and ready nudity, granting Virro – and us – full access to Naevolus' distinctive body, is the way Naevolus walks his satiric walk. He is happy to let it all hang out in public. Such freewheeling disregard for privacy applies not only to himself but also to others, and he is certainly parallel to Anon in his readiness to reveal *other* bodies. Virro's 'foaming lips' glisten with desire, showing him off to be simultaneously the seer (*uiderit*) and seen. But things become more transparent once the account books are brought out:

quod tamen ulterius monstrum quam mollis auarus?
'haec tribui, deinde illa dedi, mox plura tulisti'.
computat et ceuet. ponatur calculus, adsint
cum tabula pueri; numera sestertia quinque
omnibus in rebus, numerentur deinde labores.
an facile et primum est agere intra uiscera penem
legitimum atque illic hesternae occurrere cenae? (38–44)

'What freak of nature is there worse than an effeminate scrooge?
'I contributed these things, then I gave those, and then you got more.'
He tallies as he shakes his tail. Get the abacus and the slaves with their spreadsheet; count five thousand all in all, then let's reckon up the actual work. Or is it easy, no problem to drive a fully-fledged cock into your gut and to meet yesterday's dinner up there?'

The effeminate miser is the worst form of *monstrum*: a figure always on display.⁷² He tots up the client's pay while shaking that ass, not the most reliable way to practise accounting.

⁷² See Plaza 2006, 305–37 on Juvenal's attraction to *monstra*.

Naevolus corrects the error with a more transparent form of the transaction. He reveals both his own repeatedly flashed organ (*penem*) and the bodily ‘insides’ (*intra uiscera*) of Virro; he lays bare Virro’s concealed intestinal contents, which include a cock as well as yesterday’s dinner. We are suddenly on intimate bodily terms with both men; made to know them inside and out. Naevolus’ simultaneous, immediate naming and unveiling of his aristocratic target ‘Virro’ is especially un-Juvenalian in the wake of the previous poem, which ended on a spectacular note of discretion and restraint (see below).

As the satire develops, Naevolus’ revelations penetrate deeper and deeper into this particular household. From 70, he begins to betray what his patron would find most embarrassing: the fact that Naevolus is actually the father of ‘Virro’s’ children. All members of the *domus* are aware of this situation. Virro made the first move, and is himself a fully clued-up witness:

scis certe quibus ista modis, quam saepe rogaris
et quae pollicitus. fugientem nempe puellam
amplexu rapui; tabulas quoque ruperat et iam
signabat; tota uix hoc ego nocte redemi
te plorante foris. testis mihi lectulus et tu,
ad quem peruenit lecti sonus et dominae uox.⁷³ (73–78)

You definitely know in what ways, how often you asked for that, the promises you made. I embraced and raped your bride as she was literally absconding; she’d also ripped up the contract and was already signing again somewhere else; I barely rectified the matter after spending a whole night on it, with you wailing at the door. Couch be my witness, and you yourself, who could clock the creak of the bed and voice of the mistress.

The time-honoured pun on *testis*⁷⁴ reinforces *Vir-ro*’s⁷⁵ ironic emasculation here: he cannot provide his wife with real balls, so he is reduced to an impotent *paraclausithyron* ‘witness’ who knows full well what is happening on the other side of that

⁷³ I adopt Housman’s *nempe* (74) for *saepe* (MSS): the bride did not repeatedly abandon the house, but this time she was in the process of *really* doing it; Naevolus saved the day with a night, just in time.

⁷⁴ See for example Henderson 1999, 190 on Horace *Sat.* 1.8.

⁷⁵ HopMan 2003, 565 notes the sustained nameplay with Virro (*uir/uirilis* etc.); a perfect example of the ironic nickname in 8.32–38.

door.⁷⁶ When the children are born, Virro is keen to submit them as ‘proof of his *uir*-hood’, scattering their images all over the local media:

tollis enim et libris actorum spargere gaudes
argumenta uiri. foribus suspende coronas:
iam pater es, dedimus quod famae opponere possis. (84–86)

You claim them as yours, and enjoy scattering the proofs of your manhood
in the daily news. Hang the crowns from your doors: you’re a father, and
I’ve given you something to say against the rumours.

Naevolus was the one who allowed him to refute the gossip (*famae*) with these concrete little proofs. Virro parades the Naevolus products and passes them off as his own, his most outrageous act of ‘theft’ from his miserable client. But as Naevolus talks about the contradiction of the gossip, he actually confirms it: he betrays Virro’s deepest, darkest secrets, and betrays *himself* as the betrayer. He only becomes aware of the dangers of airing too much to the wrong person in the [next section](#).

After the key information spills out of Naevolus’ leaky body, the discreet interviewer attempts to wring out a little more. He succinctly endorses Naevolus’ complaint and presses him for more gossip in just over one faux-inoffensive verse:

iusta doloris,
Naeuole, causa tui; contra tamen ille quid adfert? (90–91)

You’ve got good cause for complaint, Naevolus; but go on, what does he
offer you in response?

Up to this point, Naevolus has offered himself and his privy knowledge freely; this is Anon’s first real interrogative moment. Naevolus’ response is far more tight-lipped than his previous volubility. Indeed, he dispenses with Juvenal’s question in a line, and promptly moves onto the concern of secrecy. It is as if he has realized how much he has revealed too late in the day. The uttered word cannot be retracted – especially if you tell it to an anonymous satirist:

‘neglegit atque alium bipedem sibi quaerit asellum.
haec soli commissa tibi celare memento
et tacitus nostras intra te fige querellas;

⁷⁶ And now Naevolus himself suffers the lock-out: Braund 1988, 171.

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nam res mortifera est inimicus pumice leuis.
qui modo secretum commiserat, ardet et odit,
tamquam prodiderim quidquid scio. sumere ferrum,
fuste aperire caput, candelam adponere ualuis
non dubitat. nec contemnas aut despicias quod
his opibus numquam cara est annona ueneni.
ergo occulta teges ut curia Martis Athenis'.⁷⁷ (92–101)

‘He ignores me, and just looks for some other two-legged ass. By the way, remember to keep this classified information to yourself, silently seal my complaints deep down within you; it’s a deadly thing, an enemy smoothed by pumice stone. The man who just entrusted his secret to me is burning and churning with hate, as if I’ve already betrayed what I know. He doesn’t shrink from taking up a sword, opening my head with a club, putting a lit candle at my door. You shouldn’t slight or despise the fact that, when we’re talking that sort of wealth, the price of poison is never very high. So, you’ll shut these secrets up, like the Council of Mars in Athens’.

The dangerous contents of this confidence are suddenly enveloped in that generic deictic, acrostically stressed in *Sat.* 1: *haec*, these sensitive matters.⁷⁸ Anon’s gossip enquiry finally makes Naevolus realize what he has introduced to the light of day. He now needs to stuff those intimate internals of Virro (*intra uiscera*) back inside the satirist-auditor (*intra te*). But Anon cannot be a trustworthy receptacle for any secrets – he has no body in which he could store them! Juvenal is a sieve letting everything through; the satire’s composition is itself evidence of his inability and unwillingness to respect the privacy of others.⁷⁹ Anon has picked the *right* target to expose (naïve Naevolus); but naïve Naevolus now realizes that he has picked the *wrong* target/confidant, indeed, has performed the wrong kind of satire by betraying far too much of both satiriser (himself) and satirized (Virro). Next comes a role reversal. The patron, now turned ‘deadly enemy’,

⁷⁷ Willis follows Ribbeck’s verdict of interpolation at 99–100 (*nec ... opibus*), but a conjunction feels necessary after *dubitat*. The line may also constitute a Naevolan attempt to throw the threat back onto Anon: *you* should be careful what you print, for this man can easily afford poison.

⁷⁸ See [Chapter 2.2](#).

⁷⁹ Cf. Uden 2015, 77, Keane 2015, 110. Braund 1988, 163 identifies secrecy as one of the poem’s central themes; for the general importance of the ‘secret’ in satire, and the ironic tension between a character’s attempted secrecy and audience-shared knowledge, see Braund 1988, 169; cf. Braund 2004, 423–25, Harrison 1987, 41–42.

flares up with the energizing anger of a satirist (*ardet et odit*),⁸⁰ but with the added ability to inflict actual physical harm. Naevolus imagines the violent reprisals for his betrayal onto his body: for exposing those things that should have stayed buried in his brain, Virro will now literally ‘open up his head’ (*aperire caput*).⁸¹ Or he might equally poison Naevolus, another means of ‘killing from the inside’.⁸² As Naevolus repeats the plea for Anon to keep mum (*ergo occulta teges*), we sense mounting desperation. Warty has finally realized the dangerous asymmetry of the situation: he stands naked and shivering, embarrassed he has given the game away to a satirist he will never be able to recognize or identify. Naevolus has dished all his own dirt, but not got anything dirty on his anonymous interlocutor.

Juvenal makes literature respond to the epiphany: *O Corydon*, *Corydon* quotes Virgil *Eclogues* 2.69, the moment when the shepherd snaps himself out of his infatuation and sees the situation for what it is. This character had also shared too much out of naïve self-delusion (*Ecl.* 2.25–27). But while Corydon eventually admits the deception himself, Juvenal marks Naevolus’ realization for him; and the self-address wrenched from another character tells us precisely what Anon will never do, i.e. name himself directly (and certainly not twice)! After twisting this knife (as the rascal Naevolus deserves), Anon then responds to his request for secrecy in the most menacing and evasive terms. Rather than assuaging Naevolus’ fears, he prevaricates by deflecting attention away from himself and onto others. Secrecy is impossible for the rich, since there are so many tiny holes through which intelligence may drip. Information just seems to get ‘out there’, even if you try to control its divulgation (103–13).⁸³ Should the slaves maintain discretion, every other piece of domestic furniture will break the seal. And so

⁸⁰ For the phrase’s allusivity, see Watts 1972.

⁸¹ Cf. *aperire* in *Sat.* 4.110, and Santorelli 2012 *ad loc.*

⁸² For poison as an especially insidious threat to the integral male subject, see Currie 1998, 147.

⁸³ Every mute entity here is endowed with the power of speech, ‘ascending along the scale of dumbness’ and mimicking (in my view also activating) the victim’s ‘neurotic fears’: see Jenkyns 1982, 215.

I read Nisbet’s proposed *tolle lucernam* (105) for the MSS *tollito/tollite lumen*; Juvenal does not use the *-ito* form, and the run of imperatives should be kept singular.

it is *these* channels that Naevolus should worry about, not that of Anon (*taceant* 103 > 115):

illos ergo roges quidquid paulo ante petebas
a nobis, taceant illi. (114–15)

So ask *them* whatever you were bugging me about just now, ask *them* to keep quiet.

Such a picture of the porous household balances subtly with the darkness of Anon: a figure who lets any information concerning others pass across his membrane into the public domain, but who keeps *himself* tightly contained. This diversion into other channels – the claim that it is not the satirist doing the talking, but everyone else, the sum flow of gossip all around⁸⁴ – is a mischievous framing strategy which will return in *Sat.* 11.

Juvenal's sinister reticence here is a tour-de-force. He babbles on in the usual manner, offering pale advice on how to live 'correctly' so that you can ignore the tongues of your slaves:

sed prodere malunt

arcanum quam subrepti potare Falerni
pro populo faciens quantum Saufeia bibebat.
uiuendum recte, cum propter plurima, tum est his
[idcirco ut possis linguam contemnere serui]
praecipue causis, ut linguas mancipiorum
contemnas; nam lingua mali pars pessima serui.
[deterior tamen hic qui liber non erit illis
quorum animas et farre suo custodit et aere.] (115–23)

But they'd rather betray a secret than drink filched Falernian, as much as Saufeia used to chug when she was doing a public sacrifice. You should live uprightly for several reasons, not the least of them that you can scorn the tongues of your slaves; remember that the tongue is the worst part of a bad slave.

His speech here is a perfect example of the phenomenon he is talking about. 'Living correctly' is a form of discretion: speaking in such a way that you say nothing about yourself. The difference between Naevolus and Juvenal is again shown in the distinct bodily focus: while Naevolus stood forth in the nude and stripped his target down in the process, Juvenal homes in on the tongues of

⁸⁴ Indeed, everyone else is a satirist in this whispering domestic synecdoche of Rome (Uden 2015, 84).

the slaves without any intimation of his own body parts. Textual problems here may not be wholly the failure of scribes and scholars to restore sense either:⁸⁵ Naevolus seems equally stumped by this garbled speech (124). If this language originates from a *lingua*, we certainly cannot see it (we have trouble enough understanding it!); Anon's exclusive concentration on other bodies goes hand-in-(non-)hand with a full eclipse of his own.

Naevolus acknowledges Juvenal's mastery of speaking-without-saying in his chaser comment: *utile consilium modo, sed commune, dedisti* (124). Indeed, Juvenal has been a professional dispenser of commonplace advice ever since he took cover under the familiar *suasoria* on Sulla's retirement in *Sat.* 1.16. His approach is no different come *Sat.* 9: anything he says could never be used against him, because he only says the things that anyone would say. Naevolus, apparently having now learnt his lesson, attempts to shift the limelight from himself onto Anon by asking for more *specific* advice. He also has a shot at aping Juvenal's distinctive manner of cliché by rattling off a hackneyed sentiment about the brevity of life. No more juicy gossip from Naevolus:

'utile consilium modo, sed commune, dedisti.
nunc mihi quid suades post damnum temporis et spes
deceptas? festinat enim decurrere uelox
flosculus angustae miseraeque breuissima uitae
portio; dum bibimus, dum sarta, unguenta, puellas
poscimus, obrepat non intellecta senectus'.⁸⁶ (124–29)

'Just now you've given me solid, but common, guidance. What do you advise me to do now, after the lost time and disappointed hope? The quick blossom, briefest portion of doomed life, rushes to run out; while we drink, while we order garlands, perfume, girls, old age creeps into us before we know it'.

Only mediocre meditations on transience.⁸⁷ Juvenal's response (albeit lacunose) turns this game into a battle of the tight-lipped;⁸⁸

⁸⁵ I follow Clausen's text here, but the issues are manifold (see Courtney *ad loc.*). At any rate, from Naevolus' reply, it would be apt if Anon ended his speech with some sort of over-general gnome; 121 fits this bill well enough.

⁸⁶ Willis follows Rupert and Nisbet in deleting *uelox* ... *breuissima* (126–27), but the intense cliché works well.

⁸⁷ So Horatian as to be almost centonic: see Uden 2015, 83.

⁸⁸ Another eerily pointed textual rupture to add to 1.156 and 16.60 (see Chapter 2.1 and Conclusion 2.2).

his consolation from 130–134A is again hopelessly generic, telling Naevolus not to worry – he will always have a plentiful supply of pathic patrons (cf. Corydon’s self-consolation: *invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexin* [Ecl. 2.73]).⁸⁹ Again, whatever Juvenal’s advice did contain (and it is perhaps oddly apt that we can never know), Naevolus knocks it back as inappropriate: *haec exempla para felicibus* (135). Anon will not be caught so easily with his pants down. He repeats his standard mode of flight into the commonplace; manages (again) to deflect attention onto bodies other than his own (*omnes / qui digito scalpunt uno caput* 132–33). Naevolus should, and does, surrender now; his already betrayed self is no match for the master-vanisher.

Naevolus may indeed begin to exercise caution regarding Virro’s secrets after the satire’s turning point, when he sees himself fallen into the trap of *licentia* (92). But his final speech shows how far he has yet to travel with regard to the other root of the problem: his excessive transparency about his self, particularly his body. He manipulates the image of his cock meeting Virro’s dinner by making it serve his *own* belly:

at mea Clotho
et Lachesis gaudent, si pascitur inguine uenter. (135–36)

But my Clotho and Lachesis love it, if only my stomach feeds my cock.

But this overspill of information about the self is half the reason for the ‘head opening’ he can look forward to. Juvenal, by contrast, insures himself against reprisal through a double defence: he deflects responsibility for the betrayal of the secret onto a third party (Naevolus, even though *Anon* publicizes the gossip), but most importantly, he never once gives himself away through vulgar references to his own body (or name). This is the central wedge between these deceptively similar interlocutors: Naevolus is happy to make himself known as widely as possible, Juvenal makes sure never to advertize at all. The contents of Naevolus’ prayer show that he remains blissfully ignorant of this key distinction, his ears stopped to Anon’s subtle probing like Odysseus’ men to the siren song (149–50). He prays for the

⁸⁹ Braund 1988, 154–55; cf. Edwards 1987, 155.

4 Warts and All

flashy trappings of wealth that will make him a conspicuous public figure:

uiginti milia fenus

pigneribus positis, argenti uascula puri,
sed quae Fabricius censor notet, et duo fortes
de grege Moesorum, qui me ceruice locata
securum iubeant clamoso insistere circo;
sit mihi praeterea curuus caelator, et alter
qui multas facies pingit cito; sufficiunt haec. (140–46)

Twenty thousand in interest from investments made, little vessels of real silver, the kind that Fabricius the censor might rule out, and two strong lads from the gang of Moesi, to bid me sit myself safely on top of their platformed necks at the noisy circus; and I'd like a stooping engraver, and another artist who paints a thousand portraits in no time; that's enough for me.

Naevolus wants silver cups that would earn him a censor's black-listing mark; he wants bodyguards to carry him high on a litter, visible to all, and supposedly keep him 'safe' in the bowels of the roaring circus (a space the introverted Anon explicitly shuns at the end of *Sat.* 11). As well as making a loud appearance in public, the man about town also wants to propagate his image all over the shop: his last prayer is for a painter to multiply his visage, and instantaneously flood Rome with the copies. And perhaps he could use that hunchback engraver to inscribe his name on everything too. Juvenal would never be so bold as to flaunt himself Full Monty like that. As book 4 will make abundantly clear, such ostentatious wealth and high public profile only lead to violent self-collapse (*Sat.* 10); better to retreat into an environment that could belong to any man of modest means rather than stick your head out above the parapet and face the inevitable chop (*Sat.* 11 and 12).

So right at this moment (a skilful act of book-bridging) Naevolus prematurely makes himself one of those vain wishers of *Sat.* 10 whose fulfilled hopes will see them to a bloody end.⁹⁰ But he has possibly consigned himself to such an end already: as he himself acknowledges, if the secret gets beyond Juvenal, his

⁹⁰ Verbal echo in fact bridges books here: *argenti uascula puri* (9.141) > *argenti uascula puri* (10.19).

fragile, naked body will face the gory consequences. And if we are reading these things, they have obviously passed beyond our satirist. Juvenal thus subtly polishes off his satiric antitype – the man who reveals too much about everything – with a deft transcription of the conversation; he does not even need to get his hands dirty. The satire becomes a lesson (among other things) in how to write satire safely amid the sinister crowds of imperial Rome,⁹¹ where anyone and everyone are always watching, listening: by all means let those secrets out, but preferably frame them as a less careful interlocutor's direct speech. Above all keep your head securely hidden – if not, someone else will open it for you.

Sat. 9 remains a prime test-case for the mutually reinforcing strategies of exposure and concealment which have formed the flesh of this chapter. As we saw from *Sat.* 3, other bodies are frequently on Juvenal's agenda: and when they appear, their exposure inevitably bleeds into their wounding. Anon's own body, fully aware of these deleterious exposures, covers itself up to vanishing point. Juvenal survives through constant redirection of the reader's attention onto the world around her. Anon himself is no longer a figure of interest; he becomes but a pernicious voice floating somewhere out there, well beyond the page. Satire morphs into a transparent medium freed from the constraints and equivocations of the individual body. Self-effacement (paradoxically) creates authority and persuasive force through its (apparently) unmediated revelation of The World.

Nowhere are these two competing satiric creeds – Naevolus (or Horatian?)⁹² self-revelation and Juvenalian self-concealment – so clearly articulated as in *Sat.* 9. And nowhere is the superiority of the chosen method clearer. Juvenal's self-betraying competitor will eventually keel over, whether a victim of an irate patron's

⁹¹ Braund 1988, 170 also reads the poem as an allegory of satiric procedure: how to get away with criticism under constraint. Rosen 2007, 225 thinks the focus of the satire is poetics rather than morality. My own reading does not claim a straight victory of one over the other; the fact that Juvenalian satire always fuses the two levels is revealing in itself (see Chapter 1.4).

⁹² Horace is Naevolus' predecessor in the warts-and-all approach to satire: cf. the metaphor of *naeui* for moral stains in Horace's self-revealing *Sat.* 1.6 (67). Plaza 2006, 165–66 also notes the general connections between Naevolus and Horace (cf. Uden 2015, 75).

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vengeance, or a sacrifice to his own misguided prayers. But Juvenal will flourish into generic old age, continuing to churn out text from an anonymous anatomy. He will press on in the same vein, producing satire that cannot be tied to any identifiable body, nor muted along with it.

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This chapter has kept a strict eye on the public body in Juvenal, and shown the close contact between bodily presence and violence. Again and again Anon tortures his victims who scramble for the limelight, and end up easy pickings. Juvenal's own screen of self-suppression is the exemplary an(t)onym for such avid self-publicity. To close, I would like to backtrack to a satire which pits a form of crumbling public body against names as nodes of exposure, and their absence as agents of concealment. *Sat.* 8 tells us to take down the monuments to ourselves, forget our names, and seek asylum in obscurity.

5.1 Quid Faciunt Imagines? *Nobled Bodies and Public Eyes*

Juvenal's reductive vision often reads human interaction as an exchange between body parts.⁹³ This is no mere decoration, but part of a fully fledged *Weltanschauung*, one that degrades human targets into their components only to show how fragile they really are. This phenomenon covers both real flesh and that all-important Roman substitute: the statue.⁹⁴ If Anon's eye customarily distorts its human objects through partitioning, it is attracted all the more to the already-disintegrating stone figures of Rome. These require even less assistance before collapsing into their component parts to become neat reflections of the fragile human bodies they can never quite represent whole.

⁹³ Schmitz 2000 150–61; cf. Gold 1998, 373.

⁹⁴ For the two-way traffic between the two, see Keane 2015, 104–07. For Juvenal's corrosion of statuary, see now Larmour 2016, 259–77.

In an *imago*-driven city, statuary was one of the primary vehicles of aristocratic display: a form of monumentality that helped make one's name by shoving one's body into the public domain. Of course, the statue as a form of representation, at this particular time in history, was as much a monument to lability as stability. *Damnatio memoriae* was a reality all high-brow Romans had lived with of late, at the end of a century studded with iterations of the process:⁹⁵ by this time, one might struggle to look at the jumbled assemblages of heads and bodies without picturing the fates of the big men broken at around the same time their statues were brought down. Statues – much as power tried to fix them otherwise – would have advertized the insecurity of identity, the regular rounds of decapitation and recapitation happening in the upper echelons. That context of breakage and reformation might be a good light in which to study the worthless busts to follow.

Juvenal's first sustained exercise in cracking up these friable figures is *Sat.* 8. The poem is a landmark assault on the 'out-standing' public identity cultivated by the Roman elite; and one that wisely cautions against excessive claims of 'nobility' at a time when that very category was cowing under a Hadrianic purge.⁹⁶ Recalling Vernant's name/body dyad above ([Chapter 1](#)), *Sat.* 8 dissolves both. A famed name becomes as worthless as the status-seeking statue to which it is attached. The evacuation of the *imago* and *nomen* squares well with Anon's overall antipathy to public display, clear reasons for which will be spelled out in *Sat.* 10. Let us briefly look into the phenomenon with a view to full disclosure in [Chapter 4](#).

Sat. 8's project is the erosion of empty symbols of lineage, and the *imago* is (along with the *nomen*) a natural target for the operation.⁹⁷ At the satire's very beginning we see the not-so-glorious fates of the famed old names spelled out in their pitiable remains:

Stemmata quid faciunt? quid prodest, Pontice, longo
sanguine censeri, pictos ostendere uultus
maiorum et stantis in curribus Aemilianos

⁹⁵ See Varner 2004, Flower 2006. ⁹⁶ If we can believe Dio: see above [Chapter 2.3](#).

⁹⁷ See Braund 1988, 107, Jenkyns 1982, 206–07 on the statue imagery.

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et Curios iam dimidios umeroque minorem
 Coruinum et Galbam auriculis nasoque carentem, . . .
 si coram Lepidis male uiuitur? (8.1–5, 9)

What's the point of family trees? What good does it do you, Ponticus, to be priced by your long bloodline, to show off the painted faces of your ancestors, Aemiliani standing on their chariots, Curii now halved, Corvinus short a shoulder, Galba without his ears and nose . . . if you behave badly right in front of the Lepidi?

The first figures stand tall, but the other great names all suffer some crucial disfigurement: the Curii are 'halved',⁹⁸ Corvinus shrinks by a shoulder, Galba is missing ears and nose (a delicate convergence of flesh and stone, since the emperor was decapitated; cf. Sejanus below).⁹⁹ This is a telling introduction to a satire which corrodes the value of lineage; and once again the incomplete body – doubly incomplete in this case, as the stone already stands in for the real thing – speaks volumes. The slippage between man and statue is spelled out in another moment of bodily exposure, wherein the degenerate modern is kneaded into matter even softer than stone:

cur Allobrogicis et magna gaudeat ara
 natus in Herculeo Fabius lare, si cupidus, si
 uanus et Euganea quantumuis mollior agna,
 si tenerum attritus Catinensi pumice lumbum
 squalentis traducit auos emptorque ueneni
 frangenda miseram funestat imagine gentem?
 tota licet ueteres exornent undique cerae
 atria, nobilitas sola est atque unica uirtus.
 Paulus uel Cossus uel Drusus moribus esto,
 hos ante effigies maiorum pone tuorum,
 praecedant ipsas illi te consule uirgas. (8.13–23)

Why should a Fabius born in Hercules' home enjoy the great altar and the Allobroges, if he's greedy, superficial, even softer than a Euganean

⁹⁸ *Dimidius* is an important adjective for Juvenal's reductive aesthetic: cf. 5.84, 13.95 (a leg), 15.5.

⁹⁹ See Tacitus *Hist.* 1.41, Suetonius *Galba*, 20. Cf. Henderson 1997, 39–40. Braund 1988, 105 reads the broken statues as indictments of the descendants' decline (through neglect of their ancestors), but they are surely signs of the fragility of what was 'there' to begin with too. For the topos of the statue's impermanence, cf. (among contemporary literature) Tacitus *Agricola* 46 (and Ogilvie 1967 *ad loc.*), Pliny *Panegyricus* 55.9. As Uden 2015, 124–25 points out, this opening is a roll-call in a ghost-town: by the second century, such old-school nobility had long been hollowed out and whittled down.

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lamb, if he brings down his soiled ancestors, because his loins are worn smooth by Catanian pumice stone, and if he spoils his wretched family with his smashable statue, since he bought some poison? Though old wax kits out your whole atrium on all sides, virtue is the one and only nobility (and vice versa). Be a Paulus or a Cossus or a Drusus in your conduct, prioritise that before your ancestors' statues, let that march ahead of the *fascēs* when you're consul.

Nowadays the human body itself is a malleable substance to be 'smoothed down' (*attritus*); and the softness of Fabius' body is matched in the correspondingly breakable (*frangenda*) statue. The fragile nature is common to both antiquated statues and brand new ones. This has big implications: the ancestors are not the enduring witnesses to modern degeneracy, but perishable symbols of an unreachable past. The fragmentary remains have no moral traction, indeed can only inspire a *partial* imitation that will fall short of the imaginary whole.

The crippled statue images a crippled human in the extended rhetorical comparison between Rubellius Blandus¹⁰⁰ and the unnamed, low-born Roman of high moral merit (39–55). The truly outstanding men are extracted from the *ima plebe* (47). Blandus, however, is equated with a mutilated statue, only marginally better off than the dead marble:

at tu

nil nisi Cecropides truncoque simillimus Hermae.
nullo quippe alio uincis discrimine quam quod
illi marmoreum caput est, tua uiuit imago. (8.52–55)

But *you're* nothing but a Cecrops Jr, the clone of a dismembered Herm. For sure, you've got one thing over it: the fact that its head is marble, and your statue is alive.

Juvenal here decapitates the standard trope of the statue that is so lifelike you would think it alive¹⁰¹ by making Blandus into a walking statue: an *imago* only just superior to the Herm on which it is based by being (barely) alive. The Herm is a nice choice here: such statues were pitched outside the house, lacked the

¹⁰⁰ Perhaps a fictional name (Henderson 1997, 93) – though for its contemporary power, see Ferguson 1987, 15. See Uden 2015, 121 on his status as empty name. If the suffect consul of 18 CE *is* meant, address to a dead figure has point: the nobleman is long-gone, and his statue is soon to follow.

¹⁰¹ Selected parallels: Courtney *ad* 8.103.

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protective fencing given to domestic busts – and so were particularly liable to mortal injury. Hence the emphasis falling squarely on *truncus*: Blandus' moral mutilation takes its cue from the amputated statue it apes. There is perhaps also a tremulous nod to Blandus' close Rubellian relative, Plautus: this perceived rival of Nero was duly decapitated, another exemplum of a fall from grace through intolerable proximity to power.¹⁰² As I said, *Sat.* 10 will prove the connection between rolled statues and toppled humans more scientifically. For now, *Sat.* 8 displays these worn monuments to excellence only to dissolve them further, grinding them down to worthless repositories of deformity. Rather than intimidating us with its impressive monumentality, the statue becomes an index of the absence of corporal (and moral) integrity. Its fallibility earmarks its noble subject, or wannabe noble subject, for a spectacular dissolution. In this very literal way, incomplete (dilapidated, depilated, noble) humans are perfect imitations of their stone counterparts, who/which foretell their fates.

If the statues are faltering, the humans themselves are also factory seconds on the blink. The noble figures populating this satire follow their own path of self-betrayal and self-destruction – and they do everything in high resolution. Indeed, nobility in *Sat.* 8 is tantamount to a floodlight flushing the upper-crust target out into the open, and rendering them naked for all to see. Nobility, 'knownness', is a magnifying magnet, which ups the levels of public scrutiny by several degrees:

quod si praecipitem rapit ambitio atque libido,
 si frangis uirgas sociorum in sanguine, si te
 delectant hebetes lasso lictore secures,
 incipit ipsorum contra te stare parentum
 nobilitas claramque facem praeferre pudendis.
 omne animi uitium tanto conspectius in se
 crimen habet, quanto maior qui peccat habetur. (8.135–41)

But if ambition and lust get you as you dive in, if you snap your lashes on the blood of allies, if blunt axes and worn-out lictors are your thing, the nobility of your ancestors themselves starts to count against you, and to bring a bright torch to your embarrassments. Every character flaw attracts a charge against it. The nobler the criminal, the more visible the charge.

¹⁰² Cf. below n. 109.

Bad behaviour is glaringly obvious to Anon no matter what pains are taken to hide it, because aristocratic lineage inherently draws attention to itself. Feel like forging a will or nightcrawling for an affair? Juvenal sees you:

quo mihi te, solitum falsas signare tabellas
in templis quae fecit auus statuumque parentis
ante triumphalem? quo, si nocturnus adulter
tempora Santonico uelas adoperta cucullo? (142–45)

What's it to me that you usually sign false documents in the temples which your grandfather made, and in front of your father's triumph memorial? What's it to me if you become a night lover and cover up your temples with a Gallic hood?

The hood will not hide anything. Or perhaps, like Lateranus, you think you can get away with a mule-vehicle drive-by after dusk? Anon has his spies in place:

praeter maiorum cineres atque ossa uolucris
carpento rapitur pinguis Lateranus, et ipse,
ipse rotam adstringit sufflamine mulio consul,
nocte quidem, sed Luna uidet, sed sidera testes
intendunt oculos. (146–50)

Fatso Lateranus is whisked past the ashes and bones of his ancestors in his zippy coach, and he himself – HIMSELF! – puts the brakes on the wheel, a muledriver consul. So he does it at night – but the Moon sees it, and the stars bear witness, training their eyes on him.

But most of the time the nobles do not even bother; nor do they need a satirist for skinning. They bare everything in public voluntarily (cf. Naevolus above):

haec ultra quid erit nisi ludus? et illic
dedecus urbis habes, nec murmillonis in armis
nec clipeo Gracchum pugnantem aut falce supina;
damnat enim talis habitus [sed damnat et odit,
nec galea faciem abscondit]: mouet ecce tridentem.
postquam uibrata pendentia retia dextra
nequiquam effudit, nudum ad spectacula uoltum
erigit et tota fugit agnoscendus harena.
credamus tunicae, de faucibus aurea cum se
porrigat et longo iactetur spira galero.
ergo ignominiam grauiorem pertulit omni
uolnere cum Graccho iussus pugnare secutor. (199–210)

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What new lows to go to, except for the gladiatorial school? And there you'll get the disgrace of Rome, Gracchus battling neither in the armed uniform of a *murmillo*, nor with a shield or curved blade. He writes off such clothes: check him out, he's waving a trident. After his right hand's all set, and he's cast the dragging net with no luck, he raises his bare face to the crowd, and runs off, recognisable throughout the whole arena. We'd know that tunic anywhere, golden and stretching from his throat, and the cord springing from his tall hat. So the *secutor* told to fight with Gracchus toughed out a dishonour worse than any wound.

Gracchus does not even have the decency to don a modicum of cover like a well-armed *murmillo*; he shoots for maximum indecent exposure, marked out by his silly hat, which makes for extra *Salience*.¹⁰³ His urge to have his face recognized (a trope marking his recycling from *Sat.* 2.117ff.) is an interesting touch to a portrait that is almost the photographic negative of Anon himself. This noble invites the eyes of all, and runs about without prophylaxis through one of Rome's most public fora; Juvenal throws up no face whatsoever for public recognition. *Sat.* 8 shows us how nobility is both the desire for and inevitability of being identified, being monitored and paparazzo-ed at all times as a naked celebrity – thus, implicitly, warns us to keep right out of it.

And so that broken statue is an apt reminder not only of the fragility of ancestry and ancestry-based [im]mor(t)ality, but also of the destructibility and exposure of the noble human body itself, the body seeking to be known (as noble bodies in this satire tend to do). For men, so keen to erect their mimetic proxies in the high-visibility field of Rome and watch them violently collapse, it can only be a matter of time before their real bodies suffer the same fate. Bodies that stand out will inevitably fall down.

5.2 *Don't Mention It*

I have argued so far that *Sat.* 8 is a quiet invitation to tone down the aristocratic/faux-aristocratic urge to self-display, as much as it is an emptying out of any remnant moral content in the very notion of

¹⁰³ And yet the transparency disappears under the opacity of Juvenalian language, which makes it hard to see precisely what is going on here (cf. Courtney: 'A very obscure passage.'). I run with Courtney (after Colin, Ruperti, and Owen), who tags Gracchus as a *Salius* here.

‘nobility’. Juvenal erodes ancestral statues and jabs at pat(i)ent bodies. But in a satire on the stemmatic habit, he also invades another treasured corner of Roman identity: namely, the name. The satire starts from an oversupply of direct onymity, but ultimately skips to a virtuosic display of antonomastic anonymity. In the end, Juvenal makes it hard going for us to tell whom he is talking to and about – not to mention whose name seals these strange words delivered to (or through) us.

The poem’s opening is addled with established Roman names, but these names fail to mean what they say or say what they mean. Juvenal warns us about the fallen correspondence between names and things in adducing the Roman custom of ironic naming:

nanum cuiusdam Atlanta uocamus,
Aethiopem Cycnum, prauam extortamque puellam
Europen; canibus pigris scabieque uetusta
leuibus et siccae lambentibus ora lucernae
nomen erit pardus, tigris, leo, si quid adhuc est
quod fremat in terris uiolentius. ergo cauebis
et metues ne tu sic Creticus aut Camerinus. (32–38)

We call someone’s dwarf ‘Atlas’, an Ethiopian ‘Swan’, a crooked and crippled girl ‘Europa’; languid muts, bald with set-in mange, which lick the mouth of a dried lamp, they’ll get the name ‘Leopard’, ‘Tiger’, ‘Lion’, or whatever there is on the earth that roars more ferociously. So you’ll be careful, and take good care, in case you become a Creticus or Camerinus along the same lines.

So if names fail to designate, who is the referent of that second person singular (*tu*)? We might think Anon were addressing Ponticus, the poem’s governing vocative (*Pontice* 1) – but then, suddenly, the audience of one has a name-change:¹⁰⁴

his ego quem monui? tecum est mihi sermo, Rubelli
Blande. (39–40)

Whom have I been cautioning with this stuff? I’m talking to you, Rubellius Blandus.

¹⁰⁴ See Henderson 1997, 92 on this sudden gear change. His point about name and context is important: ‘As Juvenal o-so-rudely pointed out “to Blandus”, what we mean when we use even the most heraldic of names – “Creticus or Camerinus” – all depends who speaks, which we.’ Happily, we have no idea.

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Such a sharp shift of addressee immediately bears out Juvenal's point about floating names: Ponticus was listening as if the target, but the trigger was really pointed at Blandus (for who knows how long). As we saw above, it is precisely this kind of second-person browsing, flitting unexpectedly from one receptacle to the next, which posits a paranoid reader, and fosters a paranoid reading strategy.¹⁰⁵ We will see this method at its most clinical in *Sat.* 11, wherein Juvenal orbits round the point as if trying to get at us, but then, suddenly, takes a *specific* addressee for a ride instead.

Against the noble obsessed with peddling names and over-determining ancestry, Juvenal takes special care to fudge definition and limit applicability. This is not only through the motion between specific second-persons. After swaying Ponticus (or a generic 'you')¹⁰⁶ that it pays to be on best behaviour in the provinces, Anon plants what I wager to be a light touch (yet dead serious) take-home message on his satiric method:

quod modo proposui, non est sententia, uerum est;
credite me uobis folium recitare Sibyllae. (125–26)

What I've set out just now is no aphorism – it's the truth. Trust me: I'm reciting you a leaf of the Sibyl.

We recognize the strong truth claim, but the leaf of the Sibyl is something new. Anon is adopting Sibylline prophecy as a mode of address: that means deauthored text (simply recycled paper (*folium*) of a message composed by randomness), but also vague, infinitely applicable, without any clear names to hitch on.¹⁰⁷ This activates, at the level of style, *Sat.* 8's rampant *anti*-nobility: the 'clarity' and 'obviousness' and 'self-evidence' of high-born public presences are traded for the telltale *obscurity* of low birth. The tortured leaves of the Sibyl name few names for maximum wiggle room, and are designed to make you think you are the object without actually saying so – just like Juvenalian satire. And

¹⁰⁵ Cf. Roche 2012, 214: 'Imperial satire blurs its internal subjects and external audiences'. Paranoia is a good methodology for approaching satire in general, especially in our Nietzsche/Marx/Freud induced 'hermeneutics of suspicion': see Rabb 2007, 178–82.

¹⁰⁶ Henderson 1997, 93 is good on the to-ing and fro-ing between.

¹⁰⁷ Henderson 1997, 91–92 unveils this moment as knowing nod that Juvenal 'knows he's (only) performing', i.e. plays up the declamatory colour of *recitare*; but the Sibylline ambitions deserve some more thought.

as if to drive home the blunted point, Juvenal toggles addressee again, from second person singular (*scutum gladiumque relinques* 123) to plural (*credite ... uobis* 126). ‘Here’s looking at you (*all?*)!’

Of course many proper names do get dropped in this hyperonymous satire,¹⁰⁸ mainly nobles behaving badly under Nero, or irrelevant Republican cream of society. Most of these wriggle out of identification, bar Nero himself (the unmistakeable one): Rubellius Blandus might be made-up, Lateranus is only a possibility (and yet both of these figures can be tied to victims of Neronian purges, important for our alarm bells below);¹⁰⁹ Gracchus is uncertain, despite his gladiatorial profile; Damasippus does not even sound much like a noble (what is *he* doing here?!);¹¹⁰ Lentulus does not exactly narrow it down.¹¹¹ The poem just as often deals in noble plurals (Aemiliani, Volesii, Fabii etc.), which indicates we are dealing more with types than persons, categories over individuals.¹¹² It is an old point, but bears repeating: Roman names were especially good at ramifying reference, spreading family characteristics over branches and generations.¹¹³ Their purpose was as much to conflate as to individuate, and Anon makes the most of the cloud. Yet just when you thought you could not read a vaguer satire on names, Juvenal dials up the swirling periphrases we first saw on non-display in *Sat.* 1. At 231, Anon moves from dogging the nobility to playing up the great contributions of ‘non-nobles’ in Roman history. This cap to the satire brilliantly plays the politics of onymity by pointing away from the name altogether, and

¹⁰⁸ Suffice to invoke Courtney’s name (383): ‘virtually all the noble families named in this satire were by now extinct or in total obscurity’.

¹⁰⁹ Courtney names Rubellius Blandus an ‘otherwise unknown’ brother of Rubellius Plautus, despatched by Nero in 62 as a threat to the throne (and an interesting case of failed self-concealment in the harsh light of the public eye: *quantoque metu occultior; tanto plus famae adeptus* [Tac. *Ann.* 14.22.1]). Lateranus could be Plautius Lateranus, who never quite got to be a muleteer consul because of his complicity in the Pisonian conspiracy. These two big characters could supercharge the satire with paranoia – but of course, we cannot be sure.

¹¹⁰ According to Courtney, the name appears attached to the Iunii and Licinii; but here ‘the bearer cannot be identified’.

¹¹¹ ‘A Cornelius’ – all Courtney can muster by way of elucidation. This satire also takes in its future commentators/detectives under the broad church of its unspecified victims!

¹¹² On this issue of the ‘generalising plural’, see Henderson 1997, 29–32.

¹¹³ Cf. Henderson 1997, 22–23.

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celebrating obscurity in all its senses (and glory): *illud quod dicere nolo* (275). As we shall see, there is a very good reason for that reluctance.

The turn to all-out mincing kicks off with a rare case of clear-naming, which adroitly knocks us off the scent of the indirection to come. Catiline and Cethegus are cited as ultimate examples of noble villains. But if Anon does not hesitate to name them initially, the explanation of their seditious indiscretion makes full use of indefinites and substitutes:

quid, Catilina, tuis natalibus atque Cethegi
inueniet quisquam sublimius? arma tamen uos
nocturna et flammas domibus templisque paratis,
ut braccatorum pueri Senonumque minores,
ausi quod liceat tunica punire molesta. (231–35)

Can anyone turn up anything more high-brow than your lineage, Catiline, or yours, Cethegus? But you're plotting night warfare and to burn down houses and temples, like the sons of the trousered people and the offspring of the Senones, and dared something that might get punished with the irritating shirt.

The point of comparison – ‘Gauls’ – is misted up by a double circumlocution;¹¹⁴ and we do not find out precisely what these blue-bloods ‘did’, merely that it was ‘something that deserved’ (note the generic subjunctive in *liceat*) punishment with an ill-fitting T-shirt. With *tunica molesta*, Juvenal not only substitutes, but euphemises; he refuses, in another way and yet again, to call a spade a spade.¹¹⁵ More to the point, he will show us next that the conditions for calling a spade a spade no longer obtain under the principate; you there, brace yourself for some heady provocation on whatever happened to *nominatim*.

Cicero is the *nouus homo* who sorted that noble-origin crisis, and Juvenal flaunts his outsider obscurity by running through every designator but the name plain and simple:

¹¹⁴ As Courtney *ad loc.* points out, these are actually two different strands of Gallic peoples: ‘comata’ and ‘Narbonensis’. So the periphrases do not even orbit the same thing.

¹¹⁵ Last time there was talk of being burnt alive, the danger of naming was also live (*Sat.* 1.155), and *galeatum* (238) redoes the early interlocutor’s warning that it is too late to get out of a skirmish once helmeted (*galeatum* 1.169) – further support that similar worries obtain here. Incidentally, euphemism is another major ‘infrapolitical’ technique (Scott 1990, 153–54).

The Anatomy of Anonymity: Bodies and Names

sed uigilat consul uexillaque uestra coercet.
hic nouus Arpinas, ignobilis et modo Romae
municipalis eques, galeatum ponit ubique
praesidium attonitis et in omni monte laborat. (236–39)

But the consul has his eyes open and stops your standards. This New Blood from Arpinum, not a noble, but a municipal knight fresh to Rome, stations a helmeted guard everywhere to protect the thunderstruck civilians, and he gets to work on every hill.

He is a consul, a new guy from Arpinum, a non-noble,¹¹⁶ a municipal knight – anything but Cicero.¹¹⁷ Anon immediately equates his togate overachieving with that of the *princeps princeps* himself; but refers to that name-obsessed patron of the land by very strange nomenclature indeed:

tantum igitur muros intra toga contulit illi
nominis ac tituli, quantum †in† Leucade, quantum
Thessaliae campis Octavius abstulit udo
caedibus adsiduis gladio; (240–43)

So the toga garnered him as much name and title inside the walls, as Octavius snatched in Leucas and the fields of Thessaly, his sword dripping with unending bloodshed;

Augustus is not just embarrassingly demoted to post-adoption Octavianus, but earliest phase Octavius.¹¹⁸ The fearless leader who set so much store by nominal accumulation, and hence transformation, would be turning in his overinscribed grave.¹¹⁹ What is more, his major glories are paraphrased away, displaced through vague geographical metonymy: Leucas stands in for Actium, Thessaly for Philippi (satirically unnameable since Horace).¹²⁰ The muted highnote is that sneakily insinuating *udo / caedibus adsiduis gladio* – Perusia? Other early feats of

¹¹⁶ Courtney *ad loc.* claims that *ignobilis* and *nouus* are identical in meaning; so desperate is Anon to fill a line without naming Cicero.

¹¹⁷ Uden 2015, 128 (after Winkler 1988, 87) finds Cicero's works present in the literary stemmatics here. He also nicely shows how Juvenalian invisibility stands out here especially, when up against the memories of Ciceronian self-fashioning (129).

¹¹⁸ Cf. Henderson 1997, 91. Popular corrosive tradition about Augustus' biological father Octavius abounded (see Suetonius *Augustus* 3.1, 70.2); Juvenal travesties even the biggest man's lineage.

¹¹⁹ On the imperial naming addiction, see Henderson 1997, 20.

¹²⁰ Both substitutions have good literary stemmata, as Courtney shows *ad loc.*

The Pharsalia/Philippi confusion is founded at *Georgics* 1.489, and Roman poets never look back, 'usually', says Courtney, 'for an artistic effect absent here' – although

5 Cracking Nomenclature: (Finally) Putting Names to Bodies

brutality? This is a serious name to get wrong, and some grave titles to deflate, and some heavy war crimes to leave in susurrations – especially with an Augustanizing *princeps* haunting the poetic hinterland.¹²¹ But the main purpose of this sideways glance to ‘Octavius’ peeks forth once Cicero *is* directly named:

sed Roma parentem,
Roma patrem patriae Ciceronem libera dixit. (243–44)

But ‘Rome’ called him ‘parent’, i.e. a free Rome called Cicero father of the fatherland.

Anon gives Cicero’s big name and earned alternative titles; yet importantly, and more accurately, a *free Rome* grants these and speaks them.¹²² *Juvenal* does not call him by his ‘real’, Republican names; *libera Roma* does/did.¹²³ Such direct address was the prerogative of the Republic, and ever since ‘Octavius’ made a mess of that, persons and things cannot be called by their true names. Principate dictates antonomasia. That dripping sword of the young emperor-to-be shifted the terms of language, forever.

Juvenal operates under the thumb of that far-reaching linguistic pressure, breathtakingly, for the rest of the satire. Marius is denoted by the wriggly *Arpinas alius*, a second Arpinese (who lived *before* the first); in his early days, he worked under hire for an unnamed master (*alieno ... aratro*). It is devastating that THE Marius¹²⁴ is denied his own name, supplanted in this satire by the more freshly notorious Marius Priscus (8.120). When ‘original’ Marius’ triumphs come into view, his battlefield squashed into a pile of unidentifiable bodies ravaged by ravens, the language is itself pressed by reinforcement tropes of zeugma (*et Cimbros et summa pericula rerum / excipit* 249–50) and hendiadys (*ad cumulos stragemque*) – other ways of making nouns

name games should really count as artistic effects. On the non-naming of Philippi in Horace, see Gowers 2002, 153.

¹²¹ See Uden 2015, 176.

¹²² ‘Freedom’ comes up a lot as the satire fades: if Rome were granted a ‘free vote’ (*libera suffragia* 211), of course it would have chosen Seneca over Nero; cf. the *libertas dubia* (263) below.

¹²³ There is perhaps sideswipeage at Augustus’ own title of *pater patriae*, voted to him in 2 BCE: it did not count, because *libera Roma* did not say it.

¹²⁴ As Henderson 1997, 19 points, Marius is a good example of a common name monopolized for personal use.

stretch. After that, Marius' *unnamed* co-consul is awarded second place (253). The plebeian Decii are named, although the separate contributions of father and son are smooshed into a single mega-act of sacrifice (plus Cicero's unique third act of Decian devotion?).¹²⁵ Their role as perfect substitute, part for whole, restores the sacrificial logic of metonymy gone awry in unfree Rome's inability to name.¹²⁶ But as we go on, the redaction of proper nouns becomes truly dizzying:

ancilla natus trabeam et diadema Quirini
et fascis meruit, regum ultimus ille bonorum.
prodita laxabant portarum claustra tyrannis
exulibus iuuenes ipsius consulis et quos
magnum aliquid dubia pro libertate deceret,
quod miraretur cum Coclite Mucius et quae
imperii finis Tiberinum uirgo natauit.
occulta ad patres produxit crimina seruus
matronis lugendus, at illos uerbera iustis
adficiunt poenis et legum prima securis. (259–68)

Someone born of a slave maid earned the robe and crown and rods of Quirinus, the last in the line of good kings. The ones who loosed the locks of the gates and betrayed them to the exiled tyrants were the sons of the consul himself, and those who you'd expect to do something grand for vulnerable Liberty, something that Mucius might admire, along with Cocles, and that girl who swam the Tiber (then the empire's moat). A slave brought out those hidden crimes to the senators – and he deserved all that matron-mourning; but they get some lashes as their rightful reward, and the first legal chop.

No coincidence that the thickly fuddled language of this section 'refers' to an episode in the first incarnation of Roman autocracy. Even the 'good king' has to be approached with circumlocutions: *ancilla natus, regum ultimus ille bonorum*, anything but Servius Tullius.¹²⁷ In fact, no agents are named here: the *iuuenes* are left

¹²⁵ See Henderson 1997, 89 on this tightest of father-son replication.

¹²⁶ Yet the barbed line 258, excised by Housman and Courtney, puts holes in that argument. If that line were allowed to stand, Courtney's problem with the weird relative *quae* would turn into an opportunity: what better way to salute a crisis of referentiality than with a pronoun whose antecedents elude us?

¹²⁷ This moment is a prime example of how commentaries can stymie reading as well as facilitate it: Courtney glosses line 259 with the laconic directness of the philologist ('Servius Tullius', that is that), as if the text were just code needing a dose of plain-speakin' to set it right.

blank, as are the *tyranni* and the consul. The constellation around Brutus ('The Dumb One') of course has trouble finding the words. The young men are 'glossed' by a relative clause with a blurry subjunctive, containing yet another indefinite *magnum aliquid*, an indefinite which is itself glossed by another relative + subjunctive (*quod miraretur*), which folds into another relative clause avoiding a name (*quae . . . virgo natauit*), and making the substitution of river god (*Tiberinum*) for river trickier by applying a twisted epithet (*imperii finis* ?!). Of course, 'gloss' implies a confident explanation; but the *et quos* could also confusingly imply that the subject of this relative clause does not overlap with the *iuuenes* at all!¹²⁸ Mucius and Cocles get a look-in, yes; but this just underscores the nominal law of the section, which implies that the republic of Lucilian-level *libertas* was the only period in Roman history where names could be used with confidence, could be trusted to mean *full stop*. The final part of this scrupulously gagged story enacts the sinister *occulta* it recalls: just a *seruus*, some *patres*, *matronae* – and the baddies who come out on bottom only get a pronominal replacement *illos* (cf. Juvenal's promise at the end of *Sat.* 1, to fight the good fight *in illos*, whoever they may be). All Anon leaves us is dotted lines, x's and y's to cross out and fill in from our cultural stock; we, the narratological *delatores*, must name the names.¹²⁹ Make no mistake: the *illi*, *nobiles* well-known (although their names are polemically forgotten here), get their violent comeuppance. The anonymous slave (read: Anon?) leaks the secrets so that the offending *them* get the final chop. *Cave(te)*, *lector(es)*.

The satire stops beating about the bush with a banging shudder of evasion. Anon would rather the second person singular (whoever that may be) have Thersites as his/her father while being like Achilles, rather than the other way round. Thersites is of course a nice model here, a stooping, non-ideal icon for the conjunction of both senses of 'obscurity': he is of low birth, and he speaks

¹²⁸ Courtney *ad loc.* remarks that English would not use an 'and' here; but nor would Latin necessarily, and the negligible word works to cast the connection between the *iuuenes* and *quos* into doubt, as if they could be two separate groups.

¹²⁹ Cf. Chapter 1 n. 69. This elliptical turn brings Juvenal closer to the hard reader labour of Hellenistic tradition (see e.g. Ambuhl 2014).

(at least according to the snobbish aesthetic legislation of nobility) in unintelligible, indirect rumbles. Thersites becomes the spiritual parent of the oblique Anon – with the qualification that Juvenal goes one better than daddy by not telling it straight to the nobles' face, and not taking an Odyssean beating for his trouble. No, not this time. Anon unrolls the whole scroll of Roman history (in the name of the second person, whoever that may be) to reveal that the essence of Roman identity is just this motley, imprecision, obscurity:

et tamen, ut longe repetas longeque reuoluas
nomen, ab infami gentem deducis asylo;
maiorum primus, quisquis fuit ille, tuorum
aut pastor fuit aut illud quod dicere nolo. (272–75)

But even if you go way back, unroll your name all the way, you trace your clan from the infamous asylum; the first of your ancestors, whoever that was, was either a shepherd, or something I don't want to specify.

The indefinite pronoun comes back alongside the deictic (*quisquis fuit ille*) in a refusal to recognize, but it keeps getting vaguer, as Anon retracts ever further: not only will he not name the ancestor, but he will not even name the category to which he might have belonged (*aut illud quod dicere nolo*).¹³⁰ As we end up back at the beginning, in Romulus' safe-haven for low-lives, we remember what the name *asylum* means: *a-sylos*, safe from violence, 'not liable to reprisals'.¹³¹ So there was safety in the obscurity of lowliness, just as there is still safety in the obscurity of not-naming. Living in post-Octavian times, under Octavius, I mean Augustus *rediuuius*, Juvenal marshalls a potent satire eschewing proper nouns, revelling in another form of anonymity, a disciplined negation of names. If we unrolled this very scroll back to the start, would we find the name 'Juvenal' – *quisquis ille fuit*? Or a blank slate?¹³²

So *Sat.* 8 very much frames itself as a product of a Rome *not free*. In this world, nobility is a distinct disadvantage: a decaying

¹³⁰ As Uden 2015, 144 notes, another moment for the audience to step in and find their own answer (Uden's is 'foreigner').

¹³¹ *LSJ* ἄσυλος 2.

¹³² Cf. Larmour 2016, 33 on the literary meanings of *reuoluas* and *deducis*: 'tracing the *nomen* back in time is assimilated to reading one's way through the poem'.

6 Self(-Reduction, -Harm)-Minimization: Nobody Is Perfect

statue foreshadowing the end, a naked body in the limelight, a name that means you are known. Prestigious brands that earn you honourable and hair-raising mention. All the shibboleths of aristocracy only serve to attract all eyes, to focus the culture of surveillance on you. So try not to show yourself in public, refrain from naming; and – so the leap might go, in tandem with *Sat.* 1 – escape being named yourself. ‘Don’t mention it, and you’re welcome.’

6 Self(-Reduction, -Harm)-Minimization: Nobody Is Perfect

This chapter began and plateaued with characters who are – against the see-through cipher of Anon – all too ready to betray themselves through bodily revelation. That kind of anatomical publicity does not get you far in Juvenalian Rome. Lucilian Umbricius self-expels while even *shadier* Anon shows us what it really means to haunt the city’s corners; Laronia and the Gossip do better, but still fail to get it. Naevolus, the most clueless proxy of all, takes the wooden spoon; he has already said too much and sprung the trap that will kill him off, and his maladroitness shows neatly what Anon is doing right. All these characters disappear from Juvenal’s corpus. Among the many things that they have done wrong, a crucial element stands out in common: their satiric selves were far too public, far too identifiable, far too incarnate, to survive.

Along the way, we laid out Anon’s strategy with the body from which his satire emerges. We found that it was written out as much as possible, and even when it flashed forth ever-so-briefly, it was distinguished by the optimal degree of the generic and the interchangeable. Such severe restriction of poetic individuality is a key resource for coping with a dangerous political environment; suppressing the body is – at least in the bodily genre of satire – a shortcut to suppressing the self.

We then wrapped things up with the package of *Sat.* 8, which chained the public bodies of nobility to their overhyped names. The poetics of anonymity are buried also in this underground of obscurity (both social and linguistic). The commandment of *Sat.* 1

has been taken to heart: under the principate, thou shalt name neither thy neighbour nor thyself. Antonomasia grants asylum.

Chapter 4 will burrow further into this seam of self-concealment as it manifests itself – or fails to manifest itself – in Juvenal’s undertreated fourth book. Even in this most ‘personal’ heart of the *Satires*, we shall find the same message: anonymity or bust.

SHRINKING, SLINKING, AND SINKING

The last two chapters skipped freely around the first half of the *Satires* to show Juvenal doing his best to avoid us. These next two chapters will take a more disciplined approach to the second half of the corpus. We shall read satire by satire, book by book, to tease out systematically just what is happening within this stranger satiric twilight. The aim is to follow the unity behind Juvenal's dark twin, i.e. the less-loved later satires. While this poetry may feel somewhat different, I shall attempt to show how it fizzles with the same black magic we have come to expect from Anon's subtle pen.

The fourth book still languishes as his most underappreciated work, and is in special need of a good spring clean. Apart from the ever-soaring *Sat.* 10, the suite has traditionally sunk under the negative weight of *Sat.* 11, and still more that of *Sat.* 12.¹ But it is perhaps no coincidence that book 4 has been almost wholly consigned to oblivion – for I shall contend below that oblivion, neglect, and anonymity are precisely what the poetry generates. This chapter will furnish individual close readings of each poem, bundle them into a book-sized package, and bind them to the great process of self-concealment (backbone of Anon's unseen body).

I Satire 10

I.1 *Democritean Mediocrity: A Moderated Manifesto*

For many readers and much time, *Sat.* 10 has marked a significant discontinuity in Juvenal's oeuvre. With this fresh start, the satiric slate is wiped clean to make room for a new programmatic

¹ See n. 139 below.

spearhead: the great laughter Democritus.² For persona-followers in particular, this inspirational figure keys us in to the next Juvenalian character: a man who has abandoned *indignatio* and settled into retirement mode.³ But fixation on the role of anger in Juvenalian satire has tended to divert attention from other political and poetical streams swirling in *Sat.* 10. The poem, I would argue, is no flagship for new ‘persona’ horizons, but yet another way of pitching the anonymous voice. *Sat.* 10 confronts head-on the problem of ‘outstandingness’ in imperial (and, specifically, Hadrianic) Rome: it displays exceptional men only to show that violent death is their inevitable reward for excellence.⁴ Juvenal applies this implicit exhortation to safety across the board, such that his own satire becomes itself a poster-child of solid mediocrity. Let us open these questions with Democritus, who in the most literal sense embodies the manifesto – if only to make it a little too bodied, and a little too manifest.

Anon’s laughing philosopher emerges in company with his complementary rival, the teary Heraclitus.⁵ But their reactions to the world are not just equal and opposite. One is presented as much more ‘natural’ than the other:

iamne igitur laudas quod de sapientibus alter
ridebat, quotiens a limine mouerat unum
protuleratque pedem, flebat contrarius auctor?
sed facilis cuiuis rigidi censura cachinni:
mirandum est unde ille oculis suffecerit umor.
perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat
Democritus, quamquam non essent urbibus illis
praetextae, trabeae, fasces, lectica, tribunal. (*Sat.* 10.28–35)

² Democritus as programmatic figure: Eichholz 1956, 65, echoed in Tengström 1980, 22; Anderson 1982, 288, 340–61, Winkler 1983, 78, Musurillo 1961, 165–67, 175, Plaza 2006, 33–37. Hendrickson 1971, 42–45 makes Democritus into a model for *all* Roman satire.

Qualifications: Walker 2006, 44–51, Schmidt 1995, 136; Keane 2003, 273 (cf. Uden 2011, 187) shows that he is less autonomous in Juvenal than in Horace (cf. too Keane 2007b, 44); and Keane 2015, 119–45 is a brilliant exposure of how the Democritean shoe does not actually fit.

On Democritean laughter, see Halliwell 2008, 343–71.

³ Keane 2003, 269.

⁴ See Fishelov 1990, 374 on Juvenal’s ‘pragmatist’ as opposed to moral concerns. Cf. also Highet 1937, 498’s retitling: ‘The Dangers of Ambition’; Winkler 2009, 481 finds a ‘cynical quietism’ on the part of those excluded from political power in *Sat.* 10.

⁵ For the history of the pairing, see Halliwell 2008, 344–46; Lutz 1953.

So do you applaud the fact that one of the philosophers used to chuckle whenever he'd moved from the threshold, and stuck out a foot, and his opposing author cried? The disapproval of stiff laughter comes easy, to everyone: it's incredible where that moisture filling his eyes came from. Democritus would tend to vibrate his lungs with constant laughter, even though in those cities there weren't any purple-embroidered togas, robes, rods, litters, platforms.

The deep 'physiology' of the outbursts is familiar from Juvenal's earlier rants;⁶ but the charged element here is the *commonness* of Democritus' cackling versus the stand-out wondrousness of Heraclitus' sobs. We saw earlier that the famous tag of *Sat. 1* – *difficile est saturam non scribere* – both renders satire an inevitable response to external stimulus and makes it the easily attainable product of *anyone*. Here *facilis cuiuis* performs an equivalent task.⁷ Juvenal opts for this background laughter over the attention-seeking 'marvel' (*mirandum est*) of Heraclitus' perpetual flow. This moment effectively gives us an embryonic vision of a critical opposition: the safety of the nameless crowd (*cuiuis* 31) versus the dangers of individual excellence. Democritus – Mr Crowd-y himself – thus functions as a new signatory for Anon's poetics of anonymity:⁸ the street philosopher engaging in a process that is available to all in abundant supply, and attracts no special attention.

(Juvenal's) Democritus' reaction, however, stems from a fundamental *Weltanschauung* that ripples into the political realm too. Ever the atomist, Democritus casts a relentlessly reductive gaze over all human affairs, grinding mortals up into vulnerable matter like everything else. His encounters with men stock him with *materiam risus* – subject matter for laughter, but the word *materia* also indicates the bare physical lens through which Democritus studies the *occursus hominum*.⁹ Juvenal will also adopt this

⁶ Labate 1992.

⁷ Cf. Walker 2006, 45 on the 'compulsive' nature of both Democritus and early Juvenal. Admittedly, *facilis* is not all admirable here: see Keane 2015, 126.

⁸ Subtle unnoticed motion through the cityscape comes with the Democritean territory: 'ἤλθον γάρ . . . εἰς Ἀθήνας καὶ οὐτις με ἔγνωκεν'. 'I came to Athens and no one knew me'. (Diogenes Laertius *Life of Democritus* 36). He was also known as an inveterate traveller, and spent some time stewing in Egypt (*Life* 35) – a good itinerant compadre for Pythagoras in 15 (see below; Democritus was reputedly a big fan of Pythagoras too [*Life* 38]).

⁹ Making him an eerie forerunner of Henri Bergson's sense of humour (Bergson 1911); cf. the objectification at the heart of Muecke 1969, 220's irony. For *Sat. 10*'s heavy

reality-filter in the poem;¹⁰ but its political implications already stand out here. Anon makes use of the uncertain focalization of the scene – who sees the upcoming parade, satirist or philosopher? – to align his ‘view’ with that of Democritus. After reducing the contents of political office at Rome to so many meaningless emblems and objects (35), the satirist/philosopher then spies a motif that will become crucial in the satire:

quid si uidisset praetorem curribus altis
extantem et medii sublimem puluere circi
in tunica Iouis et pictae Sarrana ferentem
ex umeris aulaea togae magnaeque coronae
tantum orbem, quanto ceruix non sufficit ulla? (36–40)

What if he’d seen the praetor standing tall on his raised chariot, far removed from the dust of the heart of the circus, in a Jupiter tunic, donning the Tyrian curtains of a decorated toga on his shoulders, and an orb of a heavy crown so big that no neck could support it?

This praetor – literally outstanding (*extantem*) – attracts all the eyes of Rome. But there is a sense that all his artificial trappings are too heavy to bear, in the most spectacularly physical way: he wears (bears, *ferentem*) the ‘curtains’ (*aulaea*) of a decorated toga as well as the great earthly mass (*orbem*)¹¹ of a huge crown, so weighty that no neck could support it. This sense of political power (and general outstandingness) as insupportable burden will, we shall see, weigh heavily on the whole poem. The physical metaphor of weight informs the sum total of *Sat.* 10; Juvenal shows up what we thought to be solid matter as empty fluff, and makes emptiness itself the new target of human ambition. One of the central ways Anon reinforces this point is through ‘materialization’ of the body: exposing its constituent matter as being from the same perishable substance as the stuff of the rest of the universe.¹² *Sat.* 10 fixes on the neck as the site of this vulnerability, and we see the first *ceruix*

‘materialization’, cf. Uden 2015, 157–58. On the idea of a connection between Democritean ethics and physics, see Warren 2002, 58–72; cf. Halliwell 2008, 352, Plaza 2006, 126.

¹⁰ Juvenal’s adoption of Democritean eyes: Eichholz 1956, 65. On the Juvenalian habit of physicalization/literalization elsewhere, cf. Jenkyns 1982, 178, 204–05 – and in *Sat.* 10, 209–12.

¹¹ Cf. Uden 2015, 163. ¹² Cf. Uden 2015, 157–58.

here.¹³ While Anon and philosopher look upon this praetor at the height of pomp, the rest of the poem explains why they are right to laugh pre-emptively: for this weak neck will inevitably collapse beneath that great weight. Here wafts an early scent of the poem's main political message: make yourself light, keep your head down, or let your neck be chopped/broken.

And yet . . . as with all the Juvenalian avatars we have broken down thus far, Democritus is not without his blemishes.¹⁴ In the same crucially distinctive way, he is merely the latest in a long line of Juvenalian surrogates doubling as sacrifices. You might have seen this coming. Firstly, his body is drawn much too boldly to resemble the prudishly covered-up Anon:¹⁵ his frame is constantly erupting with the deepest of belly laughs, and his finger to fortune is an overblown public gesture. These cynic types were not ones for lying low.¹⁶ In this way he is no better than the moist-faced, hysterical Heraclitus; both philosophers are bodies in the world. Democritus, like his teammate, is also framed explicitly in motion, at the point where his foot steps over the threshold; this might not seem like an issue for our roving Anon, but for the fact that the rest of book 4 is so concerned in holing the speaker up in the cubicle of the domestic, careful not to put a foot outside, and sure to strip down and decontaminate potential threats on his doorstep (see discussion of Persicus below). This book is very much about *not* being seen outside. Democritus, on the other hand, is out of the house, on the streets, bumping into people (*occursus hominum*) like the Gossip of *Sat.* 6; he is participating in *occursus hominum*, not just typing out the *discursus hominum* in his office on the corner. This intrepid venturer is *out there*.

Then there is the sizeable stumbling block of Democritus' own 'outstandingness' in a satire where *summus* and *magnus* are not exactly adjectives in demand:¹⁷

tum quoque materiam risus inuenit ad omnis
occursus hominum, cuius prudentia monstrat

¹³ For necks in *Sat.* 10, see Schmitz 2000, 150–51, Uden 2015, 156. For absolute power as a burden for the neck, cf. Velleius Paterculus 131 on the projected successors of Tiberius.

¹⁴ For a fuller account of these, see Keane 2015, 119–45. ¹⁵ See Chapter 3.

¹⁶ Uden 2015, 149–51. ¹⁷ Cf. Keane 2015, 122, 126–27.

Shrinking, Slinking, and Sinking

summos posse uiros et magna exempla daturos
ueruecum in patria crassoque sub aere nasci. (47–50)

Then too he pinpointed butts of jokes in all encounters with men, and his good sense shows that distinguished men – the sources of great examples – can be born in a country of dunderheads, beneath oppressive air.

The rhythm of this satire shows repeatedly what kinds of fate such paragons of achievement can expect, even (especially) if you happen to be a big fish in a small pond, or a flower grown out of a pot of dirt. That may well be why Juvenal seems to rattle off a much more gingerly version of Democritus' cocky finger to fortune at the end of the satire:

ridebat curas nec non et gaudia uolgi,
interdum et lacrimas, cum Fortunae ipse minaci
mandaret laqueum mediumque ostenderet unguem. (51–53)

He'd laugh at the cares, but also the joys of the mob, even their tears from time to time, while he himself would tell a menacing Fortune to go hang, and give her a middle finger.

nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia: nos te,
nos facimus, Fortuna, deam caeloque locamus. (365–66)

You'd truly have no power, if we had good sense: it's us who make you a god, Fortune, it's us – and we put you in the sky.

I shall press Juvenal's final offering much harder below. For now, merely note the marked moderation from Democritean militancy. *Prudentia*, a quality unequivocally in Democritus' possession, is only hypothetically in 'us'; and telling Fortune she is a god of our making is a far, fainter cry from the rock-and-roll of Democritus' obscene 'up-yours'. Anon scales back the attention-seeking, performative fooling of the great materialist jester, and replaces it with his own forgettable, deflationary contribution. By that point, we know that behaving like a *summus uir* always ends in tears (not laughter).

Democritus' reaction and mode of viewing thus encompass an exaggerated form of the poetics/politics of anonymity that Anon will thrash out in the poem; a form that must be shrunk before being used. The Democritean way of seeing the world is useful, but his way of being seen by it is not. The satire's broad principle explains this: pre-eminence in any endeavour – wealth, political

power, rhetorical ability, military glory, long life, good looks – will always lead to a sticky end. The satire converts all these conventional objects of prayer into processes of unwitting self-sacrifice. What may not be quite so clear is the urgency of this message as spoken in Anon's own political climate. The poem affirms a politics of self-reduction illustrated through charged examples from imperial Rome; though Anon assumes the era-spanning view of the diatribist at the beginning, no imperial reader can have doubted that he was speaking to *their* world in particular – a world in which paranoia reigned with an iron fist, and eminence of any form was fiercely monopolized by the emperor himself.¹⁸ I shall discuss key examples in greater depth below. After grasping the message, we shall then probe Juvenal's application to the medium. Poetry is a pursuit in which it is equally perilous to stand out from the crowd. Anon must administer himself a dose of his own self-protective medicine: the fail-safe remedy of mediocrity.

1.2 *Suffocating Excellence*

Sat. 10's 'body' is book-ended by notorious examples from Rome's not-so-distant history:¹⁹ Sejanus arrives first, the lengthiest single exemplum in the poem, testimony to the violent consequences of encroaching too closely on the emperor's personal space; and Silius comes last, the neck so lovely that it was handpicked for marriage by Messalina (and thereby earmarked for destruction). While the poem's many other exempla, drawn from further afield, demonstrate the same pattern of pre-eminence, peripeteia, and violent death,²⁰ they are not so politically charged as these. In a general sense, Anon shows outstandingness to be perennially problematic, because the excellence you accumulate will always collapse and crush you; but, in an imperial environment specifically, there are

¹⁸ On Juvenal's contemporary point, cf. Tengström 1980, 40–53. On Sejanus as the more recent Septicius, see Ferguson 1987, 15; for Silius' contemporary flavour, see Nappa 2010, 203.

¹⁹ And fresh 'history': both stories featured prominently in Tacitus' recently published work. Syme 1979a, 267–68 puts Tacitus behind *Sat.* 10's Sejanus and Silius.

²⁰ Graphed in Fishelov 1990.

greater forces at play than mere impersonal ‘fortune’. Under the principate, the emperor steps into the role of *fortuna*. Excellence may be dangerous anywhere, anytime; but it is particularly so when one (paranoid, jealous) man is its sole proprietor, and when everyone is watching everyone else, waiting for that next neck to cross the line.²¹

Sejanus’ is the first neck on the block. He is a victim of the precarious power and ‘outstanding page of honours’ (*insignis honorum / pagina* 56–57) which plague the political elite; and, as we shall see, the last thing Anon wants is an outstanding page. But Sejanus is also the first victim of Juvenal’s Democritean gaze. The ‘number two’ suffers reduction to a statue, bursts into flames, and gets crumpled into a host of banal appliances:²²

quosdam praecipitat subiecta potentia magnae
inuidiae, mergit longa atque insignis honorum
pagina. descendunt statuæ restemque secuntur,
ipsas deinde rotas bigarum inpacta securis
caedit et inmeritis franguntur crura caballis.
iam strident ignes, iam follibus atque caminis
ardet adoratum populo caput et crepat ingens
Seianus, deinde ex facie toto orbe secunda
fiunt urceoli, pelues, sartago, matellae. (56–64)

Some get done by their power, which is subject to great envy, and a lengthy, distinguished curriculum vitae swallows them. Their statues topple after the ropes, then an axe smashes and chops the very wheels of the chariot, and the legs of undeserving horses are broken. Now fires start to hiss, now that head, darling of the people, blazes with bellows and furnace, and finally the sum result of that face, which once held second place in the world, is: jugs, basins, pans, pisspots.

Again, a line crammed with nouns reduces through merciless materialization: ‘Sejanus’ (man or statue)²³ may have looked a towering figure at one point, but he is easily dismantled into his component parts, nothing more than a flash in the pan (or pisspot). Sejanus breaks under the slightest pressure – and the bigger they are, the harder they break.

²¹ Cf. [Chapter 2.3](#). This is Tacitean through and through: for the dangers of prominence under the principate, see for example *Histories* 1.2, 85; and the complementary safety of poverty, see *Histories* 4.42.3.

²² The crumbling statue was a common diatribe motif: see Lavagnini [1947](#), 87.

²³ Cf. Keane [2012](#), 422–23; [2015](#), 133.

The focus does not simply narrow on Sejanus' fall; crucially, Anon is also careful to relay the snippets of suspicion, paranoia, and rumour circulating around this grand spectacle at street level.²⁴ No sooner has Sejanus been toppled from his pedestal than an anonymous voice in the crowd denounces him to another anonymous interlocutor. Anon canvasses the words on the street as they would be overheard in the crowd, without traceable bodies or names:

‘quae labra, quis illi
uultus erat! numquam, si quid mihi credis, amaui
hunc hominem’. ‘sed quo cecidit sub crimine? quisnam
delator quibus indicibus, quo teste probauit?’
‘nil horum; uerbosa et grandis epistula uenit
a Capreis’. ‘bene habet, nil plus interrogo’.

(67–72)²⁵

‘What lips, what a face he had! Believe you me, I never liked this guy’.
‘But under what charge did he fall? Which informer, which evidence,
which witnesses proved it?’ ‘None of that: a long wordy letter came
from Capri’. ‘Ok, no further questions’.

The textual conversation is difficult to punctuate; amid the low hum of the rabble, speech circulates without clear ownership.²⁶ But the caution and paranoia vividly leak out of the exchange: one voice is concerned to know which *delator* is responsible for Sejanus' downfall, and what kind of trumped-up evidence was brought against him;²⁷ the other voice replies curtly (and evasively) that those things had nothing to do with it, but the active ingredient was rather a ‘wordy and lengthy letter’ from Capri. In this case, the system of imperial spies is short-circuited by an obscure offering from the emperor's own pen; lucky for the interlocutor that there is no named *delator* for *him* to report here.

²⁴ Cf. Walker 2006, 72. The atmosphere reeks of Tacitus (cf. for example the story of Sabinus' entrapment, and the paranoia following from it, at *Annals* 4.69); we can only wish that his handling of Sejanus' downfall was a persistent background whisper for Juvenal here.

²⁵ I punctuate with Willis, Martyn and Knoche, who introduce a second speaker at 69–70 (*sed ... probauit*); Clausen assigns 69–70 to the same speaker as 67–69, but a sharp trade of dialogue is preferable.

²⁶ This is a moment of exception to Ehlers 1990, 177–78's rule that tracking speaker changes in satire is only difficult in Horace *Satires* 2 and Persius (see Feeney 2011, 85).

²⁷ See Chapter 2.2; Powell 2010, 243–44 notes the *delator* cast in a comparatively positive light here, unlike elsewhere in Juvenal.

The letter itself was notoriously indirect, addressing itself to a completely different name,²⁸ concealing Sejanus' fate within a long tract of convolutions. Here we see a Tiberian poetics of anonymity: just an unsigned letter addressed to someone else? Sejanus' *insignis pagina*, with his name all over it, is no match for this name-shy *grandis epistula*. The mere mention of the potent text is enough to terminate (incriminate?) the conversation and force interlocutor #1 or 2 (or 3?) into abrupt silence: 'OK, no further questions'. That wordy letter becomes a reminder that certain speech acts can kill, and that mentioning them can *get* you killed; a reminder, in other (but no further) words, to shut up.

These (or different) unknown conversers re-emerge soon after. Here the fear and menace exert even more direct sway on the crowd as the members rush to dance on Sejanus' grave:

'perituros audio multos'.
 'nil dubium, magna est fornacula'. 'pallidulus mi
 Bruttidius meus ad Martis fuit obuius aram;
 quam timeo, uictus ne poenas exigit Ajax
 ut male defensus. curramus praecipites et,
 dum iacet in ripa, calcemus Caesaris hostem.
 sed uideant serui, ne quis neget et pavidum in ius
 ceruice obstricta dominum trahat'. hi sermones
 tunc de Seiano, secreta haec murmura uolgi. (81–89)

'I hear many will die'. 'No doubt, it's a big oven'. 'My man Bruttidius was pretty pasty at the altar of Mars; I'm afraid that a defeated Ajax will exact revenge for being poorly defended. Let's run straight in there and trample on Caesar's enemy as he lies on the riverbank. But our slaves should see us, in case one of them denies it and drags their shivering master into court with his neck in a noose'. That was the contemporary gossip about Sejanus, those were the secret mutterings of the mob.

Again the conversation could be punctuated in a few different ways, and again this is part of Anon's point. Just as above the emperor's presence is only intuited (through a wordy letter) and not openly seen, so here the speaker must refer to him in vague terms:²⁹ he is afraid that 'conquered Ajax' might exact

²⁸ It was addressed to Macro, Sejanus' successor; see Dio 58.9. Cf. Tiberius' uncharacteristically speedy and direct epistolary despatch of Sabinus (*Annals* 4.70).

²⁹ Freudenburg 2001, 12 reads the crowd's flogging as an image of Juvenal's Domitian-bashing in book 1.

punishment for being improperly defended.³⁰ But these voices know how to buffer themselves against imperial reprisals: tread on Caesar's enemy like everyone else, and do it in front of everyone else so that no potential *delator* can gain ammunition. This section delivers the satire's second neck; and most tellingly, this neck arrives in a discussion about how to save it. To slip their necks out of capture and execution, these crowd members must merely tuck their heads in. The language they utter is part of this process of self-preservation: their speech is barely audible, no clear possession of anyone in particular, tied to tow the party line. *Sermones* is no mistake here. So this is what the free and easy 'chats' of Horace's (and before him Lucilius') time have become: evasive, *sotto voce* susurrations.³¹ Anon may claim to despise this fortune-following 'mob of Remus' (*turba Remi* 73), but his own anonymous and oblique speech will not turn out so different. Juvenal is more an average crowd member than a second-in-command.

From this murky cesspool of unattached speech, Anon moves back to a list of perks Sejanus enjoyed (90–95), which will become the layers in the multi-level structure that subsequently causes his downfall and ruin (104–07).³² Again the apparent advantages are concretized, heaped up and dumped unceremoniously on the one that briefly enjoys them. A metaphor of measurement is introduced to show the skewed balance of good and bad.³³ But it is more telling in this case that the metaphor is literalized as soon as it is made to measure:

sed quae praeclara et prospera tanti,
ut rebus laetis par sit mensura malorum?
huius qui trahitur praetextam sumere mauis
an Fidenarum Gabiorumque esse potestas
et de mensura ius dicere, uasa minora
frangere pannosus uacuis aedilis Vlubris?

(97–102)

³⁰ Bruttidius, orator and historian, is another showpiece for the dangers of public speech; the remote Ajax of his declamatory pieces will turn real, and turn against him. We also know Bruttidius wrote an account of Cicero's death (Seneca *Suasoriae* 6.20–21) – perhaps contrasting with Juvenal's anodyne treatment below? See further Ferguson 1987 'Bruttidius'.

³¹ Cf. 14.152; see Chapter 5.2.2. ³² Cf. Lawall 1958, 29–30.

³³ Cf. *expendere* at 147, 347.

Shrinking, Slinking, and Sinking

But what kind of prestige and prosperity is worth so much, if the amount of minuses equals the pluses? Do you prefer to don the purple toga of this guy, who's being dragged along, or to be a big deal at Fidenae or Gabii, and to pronounce on weights and measures regulations, a ragged aedile smashing up undersize vases in empty Ulubrae?

Here Anon weighs out the alternative to Sejanus and the verdict is 'the lighter, the better'. Rather than being – or fearing to be – dragged *in ius* like the anonymous speakers above, this modest official merely pronounces on insignificant matters of *ius*.³⁴ The legs of his statue's horses are not broken as above (60); our judge actively *breaks* up insignificant objects (*uasa minora* / *frangere*) but himself stays intact.³⁵ The complex is completed in Ulubrae's choice epithet *uacuis* – a high-status adjective in the satire. Anon implies that it is better to occupy empty space, dress in rags and break up pots, than to crowd your environment with potentially destructive objects, find yourself suffocated in a toga, and be ground up into other forms of kitchenware. If you are a nobody, surrounded by a padded space of nothingness, then nothing can hurt you. The Sejanus section grounds *Sat.* 10's general point even as it makes it *particularly applicable* to an imperial Rome that is so close, yet so far.

As of political power, so of good looks: the other imperial example framing the satire's series of exempla is Gaius Silius, a man who (indirectly) contributes another neck to the tally. This time, the example's relevance to the contemporary reader is explicitly inflated: Anon asks *us* to participate in the declamatory exercise of giving advice (*suadendum* 330) to the man Caesar's wife intends to marry.³⁶ The process involves an imaginative act of empathy between Silius and reader, requiring us to put our *own* necks on the line. Again, the dynamic of swiftly transmitted

³⁴ The preference for retreat to a small pond is traditional, but may (in the light of what is to come) also recall Cicero's wish at *Ad Atticum* 2.6.1, while he is at Anzio: *ubi quidem ego mallet duum uirum quam Romae fuisse*. (I would rather have been a *duovir* here than at Rome.)

³⁵ Cf. Persius 1.130: *fregerit heminas Arreti aedilis iniquas*, describing the kind of reader Persius would avoid (Harvey *ad loc.* notes the parallel); Juvenal here flips the topos to make this kind of life desirably safe.

³⁶ The whole satire is an example of the rhetorical *genus deliberativum* (see Tengström 1980, 8–9).

rumour bursts out as Juvenal tells us that *we* are done for, no matter what we decide:

quid placeat dic.

ni parere uelis, pereundum erit ante lucernas;
 si scelus admittas, dabitur mora paruula, dum res
 nota urbi et populo contingat principis aurem.
 dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus. interea tu
 obsequere imperio, si tanti uita dierum
 paucorum. quidquid leuius meliusque putaris,
 praebenda est gladio pulchra haec et candida ceruix. (338–45)³⁷

Announce your decision. If you don't want to oblige, you'll be dead before dawn; should you confess the crime, just a little leeway delay, until the facts are known to the city and people and make it to the *princeps*' ear. He'll be the last to know about the sordid affair. In the meantime, follow her command, if a few days' extra life is worth it. Whatever you decide is easier or better, your beautiful white neck has to get the chop.

If you deny Messalina, you will die before dawn; and if you follow the plan through, it will not be long before the Roman information superhighway delivers the news to the ear of the man himself. There is no real choice here. The spread of violence from Silius to the reader/adviser's own neck reveals something greater at stake here: killer good looks are not the only thing guiding you to the guillotine, but also, crucially, *what you say to the man* with killer good looks. The inside advisers to the top also go down among the collateral damage; their own spoken 'decisions', the sides they take, will reach the imperial ear along with the scandal itself.³⁸ And even if this advice is given in a declamatory setting far from the actual event, the words are still heard, and still matter.³⁹ Imperial victims are always potentially controversial topics of conversation, regardless of the emperor.⁴⁰ As the crowds that

³⁷ Willis accepts Nisbet's deletion of 342, but the line seems a perfectly Juvenalian piece of collateral targeting – and Claudius was infamous for being 'the last to know'.

³⁸ *elige* (329) and *dic* (338) speak to the audience: the real-time rhetorical drama must also implicate *us*.

³⁹ Rhetoric always speaks of and to its immediate context, sometimes dangerously: cf. Ahl 1984, 190.

⁴⁰ See Sailor 2008, 11–24 on Tacitus' management of martyr figures; on the dangers of becoming a martyr through writing about them, Freudenburg 2001, 220, Winsbury 2009, 141; though see Freudenburg 2001, 227 on the self-serving redemption of martyrs in the post-Domitianic dawn. This satire also gives pride of place to Longinus and Seneca, two victims of the Neronian terror, on which see Uden 2015, 154.

flocked to Sejanus' dethroning well know, what you say of, and how you react to, a particular action is as important – and as scrutinized – as the action itself; this is no less the case in Anon's time than it was in Tiberius' or Claudius'. The Caesars in this poem do not remain nameless for nothing (*Caesaris hostem* 86; *Caesaris uxor* 330). The dangers are systemic, the fears interchangeable, the declamations recyclable; and they are still (especially) valid under Hadrian. Be careful what *you* say about Silius; Anon would never be so imprudent as to take a side in this particular debate. Instead, he invites you to show *your* true colours.⁴¹ In this case, all publicity is bad publicity.

The Silius exemplum thus takes the Sejanus situation a step further: it is not only standing out, but the slightest hint of *proximity* to outstandingness, that can finish you off. For every direct hit there are also many casualties in the crossfire. The political point common to both anecdotes, however, is the need for complete self-minimization: much better to eke out obscurity in deserted Ulubrae than to command legions in Rome; much better to sport a few bodily deformities than flaunt the perfect looks that might endear you to the emperor's wife. Sejanus and Silius are towards the more contemporary end of the poem's spectrum of examples, all of which deliver the message that pre-eminence is a precipice. We have already intimated that the dangers of standing out are implicated with the dangers of speaking out. We now perform the post-mortem on another of *Sat.* 10's necks to probe how far Anon retreats to the cushioned space of mediocrity at the level of his own poetics. Anon does indeed practise the disappearing act that he preaches. This ode to obscurity does its best not to attract too much notice.

1.3 *Slipping the Noose, Dodging the Sword*

As ventured above, Democritus provides Anon with an overcooked model of subtle satire: this philosopher loses himself in the 'natural', and *common*, reaction to the stimuli around him; his

⁴¹ Yet another way in which Juvenal strings up the second person, as he does with many thirds: cf. [Chapter 1 n. 59](#) above, and discussion of *Sat.* 11 below.

poetic mentorship lies in his modest surrendering to nature's commands over Heraclitus' artificial waterworks; for now, he avoids the standard fate of 'excellent' men, displacing his own potential strangulation onto the threatening figure of Fortuna herself (*cum Fortunae ipse minaci / mandaret laqueum* 52–53). Democritus calls the violent shots, and becomes emperor of his own insignificant domain – and yet who knows when the elastic will snap back? All told, however, Democritus' 'poetics' are difficult to discern – partly because, polemically, he does not speak. His public displays are paralinguistic: uncontrollable laughter, passive observation, and crude gestures (*mediumque ostenderet unguem* 53).⁴² Of course no one could be threatened by this inoffensive madman born into a circus of idiots (*ueruecum* 50) – right? But satirists cannot have the pleasure of circumventing words; at some point they must write. And that is a dangerous enterprise.

This section will focus on Cicero, the poem's greatest speaker and bloodiest neck; but before we examine the wounds and their contribution to Juvenalian poetics, I shall briefly chart some of the clues laid earlier in the poem. After the introduction of the poem's general theme – prayers fulfilled and rebounding upon the pray-er – the first example of an apparent benefit/actual evil is nothing less than outstanding eloquence, surely no coincidence in this most 'rhetorical' of satirists:

nocitura toga, nocitura petuntur
 militia; torrens dicendi copia multis
 et sua mortifera est facundia; (8–10)

Noxious things are sought in peacetime and wartime; for many, the overflowing abundance of words and their own eloquence is deadly;

Juvenal earmarks early the idea that excessive rhetorical ability can be noxious – a theme explicitly resumed below. But it is also no coincidence that *copia* is chosen as the word for 'ability' here, spearheading a section on the strangulations of wealth (12–13,

⁴² In this respect Democritus wears Cynic overtones in the mould of Diogenes (cf. Diogenes' attraction to the concrete, Navia 1998, 55): see Uden 2015, 152, 157, 159–61, Rütten 1992, 41; Stewart 1994, 36 maintains that the laughing Democritus was a creation of first century CE Cynics. For Cynicism's body language, see Desmond 2008, 122–23.

cf. 25–26). Granted, *copia* with the gerundive commonly means ‘ability’; but the context of wealth-discussion activates its other sense of ‘resources’.⁴³ The translation ‘abundant wealth of words’ would not overdo it. Combine this with the other strand of the image – *torrens* – and we also have a perfectly respectable, perfectly standard metaphor for poetry (particularly in satire): the river, small-streamed or turbidly overflowing.⁴⁴ This sense of dangerous overspeaking, and excessive wealth of language, must be relevant for a satire and Anon warning against too large a quantity of quality. These lines are the first confirmation that the doctrine of ‘keeping one’s head in’ will apply to public speaking – and by extension, to satiric poetry – as much as any other sphere.

The second clue arrives epigrammatically at 22. Here Anon argues that it is safer to be dirt poor, for you have nothing to fear on that late-night walk.⁴⁵ In fact, you can afford to ‘sing’ in the thief’s face:

pauca licet portes argenti uascula puri
nocte iter ingressus, gladium contumque timebis
et mota ad lunam trepidabis harundinis umbra:
cantabit uacuuus coram latrone uiator.

(19–22)⁴⁶

Even if you’re carrying just a few cups of pure silver on your night-time journey, you’ll dread the sword and the club, and you’ll jump at the shadow of a reed in the moonlight: a traveller with empty pockets will sing in a thief’s face.

The verb *cantare* can be proverbial for indifference in adversity,⁴⁷ but again the choice rings of self-reflexivity: this is a poet-traveller hybrid. Fear of the sword in a poetic context will arise conspicuously with regard to Cicero (123, see below); of course Anon goes one better and does not sing ‘head to head’ (*coram*) with anyone. Finally, *cantare* emerges again at 178 – and here the sense is

⁴³ *Copia*, and *copia dicendi*, appear constantly in rhetorical theory, e.g. Cicero *De Oratore*, *passim*. The context of *Sat.* 10 here revitalises the dead metaphor.

⁴⁴ See Gowers 2012 *ad* Horace *Sat.* 4.11 and Freudenburg 1993, 158–62 for examples.

⁴⁵ Both Bellandi 1980, 70 and Uden 2011, 161 note the distance we have travelled from the world of *Sat.* 3.

⁴⁶ Willis, Martyn and Knoche print *et motae ad lunam trepidabis harundinis umbram*, ‘equally unsatisfactory’ (Courtney *ad loc.*), if not ‘poetically’: transferring the epithet from *harundinis* to *umbra* is much more Juvenal’s style.

⁴⁷ See Campana *ad loc.*

explicitly poetic. Anon is talking of Xerxes' miraculous feats *and* their canonization, in which process an obscure poet has participated:

credimus altos
defecisse amnes epotaque flumina Medo
prandente et madidis cantat quae Sostratus alis.
ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine relictā . . . (176–79)

We believe that the deep rivers were reduced to a trickle, and the streams watered the Mede on his lunchbreak, and whatever songs Sostratus sings with his armpits drenched. But what did he look like on the return trip after Salamis was abandoned . . .

We 'believe' (with irony) whatever this Sostratus figure recites, soaked armpits and all. Various interpretations of *madidis . . . alis* have been floated: Sostratus is drunk, or becomes an Icarus figure who 'wets his wings' in the ocean – among others. But I would float another: Sostratus is a speaking (ironic) name, from Greek σῶς + στρατός. While Sostratus 'the safe army' goes in up to his armpits, Xerxes, on the other hand (*ille tamen*) returns home in far deeper trouble. Sostratus' name vaguely insinuates that poetry, if done well (i.e. unremarkably), can keep your head just above water; a man with nothing to him can stay afloat (cf. *Sat.* 12 below). Perhaps he would stay even drier if he wrote, and spared us the singing part.⁴⁸

While these are brief subtextual glimmers, the poem's most conspicuous comment on poetics seems to reaffirm them. At 114, Juvenal introduces the Philippic pair of Cicero and Demosthenes: two orators who drowned beneath their 'overflowing spring of talent' (*exundans . . . ingenii fons* 119, cf. *torrens dicendi copia* 9). Cicero takes pride of place, and Anon makes no bones about dissecting another bloody neck:⁴⁹

⁴⁸ We might also catch background natter regarding another Sostratus, the famous architect of the Pharos lighthouse. This trickster was a paradigm of anonymity: he fixed Ptolemy's name on the outer layer, so that in time it would peel off and reveal Sostratus' own name underneath, as the truly enduring author of the wonder. Lucian mines this story as a fable for responsible historiography: save the truth for posterity, and keep yourself safe in the present (*Hist. Conscr.* 62 – see Zadorojnyi 2011, 118).

⁴⁹ Uden 2015, 156 is good on the twist here: the usual virtual reduction to a body part is made devastatingly literal.

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ingenio manus est et ceruix caesa, nec umquam
sanguine causidici maduerunt rostra pusilli. (120–21)

Talent chopped off his hands and neck; bog-standard pleaders never
moistened the rostra with their blood.

Cicero's way with words leads to his dramatic dismemberment; no substandard advocate would have stained the *rostra* so. Thus far the debate seems restricted to Cicero's oratory. But then Juvenal makes a surprising move towards his poetry – not just any poetry, but the regrettably (un)forgettable line from the *De Consulatu Suo* which had attracted contemptuous quotation since its genesis:⁵⁰

‘o fortunatam natam me consule Romam:’
Antoni gladios potuit contemnere si sic
omnia dixisset. ridenda poemata malo
quam te, conspicuae diuina Philippica famae,
uolueris a prima quae proxima. (123–26)

‘O how lucky you are, Rome, to be born in my consulate’.
He could've scorned the swords of Antony if he had said everything like
that. I prefer these ridiculous poems to you, godly Philippic of celebrity
status, the one unrolled after the first.

The line exhibits a slather of assonance and rhyme, but the main reason for its later censuring is the awkward repetition of a word ending in the subsequent word: *-natam natam*.⁵¹ Lelievre⁵² long ago recognized that Anon actually apes the effect in his next line, ending it *si sic*; such a move potentially infringes poetic decorum on two counts, both repeating Cicero's infelicity and terminating the line with a double monosyllable.⁵³ I shall argue below that this is not simple parody, but an act of ‘poetic sympathy’ with Cicero's mediocre composition.⁵⁴ Juvenal himself seems to be aiming to

⁵⁰ See Allen 1956, who proposes that the line became corrupted through parody.

⁵¹ See Quintilian *Inst. Or.* 9.4.41; Allen 1956, 138 itemises the other flaws.

⁵² Lelièvre 1958.

⁵³ Cf. the flat effect of *non est* ending 4.34, on which see Morgan 2010, 325; he gives a comprehensive survey of satire's programmatic metrical bristles (310–45). Is it coincidental that Quintilian warns against a succession of monosyllables immediately after he deals with the repeated syllable phenomenon (*Inst. Or.* 9.4.42) – and here Anon kills two rhetorically deformed birds with one stone?

⁵⁴ Contrast Braund 2009, 468's reading of Juvenal's Cicero: ‘[Juvenal] demonstrates the dangers of virtuoso oratorical display in real life while parading his own virtuosity in his satires’. Van den Berg 2012, 277 is closer to the mark, taking Ciceronian bad verse as a model for Juvenal here. I have to dissent from Uden 2015, 157, who sees Cynic invective *against* Cicero here.

recreate the inoffensive, unthreatening mediocrity of the *DCS*; better to inspire laughter and scorn (*ridenda poemata*) than achieve enduring immortality and fame, at the cost of an exposed neck.⁵⁵

More broadly, Juvenal's act of judgement is itself significant. Cicero's death was still, always, a live topic in imperial declamation;⁵⁶ and the Second Philippic especially became a charged node for Republican sentiment. As above with Sejanus and Silius, this particular theme – despite its remoteness – could not have lost its potential for controversy.⁵⁷ But Anon in fact cleans out the danger with his own anodyne treatment. The responsibility for the death is placed squarely on Cicero's words over Antony's swords.⁵⁸ No fierce Republicanism here; Cicero just had *too much* talent (except as a poet . . .). Anon also delivers a negative judgement on the controversial text itself: he prefers ridiculous poetry to the acclaimed Second Philippic (and note how both are cast emphatically as *texts*).⁵⁹ This is surely a political preference as much as a literary one. Juvenal dismisses the close political engagement and strident public criticism embodied by the Philippic; he would rather endorse the innocuous hexameters of self-praise offending nothing but good taste, and which probably did not get broadcast over loudspeakers to the whole of Rome. The basic message here is a recommendation of the safe road; but in making this recommendation, Anon himself takes that very road ('I shall have nothing to do with that Second Philippic'). The principle of harm-minimization is enacted in the uncontroversial judgement itself.

⁵⁵ Cf. Keane 2015, 137.

⁵⁶ Wilson 2008, 315–20, 323. Cf. Whitmarsh's (2005, 67) point about the rhetorical Demosthenes as live freedom-fighter under empire.

⁵⁷ Wilson 2008, 325 salvages declamation from accusations of frivolity; cf. Beard 1993.

⁵⁸ Cf. Wilson 2008, 305.

⁵⁹ Cicero's vision of history is highly textual in this speech where pens work as (well as) swords: *si enim fuisset, non solum regem, sed etiam regnum de re publica sustulissem et, si meus stilus ille fuisset, ut dicitur, mihi crede, non solum unum actum, sed totam fabulam confecissem* (*Philippics* 2.34). See Zadorojnyi 2005, 116. It helps that this speech was famous, too, for being circulated to a few trusted friends in writing, *not delivered* (see Ramsey 2003, 157–59) – until it exploded into wider circulation later in 44 BCE.

In Cicero, then, we have a clear link between Juvenal's poetics and politics of mediocrity.⁶⁰ We also note a solidifying practice to the poetics: Anon pointedly repeats Cicero's hexameter *faux pas*, and in the declamatory comparison of *DCS* versus Second Philippic, opts for the more ridiculous, safer choice. It remains to see how these principles are borne out in *Sat.* 10's conclusion: a place where Anon finally shrinks himself, and the ideal human, into less than nothing.

1.4 *Empty Advice*

As soon as Anon has made examples of Silius and of his reader, he sets off on an unexpected conclusion. After 345 lines of what not to pray for, he devotes the final twenty to 'positive' consideration of the opposite:⁶¹ what *should* a human ask for? Then Juvenal anticipates a likely audience question: so, humans will pray for nothing at all – *nil*? His first piece of advice (*si uis consilium*, never a good sign in Juvenal)⁶² is 'leave it to the gods'. Humans are not qualified to judge (*expendere*) real benefits:

nil ergo optabunt homines? si consilium uis,
permittes ipsis expendere numinibus quid
conueniat nobis rebusque sit utile nostris;
nam pro iucundis aptissima quaeque dabunt di.
carior est illis homo quam sibi. nos animorum
inpulsu caeco vanaque cupidine ducti
coniugium petimus partumque uxoris, at illis
notum qui pueri qualisque futura sit uxor.

(346–53)⁶³

⁶⁰ Winkler 1988, 88 maintains Juvenal satirized Cicero's poetic skill while leaving his oratorical skill beyond reproach (97); my reading inverts his. Anon could well be harnessing the brilliant mediocrity of another slammed poet here too: Cornelius Severus on the death of Cicero (Seneca *Suasoria* 6.26). There also Cicero's outstanding head is a problem (*egregium ... patriae caput*); and his face, hair, and hands are trampled (*proculcavit*) by the public (cf. the treatment of Sejanus in 10.86: *calcemus Caesaris hostem*).

⁶¹ The ending has been taken with variously sized grains of salt: ironic/humorous, Fishelov 1990, 370–71; 'serious'/philosophical, Müller-Goldingen 2006, 15; Uden 2015, 165–69 sees it as confirmation of the speaker's 'hard Cynic' credentials; Moul 2010, 124 points out that the preceding bulk of the satire destabilizes the ending. Fishelov 1990, 381 predicts another *negative* ending beyond the ending.

⁶² Cf. Chapter 3.4.

⁶³ I adopt Leo's *caeco* (MSS *caeca*) and Housman's *uanaque* (MSS *magnaue*) with Willis in 351, for the sake of chiasmus and theme (*uanaque* sits with the motif of emptiness elsewhere).

Nothing – so that’s what men should wish for? If you ask me, you’ll let the gods themselves weigh out what works for us, what’s good for our business; the gods will grant the most suitable things, not necessarily the finest. Man’s more valuable to them than he is to himself. Dragged on by the blind movements of our souls and stupid desires, we seek marriage and children from a wife – but the gods know what sort of kids they’ll be, and what sort of wife.

This is more deflection than advice; the advice is that you need no advice, for the gods know best. When asked for his ‘own’ contribution, Anon of course points the authorial guarantee elsewhere. But he then proceeds to contradict this deflection by saying that there *are* things to request. This input unexpectedly answers the question *nil ergo optabunt homines?*:

fortem posce animum mortis terrore carentem,
qui spatium uitae extremum inter munera ponat
naturae, qui ferre queat quoscumque dolores,
nesciat irasci, cupiat *nil* et potiores
Herculis aerumnas credat saeuosque labores
et uenere et cenis et pluma Sardanapalli.
monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare; semita certe
tranquilla per uirtutem patet unica uitae. (357–64)

Ask for a strong mind without the fear of death, which categorises length of life the least of nature’s gifts, which can take any pain, which doesn’t know anger, which yearns for nothing, and values the trials and harsh tasks of Hercules over the love-ins and big nights and pillows of Sardanapallus. I’m teaching you something you can give yourself; honestly, the only route to a carefree existence is through virtue.

All of these correct ‘objects’ of prayer are really gaps, absences, subtractions; nothing is a fitting target, for the ideal human needs nothing, disappears *into* an immaterial nothing. Such advice also renders Anon himself a redundant party.⁶⁴ We have followed him faithfully for hundreds of hexameters, waiting patiently for the secret; and in the end, that secret dissipates into nothingness, something for which we do not even need a satirist. We can give it to ourselves: *monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare*. When Juvenal is finally asked to say something concrete he retreats beneath vague

⁶⁴ Redundancy runs through Anon’s chequered history: from the aristocrats openly misbehaving in *Sat.* 2 (see Roller 2012, 303), to Naevolus’ self-betrayal, and onwards to the stopped ears of the impermeable household in 14. In various ways, Juvenal contrives to make himself low-impact.

gods and pale self-help principles.⁶⁵ Anon himself now ‘embodies’ the vacuity of the singing traveller, merely ushering us along to the obvious. He chants (writes) shyly in our face whatever bargain-basement street-level pop-philosophy springs to mind. We take nothing from him, for he has nothing to give (nothing to lose).

The sense that Anon has absorbed, and is now practising, the principal principle of the satire wins confirmation in the last two lines: a couplet whose near repetition at 14.315–16 and unsatisfactory form have induced some commentators to file for interpolation.⁶⁶ But what has managed to escape critical claws are the stylistic similarities between these last lines and the Ciceronian verse; Juvenal indeed seems to be aiming to ape the ridiculous mediocrity, even amplify it beyond its Ciceronian dimensions. The correspondences are too close for coincidence:

‘o fortunatam natam me consule Romam.’
Antoni gladios potuit contemnere si sic
omnia dixisset. (122–24)

‘O how lucky you are, Rome, to be born in my consulate’.
He could’ve scorned the swords of Antony if he had said everything like that.

nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia: nos te,
nos facimus, Fortuna, deam caeloque locamus. (365–66)

You’d truly have no power, if we had good sense: it’s us who make you
a god, Fortune, it’s us – and we put you in the sky.

Superficially, both gobbets refer to fortune; the force/goddess is a recurring theme in the poem, and it is no accident that the Ciceronian line contains the adjectival form of a word surfacing at key junctures (cf. 52–53). But the central similarity lies in the stylistics. Juvenal mimics the Ciceronian howler as soon as it is committed: *-natam natam* becomes *si sic*. The very same pattern is repeated in 365’s *si sit*.⁶⁷ 365 in fact redeploys both that stylistic

⁶⁵ For attempts to retrieve a ‘philosophy’ here, see Friedländer 1969, 30, Dick 1969 and Bartsch 2014, 237 (Stoicism), Highet 1949, 267 (Epicureanism), Hooley 2007b, 124 (syncretism of both).

⁶⁶ Knoche and Willis delete these lines with Guyet; I defend the point of the repetition at 14.315–16 in Chapter 5.2.2.

⁶⁷ Austin 1903 gives a full analysis of ‘cacophony’ in Juvenal. He finds forty-eight examples in total, much higher than other Latin hexameter poets; forty of these involve the more common repetition *–et et*. The fact that 3 (or 4, counting the Ciceronian line)

quirk *and* the bristly double monosyllabic ending (*si sic > nos te*). The peccadillo is a little more grievous here because of the abruptness of the monosyllables: *nos te* wedges together two pronouns without much warning, and contrasts with Juvenal's more common practice of inserting a conjunction or preposition as the first monosyllable.⁶⁸ Lines 365–66 also retain the thick alliteration of *m* and *n* (*nullum numen ... nos ... nos facimus ... deam ... locamus*), not to mention assonance of *a*. In addition, 366 reprises the internal rhyme of 122 (*fortunatam natam ... Romam > facimus ... locamus*). The factors collaborate to make this final two-line epigram a Juvenalian version of Cicero's unremarkable hexameter. Further 'proof' is that this major poetic misdemeanour frames the poem. The Ciceronian blemish can also be found in *Sat.* 10's very first line: *omnibus in terris, quae sunt a Gadibus usque* (another internal rhyme – albeit a common one – is also present in *omnibus ... Gadibus*). So Anon cordons off his poem with mediocrity, attaining safety through ridiculousness.

Juvenal takes the worst verse of the best orator⁶⁹ and programmatically adopts its cacophony to counter pre-eminence and enshrine mediocrity. But there is contrast in the content too. Cicero's line is also funny because of its hyperbolic self-promotion: Rome is reborn under *his* salvation of a consulship. The verse reminds us how tall a figure Cicero wanted to be in his Rome; it strives for exposure and publicity, makes *me* the active ingredient. The snippet was also censured for its flagrant self-praise in antiquity (Quintilian 11.1.24).⁷⁰ Anon by contrast has spent the whole poem chiselling down the self into a private space of anonymity; his message could not be further from the Ciceronian model of public engagement. Anon boasts no consulship. Instead, he works his way around the city as a flâneur-ish Democritus figure: simultaneously isolated and immersed, outside the crowd and of it. That last plural pronoun *nos*, so emphatically doubled, could even be Juvenal's modest answer to Cicero's

out of the 8 'proper' examples occur in *Sat.* 10 supports my notion of 'programmatic cacophony'.

⁶⁸ Other examples in *Sat.* 10: *ut te* (5), *nunc se* (79), *in ius* (87), (*ad*) *hoc se* (137), *ad quae* (144), *uel si* (204), *quae nec* (233), *quo non* (263), *et se* (327), *dum res* (340).

⁶⁹ Cf. Catullus 49. ⁷⁰ On Cicero's self-praise, cf. also Seneca the Elder *Suasoria* 6.22.

self-aggrandizing *me*. Anon's final lacklustre epigram speaks from the crowd, into which he – whoever he is – settles comfortably. This poetic self/creation does what it talks about: slinks into the background and escapes most notice.

Cicero embodies *Sat. 10*'s poetics and politics, indeed shows them to be two sides of the same debased/devalued coin. As both mediocre poet and outstanding politician-cum-orator, Cicero contained within himself the alternative lives of obscurity and exposure; he opted for the second, when it would have been far safer to stick to the first. Juvenal internalizes the lesson. His contribution to public life boils down to a written statement of nothing we do not already know. His crude, undistinguished poetry will not move the masses like a Ciceronian oration. But for that very reason, he can scorn the swords of Antony – even when Antony has long since become Caesar.

1.5 Neck Protection

Both message and medium of *Sat. 10* bear an implicit recommendation similar to that extracted in the previous chapters, but the links are now becoming clearer. Anon rejects the 'outstanding' life by recalling a barrage of 'outstanding' deaths, and instead propounds – and enacts – the evasive method in the poem's mediocre flourishes. Democritus becomes a new incarnation of an old principle: the philosopher stays out of trouble and takes the same 'easy' path ever followed by Juvenal's (difficult-not-to-write and not-difficult-to-write) poetry, but he doubles as the latest fall-guy surrogate who just cannot get it right. Anon handles potentially awkward Roman exempla (Sejanus and Silius) with magisterial neutrality, and through them advocates a spotlight-shunning life. Another potentially awkward exemplum – Cicero – comes to stand for the dual paired possibilities of public glory/gory death and ridiculed clown/survival; in both cases, Anon's sympathies lie decidedly with the latter. Let us now move to the next creation of Juvenal's happily intact head.

2 Satire II

Famam atque rumores pars altera consensum civitatis et velut publicum testimonium vocat, altera sermonem sine ullo certo

auctore dispersum, cui malignitas initium dederit, incrementum credulitas, quod nulli non etiam innocentissimo possit accidere fraude inimicorum falsa vulgantium. exempla utrimque non deerunt.

(Quintilian *Institutio Oratoria*, 5.3)

Some people call rumour and gossip ‘the verdict of society’ and essentially ‘the public testimony’; others call it ‘chat, with no clear author, initiated by ill-will, extended by cruelty, something that could happen even to the most innocent man through the fraud of enemies spreading lies’. We will not be short for examples on either side.

2.1 Dic tibi qui sis – *Or Someone Else Will*

After *Sat.* 10’s masterly self-reduction, *Sat.* 11 has a hard act to follow. As the poem bumbles onto the stage, mumbling its injunctions to self-knowledge *qua* good financial management,⁷¹ then moves unexpectedly into Anon’s own secret garden to give a sense of how he lives, it is difficult to trace how we ended up at his house. The shock of this new ‘Horatian’ voice is not readily neutralized;⁷² and within the present scheme of sustained self-concealment the jolt would seem even greater. Critics have muddled around the connection between the poem’s ‘preface’ (1–55) and its body (56ff.).⁷³ This is partly a reaction to the Juvenalian self’s unprecedented bursting onto the stage:⁷⁴ suddenly Anon professes to substantiate his moral principles with the example of his own house and habits. He is so relaxed by the end that he even flashes some skin. So much for self-suppression?⁷⁵

No chance: I shall argue in this [next section](#) that *Sat.* 11 defies its surface form by extending self-concealment into new territory.⁷⁶ The satire thematises identity as created through and resident in public words: who you are is a by-product of what you say, and in

⁷¹ On which incongruity: Plaza 2006, 240.

⁷² Adamietz 1972, 119 sees Horace *Sat.* 2.2 as one of *Sat.* 11’s primary influences. On ‘Horatianness’ here, cf. Plaza 2006, 238, Braund 1988, 186. Lindo 1974 plots increasing Horatianism over the corpus.

⁷³ See n. 89 below. ⁷⁴ Cf. Keane 2015, 150.

⁷⁵ Keane 2015, 24, 145–46 reads *Sat.* 11 and 12 as all about the satirist’s self, and it certainly looks that way; I hope to grate against that grain, till the bitter counter-intuitive end.

⁷⁶ Autobiographical satire can also be a form of self-concealment: cf. Rabb 2007, 175.

this Rome, someone is always listening (or watching).⁷⁷ Juvenal addresses the disjunction between public and private selves from line 56 – in effect teasing that we will never know his ‘real’ self, only his textually mediated version. Anon deftly controls language as an instrument for self-concealment by giving us a squeaky-clean, cardboard cut-out for our non-edification. The trajectory of the poem actually moves more towards the full exposure of the *addressee*, in line with *Sat.* 9, 12, and 13. What Anon sets up as self-revelation swiftly dissolves into a merciless uncovering of poor (rich) Persicus – the ‘friend’ whom Juvenal has invited over to escape the daily grind. The relaxation of the stringent conditions of self-erasure is mere ruse, as well as bait; Anon is too careful to betray himself, and instead frames his classic betrayal of another as an innocuous dinner poem. By the end of *Sat.* 11, Persicus is ruined, but the satirist remains in good anonymous shape. Let us attempt to spell out his magic.

2.2 *The Talk of the Town*

Sat. 11 begins with a flurry of names and the issue of public reputation. Atticus and Rutilus gourmandise in the same way but attract different judgements in the public eye; Apicius is also laughed off as a man who has lived beyond his means. These men – particularly Rutilus⁷⁸ – have become local celebrities, and Anon does not hesitate to relay the word on the street:

Atticus eximie si cenat, lautus habetur,
si Rutilus, demens. quid enim maiore cachinno
excipitur uolgi quam pauper Apicius? omnis
conuictus, thermae, stationes, omne theatrum
de Rutilo. nam dum ualida ac iuuenalia membra
sufficiunt galeae dumque ardent sanguine, fertur
non cogente quidem sed nec prohibente tribuno
scripturus leges et regia uerba lanistae.

(11.1–8)

⁷⁷ Among the audience, perhaps, an emperor known for curiosity and intrusiveness into private life. He even intercepts a wife’s letter to her husband, charging him with overfondness for baths and pleasures (*Vita Hadriani*, 11.6–7); watch out Persicus. On the monitorial culture of imperial society, cf. Bartsch 1994, 7–9, Whitmarsh 2001b, 255.

⁷⁸ Rutilus is otherwise unknown (Ferguson 1987 ‘Rutilus’) – could this be his first public exposure?

If Atticus fine-dines, he's thought elegant; if Rutilus does it, he's mad. What gets a bigger cack out of the people than a poor Apicius? Every dinner party, baths, square, every theatre is talking about Rutilus. As long as his limbs are strong and young enough for a soldier's helmet, as long as they boil with hot blood, it's said that he's about to sign the rules and royal words of the gladiator trainer, and the tribune is neither forcing him nor stopping him from doing it.

Anon claims that Rutilus is now on everyone's lips, a self-illustrating (and self-perpetuating) claim: for he is about to give us his own poetic *conuictus*, in which Rutilus is the first star, and occupies the first topic of the 'chat'. While the whole town talks about Rutilus, Anon reports some specific gossip 'in common currency'. *Of course* Anon is just repeating the general story plucked from the anonymous streets of Rome rather than inventing this *himself*.⁷⁹ *Fertur* is a pointed addition: this is not the *fertur* of the Alexandrian footnote,⁸⁰ but the *fertur* of gossip, rumour, repute, street-side *fama*. This frame of mere report over direct slander is an interesting moment in the history of satirist-as-gossipmonger.⁸¹ But it also puts one of *Sat.* 11's key concerns on the table: public reputation, the uncontrollable propagation of what people think and say about you when you become an object of circulation, whether in casual conversation, or satires. For Juvenal here flexes his ability to (in)vent and boost rumours even as he is 'simply' reporting them. *Fertur* is the omnipotent, ominous seal of anonymity; the greatest authority of all because ultimately unverifiable. Gossip is unstoppable once made public.

Public identity – what is generally 'known', or said, about one in public – is not only impossible to control once unleashed; it also determines the interpretation of one's actions. In other words, it governs the public reception of one's meals, not to mention the interpretation of one's words. Anon epigrammatises the point, illustrating with two very different names:

refert ergo quis haec eadem paret; in Rutilo nam
luxuria est, in Ventidio laudabile nomen
sumit et a censu famam trahit.

(21–23)⁸²

⁷⁹ Cf. the use of Naevolus in *Sat.* 9. ⁸⁰ Ross 1975, 78; Hinds 1998, 1–2.

⁸¹ On which cf. Harrison 1987, 41.

⁸² I read *sumit* with the MSS, as opposed to Willis' (Heinsius') *sumptus*: the value of Ventidius' name is derived from his wealth, for it certainly did not have aristocratic value (Ferguson 1987 'Ventidius').

Shrinking, Slinking, and Sinking

So a lot hangs on who's providing the same thing: in Rutilus' case it's luxury, in Ventidius' he takes his trustworthy name, and derives his reputation, from his wealth.

Line 21 should not be underestimated in a poem where Anon provides his own feast. He shows that behaviour will be judged by public perception of identity; it is not the content, but the *context* that matters. In Rutilus' instance, the meal is tagged as luxury; everyone knows what *he* is like. But in Ventidius', good name and good reputation are guaranteed by wealth. So who, rather than what, is a central question of the satire. What we make of Anon's upcoming meal, and upcoming words, will depend on what we make of the speaker – and this is where all his mystification pays off. He has kept himself under wraps for so long that we simply have no idea; no *laudabile nomen* to sign off with.

Anon urges his reader – whoever that is – to lodge that famous Delphic maxim deep: γνῶθι σεαυτόν, the ultimate advice, and ultimate device deflecting that reader from knowing Anon.⁸³ The motive for self-knowledge is strange in this case. Nothing nobler than prospective public embarrassment seems to be at issue:

e caelo descendit γνῶθι σεαυτόν
figendum et memori tractandum pectore, siue
coniugium quaeras uel sacri in parte senatus
esse uelis; neque enim lorica[m] poscit Achillis
Thersites, in qua se traducebat Vlixes;
ancipitem seu tu magno discrimine causam
protegere adfectas, te consule, dic tibi qui sis,
orator uehemens an Curtius et Matho buccae.

(27–34)

'KNOW THYSELF' comes from heaven, something to lodge and handle in your long-term memory, whether you're looking for a marriage, or wanting a position in the sacred group of the senate; after all, Thersites doesn't demand Achilles' breastplate, in which Ulysses publicly embarrassed himself; or if you're striving to defend a tough case, of great import, just consult with yourself, tell yourself what you are, a confident speaker or all huff and puff, like Curtius or Matho.

Thersites (aware of his limitations, and again the obscure hero – cf. above, [Chapter 3.5.2](#)) did not demand Achilles' breastplate, but

⁸³ Keane 2015, 154 also sees the Delphic tag as heralding games with self-revelation.

Ulysses did, and made a fool of himself: *se traducere* is to parade oneself in public, often in disgrace.⁸⁴ The reasoning is similar in the case of performance in court. Juvenal instructs us to ‘consult’ *ourselves* first, and admit to ourselves *who we are* – before everyone else can see who we are when we betray ourselves in public. *Dic tibi qui sis* is the Juvenalian equivalent of γνῶθι σεαυτὸν,⁸⁵ both hexameter endings are in close proximity and play off against each other. The distinct phrasing of the two maxims is important for *Sat.* 11 as a whole: the imperative to self-knowledge twists into an imperative to self-dialogue, and identity becomes something that one should keep firmly to oneself (Anon style; nowhere will he *dicere nobis qui sit*). You should decide upon yourself, share who you are with yourself, admit who you are to yourself, rather than become a Curtius or Matho (talk of the town).

Red-faced exposure is a concern for the remainder of this sinister introduction (we are still not quite sure of who speaks and who listens). Pollio exemplifies the man who spends until he drops, loses his status-marking ring, and ends up on the street with his finger ‘exposed’ (*nudo* 43). A key problem with this bankrupt humanity is its complete obliviousness to its public face. Anon sets out the usual stages of bankruptcy (46–55).⁸⁶ bankrupts borrow at Rome, spend big, then head for Baiae. But shame and shamelessness are uppermost here. These men borrow money, yes, but the real insult is their squandering right in front of their creditors’ (*coram* 47 – cf. below). They have lost their internalized shame, imagined as a literal departure of the entity/virtue from the city (55; cf. *Pudicitia*’s flight, *Sat.* 6.1ff.). This indifference to privacy makes for an easy target,⁸⁷ and Anon wastes few resources dwelling on it; people (such as Pollio, Rutilus) who expose themselves

⁸⁴ See *OLD* *traduco* 3 and 4; cf. *illic heu miseri traducimur* 2.159, *si tenerum attritus Catinensi pumice lumbum / squalentis traducit auos* 8.16–17.

⁸⁵ For Facchini Tosi 1979, 198, *dic tibi qui sis* and *noscenda est mensura sui* are the major unifying principles of the poem. Elwitschger 1992, 46 also sees self-knowledge as central.

⁸⁶ Willis teams up with Nisbet to delete *et . . . solum* (48–49), but I retain and read *iam* (Courtney’s emendation) instead of *qui* (MSS): no sooner does the creditor lose colour than the spendthrifts are *already* out of there. I also capitalize *Vrbe* and *Pudorem*, with Willis.

⁸⁷ Or one beyond Anon’s reach: cf. the interlocutor’s indifference at 14.153 (see Chapter 5.2.2).

in public are on the road to ruin well before they become bywords in satire (cf. e.g. Gracchus above). Or so Anon would have us believe: exposing people through the claim that they have already exposed themselves is a safe boulevard lined with alibis. Juvenal dispenses with these sitting ducks early on. His worthiest target in this satire will turn out to be his dearest guest, a man who vainly tries to maintain the separation of public good and private vice, and winds up the unwitting victim. *Sat.* 11 creeps slowly from general to specific, opting for the discreet approach to Persicus' jugular.⁸⁸ The first step is to offer self-publicity that does not betray a thing.

2.3 *Open House*

At 11.56 Anon drops what looks to be the corpus' great bombshell.⁸⁹ After satire upon satire of hard criticism punctuated by only the rarest mark of self, he finally offers to put that self on centre stage. At the same time he reveals that the 'you' of this satire has a very specific referent: Persicus. So Anon was talking over our heads the whole time:

experiere hodie numquid pulcherrima dictu,
Persice, non praestem uita <ipse> et moribus et re,
si laudem siliquas occultus ganeo, pultes
coram aliis dictem puero sed in aure placentas.
nam cum sis conuiua mihi promissus, habebis
Euandrum, uenies Tiryntius aut minor illo
hospes, et ipse tamen contingens sanguine caelum,
alter aquis, alter flammis ad sidera missus.⁹⁰

⁸⁸ Scholarship generally ignores this Persicus-centred approach; Jones 1990 is the exception, cf. Hooley 2007b, 125, Roman 2014, 337.

⁸⁹ Adamietz 1972, 122 downplays the conventional division at 55/6 to emphasize the satire's unity – but the shock is not so easily absorbed. Jones 1990, 163 identifies two separate sections: 1–55 a satiric lecture akin to *Sat.* 10, 56ff. a piece of extended 'ethopoieia'. On the problem of structure and unity, see also Facchini Tosi 1979, 189, Weisinger 1972, 228–29, Elwitschger 1992, 23.

⁹⁰ The text of 57 is recalcitrant (see Courtney 1967, 44): **Φ** has *uita et*, **P** *uitae et*, both requiring insufferable hiatus. I have chosen to print Leo's conjecture *uita <ipse>*: the pronoun is apt in a context posing the gap between (mere) words and (real) self. For further justification and alternatives, see Bracci *ad loc.*

Willis (with Heinrich) also finds fault with 63, but the gloss is permissible. What is more, Anon's unfortunate focus on the *death and apotheosis* of these heroes could be another hint to Persicus of the grilling to come: 'noble' guest will fall victim to his

You'll work out today, Persicus, whether I do or I don't match all this big talk in my life, behaviour, and affairs, whether I praise beans as a glutton behind the scenes, whether I ask my slave for porridge in view of others, but whisper 'cake' in his ear. For since you've committed yourself to be my guest, you'll have an Evander, you'll come as the Tirynthian, or the smaller guest, who still touches heaven with his high blood; one of them was despatched to the stars by water, the other by fire.

The distinction between public and private speech – and identity – is raised immediately. Anon guarantees Persicus that the promised dinner will afford him verification of whether or not Anon practises what he preaches. But the idea of a disjunction between the two is disquieting. There could always be a difference between high-sounding speech and actual life: 56–57 have helped sound the rallying call for pro-persona scholars everywhere, i.e. the discrepancy between literature and life.⁹¹ But while that opposition often appears as saucy poems vs. chaste life, here Anon introduces the opposite problem (common in satire) of rotten life vs. nice words: in other words, hypocrisy. In this discussion of contextually variant selves, Anon draws the problem around public and private poles. The word *coram* returns (same metrical *sedes*), but this time sits with *aliis* as the official speech (*pultes / coram aliis dictem puero*) in contrast to the guilty whisper (*sed in aure placentas*).⁹² This looks like a risky move: critics have been shaken by the gratuitous mention of hypocrisy, when the job of a satirist should be to build moral authority for himself, and at least one has sniffed a self-undermining moralizer from these clues.⁹³ But I shall argue that the satire turns this seeming self-betrayal into a first stab at *Persicus*' – not Anon's – character. The public/private gap becomes Persicus' own bugbear ... thanks to

hostile 'Good Man' (Evander) host – to be drowned, incinerated, flung up to the stars of infamy!

⁹¹ Catullus 16 is the *locus classicus*: see Clay 1998, 33, Mayer 2003, 66–68, Iddeng 2005, 95. Juvenal's moment advertises the inaccessibility of the authorial self in a similar way to Whitmarsh's Lucian (Whitmarsh 2005, 247–94; Whitmarsh openly invokes satiric persona theory [252]). My counterpoint is that *Sat.* 11, and Juvenalian satire in general, does not strive to *construct* a rhetorical self, but to deflect attention from *any* 'recoverable' self ('persona' or 'real'). Persona theory implies a visible 'mask' layer between author and reader; Juvenalian satire merely gives us a black hole.

⁹² *Dicto* often involves the notion of composition through dictation to a slave (Winsbury 2009, 87); *coram aliis dictare* is effectively what published poetry *is*.

⁹³ Walker 2006, 89.

Juvenal's snakelike revelations throughout *Sat.* 11. Besides this, the lines also flaunt Anon's own ability to escape notice (and censure). We will never know what he whispers. All we can judge him by is what he gives us: a preciously frugal, and spotless, banquet of the self.

Anon is free to make a meal of himself – and this meal will be served in words. The courses are delivered to Persicus' ear: *fercula nunc audi nullis ornata macellis*.⁹⁴ Here, in this short preface to the meal itself – which will consume surprisingly little of *Sat.* 11 – we catch a first glimpse of Anon's approach: a definition of dinner through the negative, shaping his bland meal into an oblique attack on all things luxurious (Persican). And what the courses are *not* (*nullis ornata macellis*) is no coincidence. The *macellum* appeared earlier as the breeding ground for the *creditor*:

multos porro uides, quos saepe elusus ad ipsum
creditor introitum solet expectare *macelli*,
et quibus in solo uiuendi causa palato est. (9–11)

You see a lot like that – those whom their often-dodged creditor usually waits for at the very entrance to the market, for whom the *raison d'être* is the palate alone.

So Juvenal signals from the outset that he has nothing to do with *that* kind of market. But – as we shall see increasingly as the poem nets its prey – the claim *nullis ornata macellis* doubles as a sideswipe at Persicus, himself a man inclined to luxury. The implicit force and subtext becomes 'listen (for a change) to some courses (for once) *not* seasoned with market produce – *not* the kind of thing you are accustomed to, O Persian one'. This pattern of opposition between what Anon will provide, and what he will not (= what Persicus *would have* served in his own home), surfaces over and over – but only becomes fully detectable in retrospect, after the poem's searing denouement (discussed below).

After this promise of no-frills rehearsal, Juvenal proceeds to give the details of the menu:

de Tibertino ueniet pinguissimus agro
haedulus et toto grege mollior, inscius herbae
necdum ausus uirgas humilis mordere salicti,

⁹⁴ For the market motif, cf. Martial *Ep.* 5.78, and Gowers 1993b, 250 on the connection.

qui plus lactis habet quam sanguinis, et montani
 asparagi, posito quos legit uilica fuso.
 grandia praeterea tortoque calentia feno
 oua adsunt ipsis cum matribus, et seruatae
 parte anni quales fuerant in uitibus uuae,
 Signinum Syriumque pirum, de corbibus isdem
 aemula Picenis et odoris mala recentis
 nec metuenda tibi, siccatum frigore postquam
 autumnum et crudi posuere pericula suci. (65–76)

Now hear the dishes – they’re garnished by no market. A fat little kid will come from the Tiburtine farm, softer than the flock combined, which hasn’t met the grass, and hasn’t yet dared to snap at the low shoots of willow, which has more milk than blood in it; and mountain asparagus, which the bailiff’s wife has picked after she’s done with her spinning. There’s more: big eggs will be there, warmed in the twisted hay, along with their mothers themselves; and grapes preserved for a part of the year, as good as they had been on the vine; Signian and Syrian pears, and in the same baskets apples of appetising aroma to rival ones from Picenum, and you needn’t be afraid, their autumn juice has been dried out by the cold, and they’ve lost the dangers of being unripe.

Despite some attempts to fault the produce,⁹⁵ the items seem inoffensive enough (even monochrome). The most striking aspect of this meal, in fact, is how quickly it is all over. The invitation-poem genre to which *Sat.* 11 gestures, if not directly belongs,⁹⁶ trains us to expect the meal as the main event. But it soon becomes evident that the food will not be focal;⁹⁷ it barely survives twelve lines before Anon seeks the greener pastures of early Rome romanticizing (77ff.). Again, this structure will become a basic unit of the poem: Anon provides uninteresting snippet of self before deflecting attention onto luxury.⁹⁸ The description of the meal proper thus terminates promptly – but not without a strange touch that has survived largely unremarked. The last two lines instruct Persicus not to be afraid (*nec metuenda tibi*) of the apples

⁹⁵ Gowers 1993b, 200–01, 228; Jones 1990, 162–63 finds ‘effete health food’. Cf. Jones 1983, 105.

⁹⁶ Adamietz 1972, 118–21, 159 says *Sat.* 11 takes formal elements from the invitation poem genre without gaining membership proper; cf. Edmunds 1982, 185. On *Sat.* 11’s play with the genre, see also Facchini Tosi 1979, 180–88.

⁹⁷ Nor is the food ‘unique’ (cf. below), sprinkled as it is with Horace (Jenkyns 1982, 164).

⁹⁸ Sometimes the pattern is reversed, from luxury to brief self-modesty (e.g. 120–35): but the key point is the *brevity*. Cf. Keane 2015, 156–57 on the meal delivered primarily through negation.

offered him, for they have shed the ‘dangers’ (*pericula*) of unripe juice. This is jumpy language for a casual dinner party offer.⁹⁹ It may be the beginning of some subtle psychological warfare, playing to Persicus’ paranoia about poisoning – which, we recall from 10.25–27, all rich men have on their mind. At the very least, fear and danger do not exactly whet the appetite.

The satire no sooner alights on Anon’s self-service than it flies off again into a conventional celebration of primitive simplicity, and this psychological terrorism survives into the long disquisition on early Rome that follows his minuscule banquet. The shame culture is characterized by panic and surveillance as much as nobler living:

cum tremere autem Fabios durumque Catonem
et Scauros et Fabricium, rigidique seueros
censoris mores etiam collega timeret,
nemo inter curas et seria duxit habendum
qualis in Oceani fluctu testudo nataret,
clarum Troiugenis factura et nobile fulcrum;
sed nudo latere et paruis frons aerea lectis
uile coronati caput ostendebat aselli,
ad quod lasciui ludebant ruris alumni. (90–98)

But when men shivered at the Fabii and harsh Cato, the Scauri and Fabricius, and even the colleague of the tough censor feared his strict conduct, no one considered it important or serious what sort of tortoise was swimming in the Ocean waves, to make an illustrious and noble bedpost (!) for the Troy-born; the bronze front of a small bed with plain sides showed a cheap head of a garlanded donkey, and the cheeky country kids would frolick around that.

The proto-satirist censor figures keep close watch over the populace, which is why tortoise-mining for luxury products was no matter of concern then. In fact, indifference to the frills of art was the norm, so much so that the early Roman soldier broke up Greek *objets d’art* and reformed them into military masterpieces:

tunc rudis et Graias mirari nescius artes
urbibus euersis praedarum in parte reperta
magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles,

⁹⁹ The promise of a relaxed space to let one’s guard down is a staple of the invitation genre (cf. Pliny *Ep.* 1.15: *potes adparatus cenare apud multos, nusquam hilarius simplicius incautius*). But Juvenal’s language of alarm bells puts the addressee on his guard.

ut phaleris gauderet equus caelataque cassis
 Romuleae simulacra ferae mansuescere iussae
 imperii fato, geminos sub rupe Quirinos
 ac nudam effigiem in clipeo uenientis et hasta
 pendentisque dei perituro ostenderet hosti. (100–107)¹⁰⁰

Then the soldier, uncouth and without background as an aficionado of Greek art, would smash up cups made by famous craftsmen, if they happened to be uncovered from part of the booty of sacked towns, so that his horse might enjoy the frills, and his shield might be engraved with images: of Romulus' beast commanded to grow tame by the march of empire, the twin Quirini under the rock, and a profile of the god angling down, bare naked under his shield and spear. To flash these at his *enemy* as he fell.

In the grand tradition of ecphrasis,¹⁰¹ the images on the helmet make larger points here. Their peacetime flavour – the wolf gone soft, the brothers Quirini beneath the rock, the god Mars on his way down to earth, naked beneath his armour and equipped for an exercise in not war but love – demonstrates the soldier's unconcern for all things ornamental; his arms bear contextually inappropriate illustrations, yet he gets on with the job of killing. At a wider scope, however, the idea of violence sweetened by a front of disarmament also models the relationship between speaker and addressee in the poem: Anon himself, aligned with the soldier in nonchalance towards the decorative arts, also presents seductively peaceful images to his *hospes/hostis* Persicus even as he strikes the fatal blow. Juvenal has Persicus in his talons and is poised to strike. *Perituro* is a significant link, for it hauls us back to that other near death of a gourmand's cash in 17–18 (cf. also *frangebat, fracta*),

ergo haut difficile est *perituram* arcessere summam
 lancibus oppositis uel matris imagine *fracta* (17–18)

So it's not hard to acquire a sum that'll disappear in a flash, by pawning dishes or breaking up the statue of your mother

as well as forward, since a similar collocation applies to Persicus' own house towards the end:

¹⁰⁰ Most editors supply the preposition *in* before *clipeo* to bring the text into line with the usual iconography of Mars visiting Rhea Silvia (i.e. naked, but still with shield and spear; see Courtney, Bracci *ad loc.*): even in peacetime mode, Mars is never *fully* disarmed (watch your back, Persicus).

¹⁰¹ For ecphrasis as 'mise-en-abyeme', see for example Becker 1995, 4–5 and *passim*.

Shrinking, Slinking, and Sinking

pone domum et seruos et quidquid *frangitur* illis
aut *perit*, ingratos ante omnia pone sodalis. (191–92)

Put aside your house and slave staff and whatever's been broken or lost on their watch; and most of all, forget your ungrateful friends.

The latter occurrence bolsters the poem's subtext that Persicus is indeed one of those market-dwelling gourmet addicts discussed in the opening attack. But here, at the poem's (and *book's*) precise midpoint (again urging us to read these images in the proudest tradition of programmatic ecphrasis),¹⁰² we have another clue that relations between Anon and invitee are not so robust after all; once again, this *hospes* could actually seem rather more like a *hostis* admitted into Juvenal's home as a fly into a spiderweb. Anon shows off (*ostenderet*) his homewares only to lull the target and distract from his real task: killing Persicus ever so softly.

The hints slowly gain in momentum. Anon next sums up the difference between ancient and modern use of materials. The early Romans did have silver, but its use was confined to military affairs: *argenti quod erat solis fulgebat in armis* (109). Juvenal then takes a subtle dig at Persicus himself: *omnia tunc quibus inuideas, si liuidulus sis* (110). The conditional of course falls short of open accusation, but there must be a barb in the implication that the addressee might experience envy at these things. At first, the source of envy seems to be the superior simplicity of the ancestral ruffians; but the joke must also be that Persicus would envy them *simply* because they *had* silver, not because they used it 'more correctly'. A wealthy shopaholic such as Persicus would always stare covetously at another's possessions.

Another well-padded jab arrives in the midst of Anon's objections to the contemporary rich's taste for luxurious furniture over foodstuff itself. These rich men feel appetite for the wrong things, and Juvenal is correspondingly wary towards the haughty guest:

hinc surgit orexis,
hinc stomacho uires; nam pes argenteus illis,
anulus in digito quod ferreus. ergo superbum
conuiuium caueo, qui me sibi comparat et res

¹⁰² On these kinds of 'medial' ecphrases in Virgil, see Thomas 1983, 180–81. This may be another streak to *Sat.* 11's Virgilian colours (see n. 112 below).

despicit exiguas. adeo nulla uncia nobis
 est eboris, nec tessellae nec calculus ex hac
 materia, quin ipsa manubria cultellorum
 ossea. non tamen his ulla umquam obsonia fiunt
 rancidula aut ideo peior gallina secatur. (127–35)

This is where appetite swells from, this is where the stomach gets its strength: a silver tablefoot for them is tantamount to an iron ring on their finger. That's why I'm suspicious of the sniffety guest, who compares me with himself, and turns his nose up at my modest property. To the point that I don't have an ounce of ivory – no dice, no abacus made of the stuff, and even my knife handles are bone-based. But none of the victuals turn rotten because of it, and the chicken that's cut isn't any the worse for it.

The ring motif (*anulus in digito*) binds the rich here to the bankrupts of 43 (*anulus, et digito*). But by now we are catching stronger tip-offs that this large category of dissolute luxury-mongers includes Persicus himself, a haughty guest who, we remember, is invited into the house looking like Hercules or Aeneas to Juvenal's humble Evander (61–62); the asymmetry of poor host/rich guest inevitably maps onto the speaker/addressee relationship. In addition, the pronoun *nobis* begins to take on a specific meaning through implicit contrast: this is *my* house as opposed to *yours*; it contains no ivory, unlike *yours*. Again, the pattern of negative definition is revealing: what Juvenal does *not* have implies what Persicus *does* have. We shall see this denial-as-covert-assault snowball as the satire moves towards its final damning revelations.

Anon next promises the absence of a distinguished carver, prompted to a discussion of his domestic staff by the topic of chicken-carving. The picture of 'Dr. Trypherus' college' follows on from the satire's growing stock of misused materials and confusing mimetic effects;¹⁰³ an 'elmwood dinner' (*ulmea cena*) is another sign of how awry modern stomachs have really gone in carving/craving inedibles. But these lines also contain one of *Sat.* 11's keywords, thus echoing the denunciations of Persicus through a subtle nexus:

¹⁰³ Cf. 93–95 and 120–27. The satire trades constantly in these commercial 'metamorphoses'.

Shrinking, Slinking, and Sinking

sed nec structor erit cui cedere debeat omnis
pergula, discipulus Trypheri doctoris, apud quem
sumine cum magno lepus atque aper et pygargus
et Scythicae uolucres et phoenicopterus ingens
et Gaetulus oryx hebeti *lautissima* ferro
caeditur et tota sonat ulmea cena Subura. (136–41)

There'll be no carver whom the whole chef school should come second to, no disciple of Dr Trypherus, at whose place they carve the following menu with a blunt sword: hare with a huge chunk of sow's udder, boar, gazelle, Scythian game, a massive flamingo, Gaetulian antelope, all elegant stuff. And the elmwood feast echoes through the whole Subura.

The adjective *lautus* appears in the first line of the satire, a euphemistic tag for Atticus the lavish diner. So its recurrence in the superlative is already marked. But *lautissimus* is a rarity in Juvenal (only three instances),¹⁰⁴ and it just so happens that the first instance falls in *Sat.* 3. There it describes a familiar name:

meliora ac plura reponit
Persicus orborum *lautissimus* et merito iam
suspectus tamquam ipse suas incenderit aedes. (3.220–22)

Persicus, the most elegant of the childless crew, restores more and better property, and it's now suspected that he himself burnt down his buildings (and rightly so).

Some commentators exclude the possibility that our Persicus in 3.221 has anything to do with our Persicus in 11;¹⁰⁵ but the connection is too close to ignore. Juvenal often redeploys characters for a second use (cf. Crispinus in 1 and 4) – so it could easily be the case that *Sat.* 11's Persicus is an expansion of *Sat.* 3's namesake: the most elegant of the childless, duly suspected of burning down his house for profit. He escaped with a minor mention in *Sat.* 3, but now Anon returns for another shot.

With this Persicus in mind, Juvenal continues the insinuations. As he describes his slaves, there is a sense that his anti-promises, the promises of what slaves Persicus will *not* find in Juvenal's house, are geared less to self-definition than to unmasking Persicus' own expectations:

¹⁰⁴ 3.221, 7.175, 11.140.

¹⁰⁵ Courtney denies the resemblance (cf. Ferguson 1987 'Persicus'), but cites Friedländer (*ad* 58) on the name's rarity. Larmour 2016, 259 n. 73 is more positive about the connection.

plebeios calices et paucis assibus emptos
 porriget incultus puer atque a frigore tutus,
 non Phryx aut Lycius [non a mangone petitus
 quisquam erit et magno]: cum posces, posce Latine. (145–48)¹⁰⁶

A slave boy – simply dressed, enough to ward off the cold – will hand out plebeian cups which were bought for a bit of spare change. He's no Phrygian or Lycian: when you ask for something, ask in Latin.

Persicus (the peachy Persian) has to be told how to conduct himself at this simple dinner: no Greek, just pure Latin. The implication is that Persicus is so immersed in his foreign imports that he will naturally revert to Greek when dealing with the servants. If Persicus must be told, then he must practise the luxury routinely condemned throughout the satire. Once we are attuned to the possibility that the moralizing poles of luxury/simplicity form a general frame for a specific attack on *Persicus*, Anon's obsessive focus on his banquet's gaps becomes much more pointed. The kind of slave not found in Juvenalian surroundings, for example, indirectly unveils what a *Persican* slave must look like –

nec pupillares defert in balnea raucus
 testiculos, nec uellendas iam praebuit alas,
 crassa nec opposito pauidus tegit inguina guto. (156–58)

And he doesn't lug his teenage nuts into the baths, his voice broken, nor has he yet offered his armpits to be plucked, nor does he sheepishly cover up his thick cock by putting an oil flask on top.

– a connection which finally coalesces in Juvenal's exposure of Persicus' own indulgent bath habits at the end, where the baths are again in place (*in balnea* in same *sedes*):

iam nunc in balnea salua
 fronte licet uadas, quamquam solida hora supersit
 ad sextam. (204–06)

You can already head to the baths without a worry, even though it's a good hour till midday.

¹⁰⁶ I share Willis' and Knoche's suspicion of 147–48 (*non . . . magno*). Clausen prints (as Courtney later suggests) . . . *Lycius, non a mangone petitus quisquam erit: in magno cum posces, posce Latine*. But Courtney's reason for emending *et magno* to *in magno* is fairly weak: the issues of foreign origin and expense are inseparable (*pace* Nisbet 2009, 57).

Verbal correspondences work discreetly and retroactively in *Sat.* 11, allowing us to build a Persicus through an accumulation of nudges, winks, and nods. What may seem minor signals as they first occur grow major through magnifying hindsight; such suspense as to the precise nature of the target fosters the same paranoia and suspicion that pervades Juvenalian satire, and will scream at shrill pitch in *Sat.* 13.

The inferential construction of Persicus escalates from 162, where Anon moves on to the sort of entertainment not to appear *chez* Juvenal. Here the language of ‘expectation’ becomes more explicit:

forsitan *expectes* ut Gaditana canoro
incipiant prurire choro plausuque probatae
ad terram tremulo descendant clune puellae,
[spectant hoc nuptae iuxta recubante marito
quod pudeat narrare aliquem praesentibus ipsis.]
inritamentum ueneris languentis et acres
ramitis urticae [maior tamen ista uoluptas
alterius sexus]; magis ille extenditur, et mox
auribus atque oculis concepta urina mouetur.

(162–70)¹⁰⁷

Maybe you’re looking forward to Spanish stripshows starting to tease you with their song and dance, and the girls shuffling to the ground in a vigorous twerk, egged on by applause. It’s an incitement to listless lust, and a sharp prod to the engorged cock vein; it’s more and more erect, and soon the banked up spunk is released by the sounds and sights.

Forsitan expectes, though framed as speculation akin to *si liuidulus sis*, clearly implies that Persicus *does* expect such Spanish titillation.¹⁰⁸ The vivid description holds out these enticing visuals for a drooling Persicus to slip up on his own saliva.¹⁰⁹ Indeed, Anon dwells on the details of these party performances for an inordinate amount of time.¹¹⁰ Even when he appears to shift

¹⁰⁷ Willis banishes the lot of 165–70, at Ribbeck’s beck; but it provides a deliciously detailed window onto Persicus’ lifestyle. I print Housman’s conjecture *ramitis* instead of *diuitis*, for extra juice.

¹⁰⁸ Cf. Keane 2015, 157. Contrast the detail at Martial *Ep.* 5.78.26: no incriminating ‘expectation’ of addressee there.

¹⁰⁹ Cf. Jones 2001, 132.

¹¹⁰ A fact also attributed to Anon’s self-deflating moralizing (Walker 2006, 93); cf. Gowers 1993b, 255 on Martial’s similar disclaimer.

towards talk of what Persicus can expect at his place (*non capit has nugas humilis domus* 171), he immediately reverts to the pornographic material, and to the kind of man who *would* sign up for such filth (for *ille* and *qui* read ‘Persicus’):

audiat ille

testarum crepitus cum uerbis, nudum olido stans
fornice mancipium quibus abstinet, ille fruatur
uocibus obscenis omnique libidinis arte,
qui Lacedaemonium pytimate lubricat orbem; (171–75)

Let that guy listen to the cracking of castanets with words which a naked slave prostituting in a rank brothel would avoid; let that guy enjoy the obscene language and every technique of desire, the one who lubes his Spartan floor by spitting out wine;

It is linguistic impurity (*uerbis, uocibus obscenis*) that Juvenal counters most fiercely with his own vanilla entertainment. A strict menu of Homer and Virgil will be served up without extra-textual garnish. In contrast to those obscene voices (*uocibus obscenis*), the sound quality of the recitation at Juvenal’s party will be flatly irrelevant (*qua uoce*).¹¹¹

nostra dabunt alios hodie conuiuia ludos:
conditor Iliados cantabitur atque Maronis
altisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam.
quid refert, tales uersus qua uoce legantur? (179–82)

My dinner party today will provide alternative entertainment: the original author of the *Iliad* will be sung, and the song of dulcet-toned Maro, which puts the prize for best epic in doubt. Does it matter, the voice in which such verses get read?

Again, the information Anon gives is worth little. His entertainment will feature no starring roles, no individuality; it will be mere transcription of the canon,¹¹² a restrained recitation spoken essentially by the classics ‘themselves’.¹¹³ This will be as close as possible to an oralised text, where the delivery defers strictly to the words on the page. The pattern remains: Anon’s self is kept granular and blurry, while the real energy is reserved for illumination of

¹¹¹ On the recurring style vs. substance dichotomy, see Felton and Lee 1972, 1045.

¹¹² On the *Aeneid*’s presence as backdrop, see Winkler 1990.

¹¹³ The sentiment here runs counter to Montanus’ famous remark that the *Aeneid* required Virgil’s voice for the full experience (see Winsbury 2009, 107–09).

Persicus and his questionable tastes. Juvenal's minute attention to linguistic decorum allows him to close ranks on himself, but prise open Persicus for all to see.

The project comes to fruition in *Sat.* 11's deceptively innocent conclusion. Thus far I have pushed for a Persicus slowly and slyly exposed by constant drip-feeding of compromising information,¹¹⁴ which has depended on interpreting the 'negative' sections of the satire as thinly disguised shots at Persicus' own lifestyle. The technique applied from 183 is both similar and different; it aims to show us what Persicus is, not through the things that Juvenal eschews, but through the things that Persicus must *leave behind* in his own home.¹¹⁵ This peep into the Persican household is infinitely more revealing – and incriminating – than the sum of Anon's squeaky-clean domestic snippets.¹¹⁶ I have anticipated some of the contact points between this exposure and the preceding lines already, but it is worth mining the section systematically:

sed nunc dilatis auerte negotia curis
et gratam requiem dona tibi, quando licebit
per totum cessare diem. non *fenoris* ulla
mentio nec, prima si luce egressa reuerti
nocte *solet*, *tacito* bilem tibi contrahat uxor
umida suspectis referens multicia rugis
uexatasque comas et uoltum *auremque* calentem.
protinus ante meum quidquid *dolet* exue limen,
pone domum et seruos et quidquid frangitur illis
aut perit, ingratos ante omnia pone sodalis.

(183–92)

But now put away your cares, forget business, and give yourself a nice break, since you'll be ok to relax for the whole day. There'll be no mention of interest, and don't let your wife bring up your silent bile if she tends to go out at dawn and come back at night, wearing a transparent dress that's damp and full of suspicious wrinkles, her

¹¹⁴ Cf. Jones 1990, 166.

¹¹⁵ Weisinger 1972, 240 (cf. Romano 1979, 172) thinks the enumeration of Persicus' cares compromises Juvenal's 'perfect host' role, as the description of the Spanish dancers undermines 'any possible moral stand' – but this is to assume (naively) that Persicus is friend rather than fiend.

¹¹⁶ Cf. Facchini Tosi 1979, 187, who notes that 'forgetting troubles' is common in invitation poems, but those troubles are never articulated so specifically. Jones 1990 employs his triangular model of satirist and audience laughing at Persicus to explain the situation here: private information is meant to be 'overheard' by the general audience. Cf. Keane 2015, 158 on Persicus in the limelight here.

hair messed up, her face and ears flushed. Take off whatever bothers you right in front of my door, put aside your house and slaves and whatever's been broken or lost on their watch; and most of all, forget your ungrateful friends.

Juvenal orders Persicus to suspend his business affairs and relax his *curae* – would that be one of those *curae* which contain among them the concern for tortoiseshell furniture (*curas* 93)? If this escapes the readerly radar, *non fenoris / ulla mentio* cannot: the fact that Persicus must worry about *fenus* indisputably aligns him with those wastrels in 40 (*fenoris*, same *sedes*).¹¹⁷ Anon then talks loudly about the problem of Persicus' chronically (*solet*) adulterous wife, thereby clarifying the real direction of that strange reference to couples who spend their nights watching dancing girls together (165–66); Persicus and his randy wife knew exactly what Anon was orbiting there. The last time we saw *solet*, recall, was of the loanshark hanging around the market waiting to pick up his debtor (*creditor introitum solet expectare macelli* 10). Importantly, Persicus attempted to keep these embarrassing facts under wraps (*tacito*), but all his dirty laundry is now hung out to dry in public (thanks, Anon!). Rome is no longer as it was during the Gallic invasion, when Jupiter's voice could be heard across a city of silence:

templorum quoque maiestas praesentior, et uox
nocte fere media *tacitamque* audita per urbem
litore ab Oceani Gallis uenientibus et dis
officium uatis peragentibus. (111–14)¹¹⁸

And the power of the temples was in the air more, and the voice heard in the middle of the night throughout the silent city, when the Gauls were on their way from Ocean's shore, and the gods were providing the service of prophets.

One man's mute privacy is now shattered by Anon's publicizing vocals, the new Jupiter-like *uates* voice amplified throughout the town; no more silence, no more secrets in this ear-splitting conurbation. The ear is in fact the poem's central organ, its uses following the satire's trajectory: Anon flouted it in 59 as a possible repository of secrets (about his own *real* tastes), but

¹¹⁷ Cf. Jones 1990, 166, Elwitschger 1992, 42.

¹¹⁸ I adopt (with Willis) Nisbet's conjecture *tacitamque* for *mediamque* (MSS) in 112.

here the burning ear¹¹⁹ easily betrays Mrs Persicus's sexual misconduct (cf. *auribus* 170), knowledge now as public as the race results over the radio (*fragor aurem / percutit* 197–98).¹²⁰ In Anon's case, the ear is for whispering; in Persicus', ears publicize and receive information out loud.

Dolet seals another connection between Persicus and the bankrupts of the satire's opening, exiled to Baiae, only feeling a pang (*dolor*) of nostalgia for Rome because they are missing the circus:

ille dolor solus patriam fugientibus, illa
maestitia est, caruisse anno circensibus uno. (52–53)

That's the only pain for those fleeing their native land, that's the only grief:
to go without the circus for a full year.

This loops us via roundabout route back to *Sat.* 3 and forward to the end of *Sat.* 11 (see below). The overlap between 191–92 (*frangitur . . . perit*) and 17–18 (*perituram . . . fracta*) was documented above. Such minutiae corroborate that Persicus was the man in the hot seat all along; that this was not just an exposé of table luxury in general,¹²¹ but of *Persicus'* table in particular.

After hauling Persicus over the coals,¹²² Anon chars him further by raising the topic of the circus: an attraction to which Persicus (like those bankrupts (52–53), and the flayed Naevolus at 9.144) surely must incline. In fact, his name was attached to the games from the word go, for two lines after his initial mention in *Sat.* 3.221, Umbricius hails the cheaper provincial life, but only *si potes auelli circensibus* (3.223). The appearance of circus talk is yet another mode of indirect characterization here; Anon brings up a topic of interest to the addressee, even as he keeps his distance from that overwhelmingly public space. Anon hears the noise

¹¹⁹ Jenkyns 1982, 174 is good on the focalization of this detail: cuckolded husband is alive to these small signals. In my reading, Anon makes sure we see them too.

¹²⁰ Cf. Keane 2015, 160: this last ear is Juvenal's contact point with the outside world.

¹²¹ A critique of which Adamietz 1972, 158 thinks the 'goal' of the satire. Most accounts decentralize the poem's *ad hominem* credentials and play up its general force, e.g. Facchini Tosi 1979, 186, 188. But the general and particular are doomed to go together: showing Persicus what he can do means making potential Persici of us too.

¹²² Dangling his wife's dalliance in front of an addressee, bringing up the bile – this is all reminiscent of what Juvenal does to Postumus in *Sat.* 6. See Keane 2015, 69–86, esp. 78; her argument is an interesting comparandum, although she ends up with a bizarre Christ-like Postumus who steps in for the audience 'so we don't have to suffer' (86). She makes this Postumus/Persicus connection at 158–59.

from the circus (*fragor aurem / percutit*), but leaves the spectation for the younger generation (*spectent iuvenes*) in the same way as he shut out all provocative visuality in favour of ‘pure speech’ (or pure text) above. Juvenal carefully moderates his speech here, even in as banal a conversational arena as the Circus:

interea Megalesiacae spectacula mappae
 Idaeum sollemne colunt, similisque triumpho
 praeda caballorum praetor sedet ac, mihi pace
 immensae nimiaeque *licet si dicere* plebis,
 totam hodie Romam circus capit, et fragor aurem
 percutit, euentum uiridis quo colligo panni. (193–98)¹²³

Meanwhile the rows of spectators are carrying out the Idaean ritual of the Megalesian flag, and the praetor sits there just as he would in a triumph, the horses’ plunder, and if it’s P.C. for me to say it without winding up the overly huge number of the plebs, today the Circus holds the whole of Rome, and the noise splits your ears, which I take to mean the Greens have won.

And such circumscription with speech reminds us how far we are from the conventional ideal of free-and-easy communication that was supposed to distinguish dinner parties; contrast, for example, the *libertas* celebrated in the two Martial poems to which *Sat.* 11 often glances (*Ep.* 5.78 and 10.48).¹²⁴ Similarly, Horace *Epistles* 1.5 promises that no one present at the dinner party will later repeat anything said in the heat of the night – an idealized oblivion which, again, is far from *Sat.* 11’s dramatic situation, in which Juvenal proffers nothing of himself, but betrays everything of Persicus. Guests are advised not to trust this host’s big mouth and leaky pen. Unlike Horace and guests, Anon’s tact extends to himself, no further.

Sat. 11 ends with a microcosm of this arrangement. Anon cleverly compresses the dual tasks of self-concealment and target-revelation into the last lines:

nostra bibat uernum contracta cuticula solem
 effugiatque togam. iam nunc in balnea salua

¹²³ Willis again summons Ribbeck’s spectre to delete 195–96; I hope to have shown that the satire’s question of careful public speech is too fundamental to entertain this seriously.

¹²⁴ Clearly in the background, though see Adamietz 1972, 121. For Martial’s pervasive presence here, see Colton 1965.

Shrinking, Slinking, and Sinking

fronte licet uadas, quamquam solida hora supersit
ad sextam. facere hoc non possis quinque diebus
continuis, quia sunt talis quoque taedia uitae
magna: uoluptates commendat rarior usus. (203–08)

My wrinkly skin would rather drink the spring sun and get out of the toga. It's alright for you to make straight for the baths with a smile on your face, even if there's a good hour until noon. You couldn't do this five days in a row, because even that kind of life becomes extremely tedious: more occasional indulgence keeps the pleasures intact.

In this strained environment, Juvenal offers a modest view of self that must strike the reader as revolutionary revelation.¹²⁵ But, as is the case with the shock of *experire hodie* (56), what seems a radical departure from the standard Juvenalian practice of self-concealment proves another innovative exercise in that same practice. Escaping the toga is one thing; escaping the tradition another altogether.¹²⁶ The collocation *cuticula solem* is not unique to Juvenal; it also occurs in Persius 4, a satire that likewise raves vociferously about self-knowledge:¹²⁷

quin tu igitur summa nequiquam pelle decorus
ante diem blando caudam iactam popello
desinis, Anticyras melior sorbere meracas?
quae tibi summa boni est? uncta uixisse patella
semper et adsiduo curata *cuticula sole*? (Persius 4.14–18)

Your skin-deep looks don't mean a thing, so why don't you quit swinging your tail for the flattering mob before your time, when it's preferable to chug some pure Anticyras? What's the height of the good according to you? To have lived off greasy dishes all the time, and to have your skin treated by endless sun?

¹²⁵ Plaza 2006, 242 discusses this skin-show as a form of Horatian self-exposure, a necessary component of self-irony – but this self-irony is thinly visible compared to Horace, if present at all. Juvenal evades the 'rear-exposed' ironist altogether (for which cf. Muecke 1969, 229). For (unconvincing) attempts to read *Sat.* 11 as the voice of a self-deflating moralizer, see Walker 2006, 81–95, Weisinger 1972.

¹²⁶ Escaping the toga is itself a clichéd 'literary' pose: see Colton 1991, 412–13 on the motif in Martial.

¹²⁷ The poem's unifying theme according to Reckford 2009, 108; see also Hooley 1997, 122–23. On self-care as a special imperial subjectivity, see Henderson 1991.

Adamietz 1972, 157 n. 87 notes the parallel, but says the influence of Persius is improbable; Bracci *ad loc.* thinks there is a direct relationship. Persius' presence is already suggested in the *Persicus/persicum/Persius* nexus (cf. Gowers 1994, 140–41).

Persius has adopted the voice of Socrates haranguing Alcibiades – a man who, like Juvenal in *Sat.* 11, knows just what to say and not say in public (*dicenda tacendaue calles* Persius 4.5), but, unlike Juvenal, struggles to know *himself*. The constantly sunned *cuticula* figures as an emblem of Alcibiades’ superficiality; and this is not the only instance of skin-shallow critique in Persius.¹²⁸ In the same satire, an anonymous stranger attacks a sunbather (*figas in cute solem* 4.33) for the immorality written over his body.¹²⁹ Sunning oneself stands for the purely cosmetic concerns of him who avoids the real descent into self (*in sese* 4.23). The allusion says it all, not least by its very status as an *allusion*: the one ‘proper’ glint of bodily self in the corpus is actually a ready-made component of a satiric predecessor’s (already heavily ‘borrowed’) corpus – recycled mosaic matter, as all literary bodies are.¹³⁰ *Contrahere* means bringing several objects together, so the participle attached to the skin marks it as no more than papier mâché gummed from several sources. Intertextuality is a shortcut to the suppression of identity. At the same time, the Persian phrase’s context of ‘internal’ and ‘external’ forms of self-knowledge is telling. Juvenal adverts that, however intimate this whole experience may have seemed, he is still only donning public garb. Catching the sun is the most superficial activity in which you can partake – an activity that reveals the dermatological surface, yet betrays nothing inside, none of the stuff that *really* counts. Juvenal says that γυνῶθι σεαυτόν should be fixed and handled in a remembering *heart*, deep inside, but, in his own case, refuses to go any further than skin-deep; the command has not been internalized, or has been internalized too well. Juvenal is still hiding, only this time deep within his own skin.¹³¹

It is not just quotation from Persius which suppresses Juvenalian identity; Anon’s skin is also overlaid with grafts of Horace.¹³² That paradigm of self-revealing poet ended *Epistles* 1 on a highly

¹²⁸ See Bramble 1974, 153–54, Littlewood 2002, 61–62, 65.

¹²⁹ For the role of skin as façade concealing one’s true nature (common in satire, cf. Horace *Sat.* 2.1.64, 1.6.22, *Epistles* 1.16.45), see Vincent 2004, 124, Labate 2009, 111; cf. Matz 2010, 8–13. Note that in the motif’s Persian context it is impossible to establish the addressee’s identity (Hooley 1997, 131).

¹³⁰ See Freudenburg 2010, 272–73, 277.

¹³¹ Cf. Whitmarsh 2005, 274, quoting Barthes 1975, 10.

¹³² Ferguson 1987, 12 thinks the name Persicus derived from Horace too (*Odes* 1.38).

personal note, doling out a litany of autobiographical details (Hor. *Epist.* 1.20.19–28). Besides the transparent display of social background, Horace trumpets a description of his body, qualities and *precise* age. It is obvious that these ten lines exhibit more ‘self’ than the whole Juvenalian corpus put together. But, for our purposes, it is more noticeable still that Juvenal also looked to Horace (in this ‘Horatian’ satire) for the generic detail of sun habit: *solibus aptum* (24). The disparate contexts of these poets’ respective tanning practices tell the story: Horace’s sunbathing is just one element among many fragments that give us an overwhelming sense of intimacy, while Juvenal’s is an isolated example so cloying in its literary texture that whatever ‘self’ we see dissipates as soon as it forms. All literary selves are literary by definition: tendentious recomposites of previously written selves.¹³³ But there is a spectrum of self-visibility and self-intrusion. And if we had to redeploy the ancient syncrisis, we would say that the extremes of this spectrum are the Horatian and the Juvenalian.¹³⁴

Thus we see that the most ‘intimate’ moment in the Juvenalian career can be reduced to a hexameter, and easily disassembled into its literary components; it lets Anon evaporate further even as it teases us with his apparent revelation. But instead of then dwelling on his determinedly colourless self, Anon does what he has always done: he shifts the limelight back onto Persicus. The final five lines again strip *him* bare: allow him to step into the baths like the questionable slave of 156, questionably early. What seems a mild indulgence is yet another ruthless revelation of Persicus’ habits.¹³⁵ In the wake of permission to bathe before the appropriate hour, Anon’s confidence that Persicus could not repeat the same thing for five days running seems more a challenge than a dissuasion. Juvenal encourages Persicus to indulge in these ‘pleasures’ (*uoluptates*, cf. *uoluptas* 120)¹³⁶ because, by now, we know he is that kind of guy. It is no coincidence that we have ended up in the baths – one of those hothouses of gossip and intrigue (along with the dinner party, *conuictus*) into which we were inducted at the beginning. Anon leaves Persicus to sweat it out in one of Rome’s most public spaces:

¹³³ See n. 130 above. ¹³⁴ A problematic sport: see Bogel 2001, 30.

¹³⁵ Cf. Jones 1983, 106. ¹³⁶ Cf. Weisinger 1972, 238 on the last line’s irony.

3 Satire 12

exposed, sheepish, magnet of anonymous whispers. When *Sat.* 11 is over, the talk of the town is now *de Persico*. And for that insider information, we still have no idea whom to thank.

2.4 *Do Not Disturb*

Anon's 'withdrawal' to this modest quarters duly delivers on *Sat.* 10's programme:¹³⁷ the dangerous world of public life is kept at a safe distance, barely within earshot. But the genius of *Sat.* 11 lies precisely in the rigorous maintenance of privacy under the guise of an open house. The major technique of definition through negation – displaying the home through what it is not – allows interrogation of the outside world much more than inspection of Anon's own plain colours; and this outside world is embodied in the satiric victim Persicus. In a satire that sweeps the act of self-knowledge under the rug and stows it there as a private conversation, Juvenal impressively pulls off a mighty paradox: he maintains strict self-concealment within a frame of self-presentation. Not only this, but he manages to redirect the spotlight subtly from his own sunkissed skin onto the troubled house of his addressee; he betrays everything through the oblique angles and insinuations of gossip. We shall see a similar 'betrayal' of the addressee in *Sat.* 13, not to mention our next target, *Sat.* 12 – whose name (Corvinus) says it all. Through its carefully controlled speech, *Sat.* 11 keeps the door of the authorial self securely shut, even as we peer voyeuristically into Persicus' transparent doll's house. Know Persicus? Of course. Know yourself? At a stretch. Know No-name? Never.

3 Satire 12

3.1 *Cutting Ties: The Sacrifice of Poetry*

Sat. 10 worked out a new pattern for Juvenal's retiring self, a self retrac(t)ed in the blank interiors of *Sat.* 11. Again and again, *Sat.*

¹³⁷ Weisinger 1972, 234 notes the imperfect detachment of the satirist here (cf. Littlewood 2007, 412–13, Roman 2014, 338), which Keane 2010, 115 thinks failure to live up to the Democritean ideal (cf. Keane 2006, 37, 2015, 159–60); my reading contrarily indicates that Juvenal enacts the programme of *Sat.* 10 faithfully (without unnecessary Democritean attention-seeking).

10 pummelled us with the message that conventional prayers, when fulfilled, inevitably lead the pray-er to destruction. Anything that isolates a man in outstanding quality or quantity will raise his neck above the rest and prime it for butchery: Sejanus, Cicero, Priam, Silius – the same climax is replayed over and over regardless of particulars. There is an implicit sense that we are witnessing a tight model of sacrificial economy here: men have their prayers granted only to pay with the sacrifice of the self. Juvenal's reductive advice at the end of *Sat.* 10 is primarily about *self*-reduction: stay small, go undercover, remove yourself from the damaging networks of imperial Rome, only pursue what you can 'give yourself'. Survival means minimizing the self, stripping it of the excess flesh of property and pre-eminence. Safety first, and safety lies in the anonymity of poverty. *Sat.* 11 makes a similar point.¹³⁸ But the chickens really come home to be sacrificed in *Sat.* 12: Juvenal's tiniest and poorest poem.¹³⁹

Sat. 12 is another victim of Uden's incisive study (after Larmour 2005); the bar has now been raised beyond the earlier dismissive criticism on the poem. The historicist Uden slides the poem convincingly into a context of Hadrian's revivalist Augustanism: Juvenal critically comments on and complements the religious emphasis of Augustus *Rediuiuus* by taking his own trip down memory lane, back to the Golden Age of Horace and Virgil.¹⁴⁰ My own approach to the poem will be more introverted in its conviction that Juvenal evades too extensive historicizing; but will nevertheless grant the more general 'historicizing' observation that this satire speaks within a Rome invigilated by a Poetic Emperor.¹⁴¹ The poem sets up two alternatives, one marginally

¹³⁸ For broader similarities between the two poems, see Adamietz 1983, 246.

¹³⁹ Cf. Courtney 518: 'this is not only his shortest complete poem, but also his weakest'. Smith 1989a, 287 opens with the same classic gambit of rehabilitative studies, quoting 'weakest' and 'strangest' as the departure point for the inevitable 'think again'. Ehlers 1996, 57 gathers up negative valuations; see Adamietz 1983, 237–38 for some examples of critical aporia. Helmbold 1956 begins with a diplomatic 'strangest' (15) only to alight on 'one of Juvenal's least successful efforts' (22). The major critical problem has been the resolution of the satire's two thematic halves (Ehlers 1996, 59 lists others), which continues to preoccupy (e.g. Henke 2000); for an attempt to leave them provocatively out of sync, see Uden 2015, 176–78, 202.

¹⁴⁰ Uden 2015, e.g. 176, 181 (*passim* in his chapter 6).

¹⁴¹ On Hadrian's poetic 'habit', see Chapter 2.3 and below (4.3.4).

better than the other: castration (i.e. partial self-sacrifice, loss of vital force) or violent death. Such are the restrictive options open to an elite male beneath an all-seeing almighty. The trouble intensifies into specifics: the constraints of poetry are even tighter under an emperor with clear poetic tastes, interests, and abilities. Juvenal's answer to the bind is subtle and perishable: he gives us an example of enervated satire, a short poem paying for its existence with castration, purchasing its survival with mediocrity.

This section will justify the promise/disclaimer of [Chapter 1.4](#) through recourse to particularly lavish metapoetic readings. And this in itself merits a passing *apologia*. *Sat.* 12 is particularly amenable to such treatment because of the cumulative thickness of its metaphors, contents, names – most of which have some buzzing poetological charge. As I shall argue below, its key motifs of storm, shipwreck and sacrifice all show dense metapoetic histories. Even the legacy topic boasts a proud legacy as figure for poetic tradition. Names also unfailingly trip switches: with protagonists such as Catullus, Pacuvius, even Corvinus, it is difficult *not* to embroil *Sat.* 12 in *some* statement about poetry, past, and present.¹⁴² I reiterate that my aim here is not to occlude non-metapoetic readings, but to expand interpretative horizons. Again the obliquity, and readerly labour required to ‘straighten’ it, say much about contemporary poetics and politics – and specifically, about Juvenal's self-censoring version of these. Mindful of these considerations, let us boldly leave shore to sink or swim.

3.2 *All Overboard (AuthorShip)*

David Larmour already recognized the satire's counterintuitive identification of wealth and masculinity, and landed on the money by noting the value of the beaver simile (34–36) as the poem's ‘ideological ground zero’.¹⁴³ This is a good springboard, for the image concentrates a message we will find bobbing throughout the satire. Juvenal takes up the narrative of his

¹⁴² Cf. Keane 2015, 162 (in passing).

¹⁴³ Larmour 2005, 141. The beaver myth was also a tight way of picturing and naturalizing parasitic Rome-Province relations (see Devecka 2013, 93).

merchant ‘friend’ Catullus’¹⁴⁴ travails when the ship’s hold is half-full and our Odysseus is becoming desperate. Ever the businessman, Catullus decides to deal with the winds by making like a beaver making a eunuch of himself:

cum plenus fluctu medius foret alueus et iam,
alternum puppis latus euerterentibus undis,
arboris incertae, nullam prudentia cani
reitoris cum ferret opem, decidere iactu
coepit cum uentis, imitatus castora, qui se
eunuchum ipse facit cupiens euadere damno
testiculi: adeo medicatum intellegit inguen. (12.30–36)¹⁴⁵

When the hold was filled halfway with water, and now, when the waves were upturning each side of the ship, its mast began to totter, the skill of the aged steersman couldn’t offer any help, he began to haggle with the winds by throwing stuff away, taking his cue from the beaver, which makes itself a eunuch, desperate to get out by loss of a testicle: it really grasps that its crotch is a drug.

Just as the beaver negotiates his escape (*euadere*, a marked word)¹⁴⁶ through understanding¹⁴⁷ the market value of his testicles and giving them up just in time, so Catullus will attempt to pay off an angry ocean with his finest valuables. This ejection of property – and, through metaphor, masculinity itself – works also (again through metaphor) to disown a certain kind of attention-seeking poetry; the satire is complicated precisely by the abundance of its established metaphors as ‘exchanges’, worn tropes that enable it to speak of many things and nothing simultaneously. Larmour notes the ship’s role as famous substitution, functioning often as ship-of-state or ship-of-life;¹⁴⁸ but he does not make much of the equally obvious ship-of-poetry. In a poem detailing the fate of a man who

¹⁴⁴ For ironic reading of the term ‘friend’ here, see Smith 1989a, 289, cf. Osgood 2012, 9; Stramaglia *ad loc.* follows Adamietz 1983, 241–42 in interpreting Catullus’ behaviour favourably. The name is strongly redolent of the Republican poet, activated by verbal signals (cf. LaFleur 1974, Ferguson 1987, on poet Catullus verbally summoned in 4. 114–18); and Juvenal encourages the possibility of confusion in trying his best to specify *which* Catullus in line 94. For Catullus Messalinus in the background, see Uden 2015, 190.

¹⁴⁵ *Arboris incertae* (32) has caused problems, but sense can be made with the right punctuation in 30–31 (see Courtney *ad loc.*).

¹⁴⁶ Common to the beaver, Catullus (*euasit* 18) and the sick *captatus* (*euaserit* 122).

¹⁴⁷ Cf. Ramage 1978, 228 on the beaver’s ‘almost human intelligence’; the simile is duplicated, comparing Catullus to a beaver compared to a human.

¹⁴⁸ Larmour 2005, 141 (and Larmour 2016, 40–41); cf. Uden 2015 184–86.

shares his name with a renowned (and emasculated) poet,¹⁴⁹ however, it is difficult not to make this substitution and read the story as – at some level – a story about poetry.¹⁵⁰ Juvenal marks the whole experience as primarily ‘poetic’ when he mentions the *poetica tempestas* (23–24);¹⁵¹ he pokes fun at Catullus and sailors for thinking their dire straits aboard to be unique, when the situation in poetry is dime a dozen. Anon also opens the poem with another standard metaphor for poetic activity: performing a sacrifice.¹⁵² The satire’s introduction primes us to go on the lookout for those old metapoetic sails at sea.

If we push the metaphor into deep enough waters, it is clear that the story of Catullus’ near-shipwreck deals with a crisis of *poetry*.¹⁵³ Catullus’ ship is out of control, out of its depth, no longer responsive to the captain’s skill (*opem*); the remainder of the story will deal with its stabilization. Catullus’ first strategy is to cast out his luxury goods one by one. These objects carry clear poetic cargo, and repay unpacking:

‘fundite quae mea sunt’ dicebat ‘cuncta’ Catullus,
 praecipitare uolens etiam pulcherrima, uestem
 purpuream teneris quoque Maecenatibus aptam,
 atque alias quarum generosi graminis ipsum
 infecit natura pecus, sed et egregius fons
 uiribus occultis et Baeticus adiuvat aer.
 ille nec argentum dubitabat mittere, lances
 Parthenio factas, urnae cratera capacem
 et dignum sitiente Pholo uel coniuge Fusci;

¹⁴⁹ As Larmour 2005, 158 observes of *Phrygibus* in the context of a protagonist named Catullus, it is difficult to shut out the famous castration poem 63.

¹⁵⁰ Osgood 2012, 9 also reads poetics into 12 through the notions of *captatio* and (literary) legacy; cf. Uden 2015, 195.

¹⁵¹ *Poetica tempestas* also conjures the poetic storm *par excellence* at the beginning of *Aeneid* 1 – a moment much-pressed for its metapoetic resonance (cf. Pucci 1992 on *Odes* 1.3). Storms generally scream trite epic – and Juvenal knows them intimately (*Sat.* 1.9, cf. Littlewood 2007, 399). The Virgilian storm is indeed on the horizon here: Stramaglia for example compares 70 with *Aen.* 1.143. Catullus-as-Aeneas is strengthened by *similis fortuna* (29), a collocation uniquely found in *Aen.* 1.628 when Dido compares her own fate to Aeneas; see Adkin 2008, 131. The phrase is a self-marking allusion (i.e. *similis* ‘familiar’ from *Aen.* 1). For epic parody in *Sat.* 12, see Edwards 1987, 171–77, Littlewood 2007.

¹⁵² For poetic hinterland to this sacrifice scene, see Littlewood 2007, 394–97.

¹⁵³ For a classic case of the two going together in an archetypal ‘paranoid’ context, see Connors 1994 on Petronius’ Eumolpus: writing on death’s door ‘in a world where literary brilliance could become a dangerous thing’ (232).

Shrinking, Slinking, and Sinking

adde et bascaudas et mille escaria, multum
caelati, biberat quo callidus emptor Olynthi.
sed quis nunc alius, qua mundi parte quis audet
argento praeferre caput rebusque salutem? (37–49)

‘Chuck my stuff overboard – everything!’ Catullus kept saying, willing to throw away even his loveliest things: a purple cloth that would suit even smooth Maecenases, and other garments, the very flocks from which they come coloured by the nature of the pedigree grass, although the purest bred water, with its hidden powers, and the Baetican air helps out. And he didn’t hesitate to get rid of the silver, dishes made for Parthenius, a mixing bowl with the capacity of an urn, big enough for thirsty Pholus, or Fuscus’ wife; add a few baskets and a thousand plates, and many engraved cups from which the shrewd buyer of Olynthus had drunk. But who else exists in any part of the world who has the pluck to prefer his head to his silver, his safety to his property?

First act: Catullus cuts out everything that is distinctively ‘his’ (*fundite quae mea sunt . . . cuncta*) – the painful preliminary to the castration. This stage jettisons the *pulcherrima*: the most beautiful possessions, but also the least necessary in both ‘use’ and narrative value. By this I mean that the items represent a selection of classic ecphrastic objects;¹⁵⁴ they stand for those purple patches that often serve as cultural capital in high poetry. They are also objects with big names attached (Maecenas, Parthenius, the *emptor Olynthi*): collector’s items made valuable precisely because they are unique, individual, and *signed*. The *uestis purpurea* is lifted straight from Catullus 64 – the famous ecphrasis of our merchant’s famous namesake:

puluinar uero diuae geniale locatur
sedibus in mediis, Indo quod dente politum
tincta tegit roseo conchyli *purpura* fuco.
haec *uestis* priscis hominum uariata figuris
heroum mira uirtutes indicat arte. (Cat. 64.47–51)

The goddess’ bridal couch is placed in the middle, inlaid with Indian ivory, spread over by a purple coverlet, tinged with red conch dye. This coverlet was decorated with figures of ancient men, and highlights the virtues of heroes with exquisite art.

This is the kind of luxury poetic good that patrons really go in for (*teneris quoque Maecenatibus aptam*); no wonder Catullus is loath

¹⁵⁴ Cf. Keane 2015, 163–64.

to lose it. The shift to Maecenas then shunts us from the expensive yet artificial Catullus 64 to an early creation of Maecenas' client-to-be, which owed Catullus 64 big-time: Virgil's *Eclogues* 4. For the next objects overboard are 'other materials sourced from flocks which are "naturally" dyed by the "high-born" grass'. Surely this evokes the marvellous self-colouring sheep in *Ecl.* 4's Golden Age:

nec varios discet mentiri lana colores,
ipse sed in pratis aries iam suave rubenti
murice, iam croceo mutabit vellera luto,
sponte sua sandyx pascentis vestiet agnos. (Ecl. 4.42–45)

And the wool will not learn to act out various colours, but the ram in the fields will itself change its fleece, now to sweet-blushing purple, now to deep saffron, and the scarlet will clothe the pasturing lambs under its own steam.

So those freakish organically dyed fleeces, and the remarkable high poetry they connote, now exist – but only to be cast into the ocean; no more room for that kind of Golden Age special quality in this fallen town. The next luxury items are also the type of object that any self-respecting neoteric poet would have seized for an ecphrasis: dishes 'made for Parthenius' (think: of Nicaea, the man credited with bringing these Alexandrian poetic tastes to Rome in Catullus' generation; 'Catullus' has inherited the eastern poetic furniture directly),¹⁵⁵ a mixing bowl, baskets (think: Moschus' *Europa* 37ff.), plates, and much 'engraved ware' – *caelatus* was virtually technical terminology for marking an upcoming ecphrasis (think: Menalcas' *caelatum diuini opus Alcimedontis*, *Eclogues* 3.37). In order to survive, Catullus must launch all these objects – and the high-flown poetic turns they represent – overboard. To save the ship (poetry) and himself, all luxury cargo (memorable, purple ecphrastic moments) must go. A light poem stays afloat with a cargo of bare bones.¹⁵⁶ Republican Catullus is learning to be Imperial Catullus; poetic gold trading down to silver.¹⁵⁷

¹⁵⁵ On Parthenius and the 'neoterics', see Lightfoot 1999, 50–76. Uden 2015, 190 thinks rather of Domitian's *a cubiculo* Parthenius.

¹⁵⁶ Cf. Simonides the poet's light travelling in Phaedrus 4.23.26–27 '*mea / mecum esse cuncta*'.

¹⁵⁷ I.e. a Catullus shorn of his bulky *carmina maiora* (61–68) – including the one about self-castration (63)?!

After the greater part of this ‘useful content’¹⁵⁸ has been discarded – poetic milestones of the late Republican and Augustan ages drowned like waste matter – Catullus must resort to more extreme measures; for the poem/ship is still in trouble (*sed nec / damna leuant* 51–2). Catullus now hacks into the fundamentals:

iactatur rerum utilium pars maxima, sed nec
damna leuant. tunc aduersis urgentibus illuc
reccidit ut malum ferro summitteret, ac se
explicat angustum: discriminis ultima, quando
praesidia adferimus nauem factura minorem.
i nunc et uentis animam committe dolato
confisus ligno, digitis a morte remotus
quattuor aut septem, si sit latissima, taedae;
mox cum reticulis et pane et uentre lagonae
accipe sumendas in tempestate secures. (52–61)

The greater part of the useful items have gone, but the losses don’t relieve them. Then, with adversity pressing hard, it happens that he shortens the mast with some steel, and extricates himself from a tight spot: that’s the direst straits, when the support we give actually makes the ship smaller. Sure, go and trust your life to the winds, relying on hewn wood, four fingers of timber away from death, or seven if it’s thick; along with the nets, bread, and bellied flagons, pack your axes for emergency storm use.

The phallic imagery is clear here (cf. the sails below), as is the correspondence with the beaver simile:¹⁵⁹ Catullus has shed the excess weight, but must now nip at the ship’s vitals. The fortifications are paradoxically set to shrink the ship, not bolster it (*praesidia . . . nauem factura minorem*). We should take the metaphor on board: Catullus is also applying the axe to his *poem*, rendering it a truncated version of former great (and full) poetic ships (the Argo in Catullus 64 springs to mind). The emasculated ship is also a perfect figure for Juvenal’s own shrivelled effort in *Sat.* 12: a poem that drifts from standard sacrifice to the safe waters of the poetic storm to the well-charted dry land of legacy hunting, all in a bonsai-scale 130 lines.

¹⁵⁸ Smith 1989a, 293 notes that the objects jettisoned do not really qualify as *utiles*; but the irony may be that their great weight makes them ‘useful’ only for offloading purposes.

¹⁵⁹ Mast-cutting obviously recalls self-castration (Larmour 2005, 155; cf. Uden 2015, 189).

Another reason a neutered Catullus bears a load larger than himself in this poem is the very problem of ‘autobiography’, or perhaps ‘autopoetry’ – the kind of overdetermined first-person voice and confessional self for which the Catullan corpus stood. When our merchant says ‘*fundite quae mea sunt . . . cuncta*’, and when his ship sheds its mast like a self-snipping beaver, he is, in effect, shedding the *self*; he is getting rid of all the hallmarks of elite identity, which can be boiled down to fancy property, and the testamentary capacity to pass it on. It is no coincidence that Anon picks out Catullus, a name evoking Rome’s most ‘autobiographical’ poet, as guineau-pig for an experiment in self-reduction. Catullus’ rejection of ‘the things that are mine’, his conversion from personal effects to less than nothingness, is an inspiration for Rome’s least autobiographical poet, who chucks out all possessive markers of the self. Catullus had to learn the hard way, but Juvenal has always kept *his* things out of sight, at the bottom of the sea.

When it turns out that a neutered Catullus & Co. have weathered the storm, yet another prominent motif from both Catullus 64 and *Ecl.* 4 is taken over – and banalised in the process. With good conditions restored, enter the Fates:

sed postquam iacuit planum mare, tempora postquam
 prospera uectoris fatumque ualentius euro
 et pelago, postquam Parcae meliora benigna
 pensa manu ducunt hilares et staminis albi
 lanificae, modica nec multum fortior aura
 uentus adest, inopi miserabilis arte cucurrit
 uestibus extentis et, quod superauerat unum,
 uelo prora suo.

(62–69)

But when the sea settled, and the passenger’s situation was looking up, and his destiny proved stronger than wind and sea, when the Fates were doling better measures from a kind hand, and happily spinning threads of white wool, and a wind no gustier than a light breeze emerged, the wretched ship ran on, its skill limited and its clothing spread out, as well as its own sail – which was the only one to survive.

The sisters bring their spinning skills to bear literally: the ‘implication’ is that they weave together the new *uestes*, the makeshift, patchwork sail that will jerk the ship to safety. This moment weaves together more explicitly, and humorously, the connection between the *uestis* and fates-song of Catullus 64 – both, in

different senses, inset and ‘woven’ p(r)o(ph)etic narratives. Here, however, the Fates’ work is put to deflated practical use; these would-be poets no longer produce those inspired refrains of Catullus 64, but only have the scant resources to work out cheap, temporary solutions.¹⁶⁰ The ship is forced to bump along inelegantly with only one sail and a bunch of stretched out garments. The Fates’ new workaday contribution is emphasized by the reassignment of the verb *currere*. That word used to be the mainstay of the refrain in those golden poetic days:

‘currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi’.

(Catullus 64.327 and repeated)

‘On you run, spindles, drawing out the weft – on you run’.

‘talìa saecla’ suis dixerunt ‘currite’ fusis
concordes stabili fatorum numine Parcae.

(*Ecl.* 4.46–47)

‘These blessed times – run on!’ said the Fates to their spindles, unanimous with the fixed power of destiny.

But now it is only the ‘miserable’ ship that slowly ‘runs on’, not the spindles nor the ages; the ship proceeds with no real help from those high-flying goddesses. The idea of ship-as-poem also comes through *inopi . . . arte* (67): we are seeing a product that is not pretty, but has at least survived in a reduced form. The degree of decline since Catullus 64 has its indices in the kind of ‘art’ mentioned: *mira . . . arte* (Cat. 64.51) deteriorates to *miserabilis arte* (12.67). This Catullus’ (and Juvenal’s) poem limps along with its mast between its legs – a flaccid, impoverished, pitiable thing.

The sense of failed poetry sharpens just as the crew catch sight of land. The ship must retrace the wake of Aeneas’ first landing in Italy.¹⁶¹ But the view looks very different from this belated vantage point. That first sighting of the Italian shore was a wonderful moment both for the narrative’s participants (Aeneas and company) and the *Aeneid*’s original narratees: Aeneas looked upon his true homeland for the first time, and Roman readers marvelled at this focalization through which they could see Rome afresh. This

¹⁶⁰ Fates and threadwork are themselves a frayingly overused poetic apparatus: cf. Robinson 2005, 252.

¹⁶¹ Cf. Uden 2015, 185. For engagement with other aspects of the *Aeneid*, see Adkin 2008, 131–35.

moment's 'stand-out' status is recalled with a simultaneous awareness of its distance:

tum gratus Iulo

atque nouercali sedes praelata Lauino
 conspicitur sublimis apex, cui candida nomen
 scrofa dedit, laetis Phrygibus mirabile sumen
 et numquam uisis triginta clara mamillis. (70–74)

Then the site which Iulus liked, and preferred to his stepmother's Lavinium, comes into view: the sublime peak, which took its name from the white sow, because her udder was a miracle to the joyous Trojans; and she was famous for her thirty teats, something never before seen.

The high peak strikes the eyes – and Virgil's poetry always strutted as the archetypal *sublimis apex*.¹⁶² Those early Trojans saw astonishing fodder for high poetry: a 'marvellous sow' whose thirty teats, now famous (*clara*), had at that point 'never been seen before', unlike the storm scene itself, which Juvenal flags as something numbingly overfamiliar. That earlier golden period – both of Aeneas' arrival, and Virgil's *narration* of his arrival – generated wonder solely from the natural elements of the landscape, what was *already* there: the high peak, the unprecedentedly fertile sow.¹⁶³ Now, however, wonderment is monopolized by imperial engineering, overhauling the landscape and trumping *natura*:

tandem intrat positas inclusa per aequora moles
 Tyrrhenamque pharon porrectaque bracchia rursum
 quae pelago occurrunt medio longeque relinquunt
 Italiam; non sic igitur mirabere portus
 quos natura dedit. sed trunca puppe magister
 interiora petit Baianae peruia cumbae
 tuti stagna sinus, gaudent ubi uertice raso
 garrula securi narrare pericula nautae. (75–82)

At last it enters the seawalls built into the sea they embrace, and the Tuscan lighthouse, and the arms stretching back, which meet in the middle of the sea, and leave Italy far behind; you won't be so wowed by harbours which nature made. But with his ship mauled the captain makes for the inner part of the protected bay (even a Baian boat could cross it), where the sailors shave their heads, and relish telling the long versions of the dangers from safety.

¹⁶² On Virgil's proverbial sublimity, see Hardie 2009, 67–68.

¹⁶³ Cf. the sterile cock of 97; on *Sat.* 12's sterility, see Larmour 2005, 165.

From the *sublimis apex* we move to the ‘arms’ (*braccia*)¹⁶⁴ of the harbour; and from that wild ocean, we move into a domesticated pleasure-lake of safety and security. The genuinely marvellous freak of nature (*mirabile sumen*) turns into imperial building work: *non sic ueteres mirabere portus / quos natura dedit*. And so, at the very same time as the ship sputters into the *portus Augusti*, Juvenal’s poem also reaches the safety of standard praise: the engineering feats of an emperor (Claudius or Trajan) are more impressive than those of nature.¹⁶⁵ This is a perfect image of how suffocating and ‘surrounding’ the imperial embrace has become. The sacrificial cost of this safety is a crippling impairment: the ship heads into harbour in mutilated form (*trunca puppe*).¹⁶⁶ The sailors, too, lose key parts of themselves, shaving their heads in payment of vows made under duress.¹⁶⁷ These sailors are also – like Anon – storytellers who indulge in *ex post facto* exaggerations; they rejoice in the position of safety that allows them to recount their travails. In fact, a larger point emerges from the sailors’ chatty hyperbole, relevant to Juvenal’s position as narrator: living to tell the tale implies you have castrated yourself – literally or metaphorically – to survive.¹⁶⁸ The precondition of narrative in this late Rome is the sacrifice of masculinity and power. Survival means muting poetry down to the safe topics of storm and legacy hunt; security means doing laps of the imperial swimming pool.

Catullus’ and Juvenal’s joint poetic ship thus docks in the Caesarian bosom (*sinus*), a curtailed entity that has lost all the trappings of poetic glory, and even some of the fundamental markers that make it a ship (mast, two sails); like a domesticated animal, it surrenders independence for security and protection. The analogy is not arbitrary, but occurs within the poem itself: the elephants which the legacy hunters would use if they could are also an example of a proud race once unaccustomed to servitude,

¹⁶⁴ See Jenkyns 1982, 214–15.

¹⁶⁵ On the topos in panegyric, see Pavlovskis 1973. Stramaglia reads reference to Trajan’s recent renovation of the *portus Augusti*; cf. Gérard 1976, 336.

¹⁶⁶ Cf. Larmour 2005, 162–63. For the ship’s humanization, see Uden 2015, 189.

¹⁶⁷ Cf. the hairless clowns in 5.171: *uertice raso*.

¹⁶⁸ Cf. Tacitus *Agricola* 3 on the debilitations of survival under Domitian.

but nowadays grazing happily away on Caesar's farm (102ff.) – like the calming arms of the artificial harbour, yet another way the emperor reaches out and domesticates a proud nature. The poem in fact makes a lot of the interchangeability between men and animals, especially through its vigorous prods into the logic of sacrifice.¹⁶⁹ *Sat.* 12 draws conclusions regarding that idea of sacrifice (introduced in *Sat.* 10). We shall see that the end of the book brings the beginning to fruition via a new 'sacrificial poetics' that draws another blueprint for survival in imperial Rome, comparable to the message of the castrated ship: keep your flocks slender, and stay alive.

3.3 *Slight Sacrifice*

Sat. 12 pivots on three variants of a sacrificial pattern: first, Juvenal's humble sacrifice for his safely returned friend, second, Catullus' desperate sea unloading, third, the overblown sacrifices of legacy hunters.¹⁷⁰ We have touched on the second sacrifice as a bargain with imperial Rome, a deal with explicit ramifications for viable poetic enterprises: outstanding product is sacrificed for the subpar, castrated but at least *alive*. The satire's other two framing sacrifices underscore a similar point.

The image of sacrifice was by Juvenal's time also a well-worn metaphor for poetry.¹⁷¹ Perhaps the most pertinent intertext for our purposes is the famous intervention of Apollo in Virgil *Eclogues* 6: a moment that does not quite employ sacrifice as straightforward substitute for poetry, but packages them under the grand seal of Callimachus.¹⁷² One critic has commented on the more 'pastoral' mode of this satire,¹⁷³ and we have already traced the echoes measuring the distance between it and *Ecl.* 4. But Juvenal's poetic offering also clearly reverberates in the same chamber of sacrificial poetics which *Ecl.* 6 inaugurated. The passage is worth a quick quote:

¹⁶⁹ The poem anthropomorphises animals and animalizes humans; cf. Uden 2015, 187.

¹⁷⁰ Ronnick 1993a, 10 concludes that Juvenal satirizes the old religious formula *do ut des*; cf. Uden 2015, 198–202, taking religious critique further (and updating it).

¹⁷¹ Littlewood 2007, 401 (cf. 410), one of the few studies to read poetics from the satire, sees Juvenal's small sacrifice in opposition to Catullus' overblown (epic) storm.

¹⁷² Cf. Littlewood 2007, 395. ¹⁷³ *Ibid.* 390.

Shrinking, Slinking, and Sinking

cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynthia aurem
uellit, et admonuit: 'pastorem, Tityre, *pinguis*
pascere oportet ouis, deductum dicere carmen'. (Ecl. 6.3–5)

When I was singing kings and battles, Cynthia Apollo flicked my ear, and told me off: 'You have to feed your flocks fat, Tityrus; but talk your poems thin'.

The instructions are familiar: feed your flocks fat, make your poem fine-spun. The pairing draws a complementary relationship between fat and fine in the different spheres; indeed, we could visualize the poetry as the delicate fabric skinned off the top of those sheep and worked up into first-rate cashmere – literally the result and product of sacrifice in the fields of pastoral abundance. Juvenal's offerings, by contrast, look a little leaner:

natali, Coruine, die mihi dulcior haec lux,
qua festus promissa deis animalia caespes
expectat. niueam reginae ducimus agnam,
par uellus dabitur pugnant Gorgone Maura;
sed procul extensum petulans quatit hostia funem
Tarpeio seruata Ioui frontemque coruscat,
quippe ferox uitulus templis maturus et arae
spargendusque mero, quem iam pudet ubera matris
ducere, qui uexat nascenti robora cornu.
si res ampla domi similisque adfectibus esset,
pinguior Hispulla traheretur taurus et ipsa
mole piger, nec finitima nutritus in herba,
laeta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis
et grandi ceruix iret ferienda ministro . . . (1–14)

Today is more exciting to me than a birthday, Corvinus, the day when the festive turf altar waits for the animals I've promised to the gods; we're bringing a snowy lamb for the queen, and an equivalent fleece will go to the goddess who fights using a Moroccan gorgon; but the victim kept for Tarpeian Jupiter restlessly tugs the rope, which is stretched as far as it will go, and tosses his head, a lively calf to be sure, old enough for temple and altar, and for sprinkling with wine; he's ashamed to suck at his mother's teats, and he harrasses the oak trees with his budding horns. If my domestic property were big, in proportion to my sentiment, I'd have a bull fatter than Hispulla dragged over, sluggish through his huge weight, an animal not fed on neighbouring grass, but its blood showing off the fertile fields of Clitumnus, and its neck would move along to get axed by the tall assistant . . .

At first, Anon's promised animals seem sound: the very picture of the energetic life denied to the humans in this poem.¹⁷⁴ But Anon then brings in a hypothetical: the kind of sacrifice he *would* offer if his wealth matched his feelings. Now this is more like it: a bull 'fatter than Hispulla', *pinguior*, in precise accordance with Apollo's specifications (*pinguis*) in *Ecl.* 6. So Juvenal qualifies the old adage with less-than-ideal sacrifices; he is no longer able to meet the robust prescriptions of the poetic Golden Age. Perhaps the classic Juvenalian technique of antonomasia also performs the linguistic version of the 'poor substitute' here: note how Juno and Minerva must settle for stand-ins (*reginae* ... *pugnanti Gorgone Maura*), and Jupiter gets an epithet (*Tarpeio*) reminding us how lame this *uitulus* must look next to the juicy girl he once got (Tarpeia). Thus the formula equating fat victims with lean poetry breaks down into a more literal correlation: lean victims now go with lean poetry. As Juvenal's slenderest poem, *Sat.* 12's form models its thin victim. The moderate sacrifice returns in lines 83–92, a micro-homecoming timed impeccably to follow hard on the docking of the ship in the imperial harbour. Here Juvenal gives us another look at his house, promising small images (*parua* ... *simulacra* 87–88), slender garlands (*graciles* ... *coronas* 87), crumbling wax (*fragili* ... *cera* 88), everything spotless and shiny (*nitentia* ... *cuncta nitent* 88–91). Anon's display home is actually not much more than a festive door (91–92), which makes sure to settle us on the outside, knock-knocking – but it is always us asking 'who's there?' The domestic miniatures, as in *Sat.* 11,¹⁷⁵ give nothing away about the real bowels of the house.¹⁷⁶ But the reasons for this emaciated Callimacheanism become clearer towards the end, where the fat sacrifice is weighed in its contemporary context.

The third sacrificial complex grows from line 93. Juvenal's sudden gearshift from his modest ritual to self-defence under the suspicion of sacrifice has disgusted form-fetishists, but the conceptual link (i.e. sacrifice) is now clear.¹⁷⁷ Anon testifies that

¹⁷⁴ See Uden 2015, 192. ¹⁷⁵ Cf. Adamietz 1983, 239.

¹⁷⁶ Ramage 1978, 231 responds to heightened 'sincerity' in both Juvenal's sacrifice vignettes.

¹⁷⁷ Uden 2015, 199 adds the sections to a 'two-way critique', exposing the crude economic motives behind both sacrifice and legacy-hunting.

Catullus has three heirs, so he has no vested interest in the sacrifice. His offering looks generous in light of the usual scale of contributions for such ‘sterile friends’:

neu suspecta tibi sint haec, Coruine, Catullus,
pro cuius reditu tot pono altaria, paruos
tres habet heredes. libet expectare quis aegram
et claudentem oculos gallinam inpendat amico
tam sterili; uerum haec nimia est inpena, coturnix
nulla umquam pro patre cadet. (93–98)

And in case you find these things suspicious, Corvinus, this Catullus, whose return I’m marking with so many altars, has three heirs. I’d gladly wait for someone to buy a sick chicken that can’t even open its eyes for such a dead-end friend; but even this is too expensive – no quail ever goes down for a father.

The happily heired usually receive less than a few scraps. But the outstanding, truly ‘fat’ victims are reserved for the rich childless on the cusp of death. For these tottering human beings, the *captatores* will make huge promises, scaling up the *scala naturae*: a whole hecatomb of oxen, then proud elephants, then those bodies from the ‘flock’ of slaves which are the biggest and most beautiful. Finally, Pacuvius the *captator* is even prepared to sacrifice his own Iphigeneia – without the last-minute substitution.¹⁷⁸ These victims represent the finest the human and animal worlds have to offer: the slaves’ bodies are *pulcherrima* – the very same epithet used to describe Catullus’ own sacrificed property (38). Indeed, these rich offerings surpass even as they recall the plump sheep of *Ecl.* 6; the connection may even be hinted in the softly speaking name of Pacuvius, a quasi-composite of Callimachus’ παχύς (πάχιστον *Aetia* fr. 1.23) and Virgil’s *ouis*. ‘Fat sheep’ is Pacuvius’ middle – well, not even middle – name.

As mentioned above, there is fluidity in this satire as to who or what counts as the ultimate sacrificial victim. Anon begins with a fairly conventional model of sacrifice distinguishing man from animal. But the satire does not permit the boundary to stand for long. Catullus approximates to a beaver making himself a eunuch; his property and ship shrivel into the sea, and partial self-sacrifice (castration) pays for safety. Pacuvius’ extreme behaviour resorts to

¹⁷⁸ For the characteristic climax-through-literature here, see Fredericks 1979, 189.

human sacrifice in order to get ahead, but also puts the rich target in the *victim's* place: the sick man into whose will Pacuvius aims to slip is described as 'shut in the prison of the fishnet' (*inclusus carcere nassae* 123). Legacy-hunting satire habitually casts the rich man as pursued animal.¹⁷⁹ But this satire's ultimate victim is Mr. Fat Sheep himself.¹⁸⁰ After Pacuvius muscles into top position, Juvenal offers a final prayer which invokes the spectre of *Sat.* 10¹⁸¹ – and thus makes it horribly clear just where Pacuvius is headed next:

uiuât Pacuuius quaeso uel Nestora totum,
 possideat quantum rapuit Nero, montibus aurum
 exaequet, nec amet quemquam nec ametur ab ullo. (128–30)

I make a wish: that Pacuvius live for a whole Nestor span, that he possess as much as Nero pilfered, that he reach the mountains with his gold, and that he love no one, and be loved by none.

The terrors of long life (including Nestor's) were extensively exposed in *Sat.* 10; indeed, Nestor's Trojan counterpart Priam became a sacrificial victim as his city fell (10.267–70). Nero was absent from *Sat.* 10, but Suetonius tells us about his bloody end under the knife (*Nero* 49); and we remember from the general principles of *Sat.* 10 that such 'mountains of gold' will eventually collapse upon their owner. Juvenal prays – and prophesies – that Pacuvius' conquest will completely isolate him. We know well from the rhythmic pattern of *Sat.* 10 what happens to such outstanding individuals: they pay top price for their success. Indeed, Pacuvius is the cap of a satire (and book) that has repeatedly drummed in the perils of isolating oneself above the rest. It is the 'stand-out' figures, whether people, animals, or possessions, that invite the final cut in this satire: Juvenal's imaginary Clitumnian bull, offering its neck to be struck by the tall servant; the suspended jewels of the beaver; Catullus' prized and valuable possessions; the ship's mast; the sailors' hair; proud elephants; beautiful

¹⁷⁹ Cf. Tracy 1980, 400.

¹⁸⁰ Again I take a more *ad hominem* reading of the poem (cf. *Sat.* 11); Adamietz 1983, 246 by contrast sees legacy-hunting as the central target.

¹⁸¹ For these blessings as curses, cf. Ramage 1978, 236; Walker 2006, 101 also notes the connection between 10 and 12 here; cf. Stramaglia *ad loc.* On the fitness of the punishment at the end, see Henke 2000, 216–17.

slaves; marriageable daughters; rich childless prey; and finally, Pacuvius himself – the next Sejanus, Cicero, Hannibal, Silius, any famous kill you care to name. Outstanding individuals in imperial Rome remove the cushion of society and put their neck on the line; it is only a matter of time till someone, anyone – maybe the man who wants your spot – strikes.

In place of violent self-sacrifice, Anon offers a bargain: safety and obscurity, at cost of castration. Our satirist redefines Callimacheanism to make slenderness synonymous with unoriginality: instead of boldly treading the untrodden paths, to ‘stay small’ in Juvenal’s Rome means to keep to those well-travelled. Offer modest sacrifices that could belong to any poet; run an operation where ‘everything shines’ (*cuncta nitent* 91), every word looks the possession of a standard poet. Take cover in done-to-death ‘poetic storms’. Cast out those ancient marks of poetic excellence; in fact, make the ship so tiny that no one will notice it at all. Erect defences by building a poem that limps into mediocrity. Give anything more and you could end up like Pacuvius: a fat victim cut down or buried beneath a mountain of money. Juvenal shows us the terms for survival in contemporary Rome, and builds a poem after them: an emasculated offering scraped of force and value, but one that, like a savvy beaver in trouble, owes its life to its self-castration.

And so – as we saw with the stylistic grooming of mediocrity in *Sat.* 10 – Juvenal applies the lessons *of* his poetry to his poetry. *Sat.* 12 thematises shipwreck, loss, miniaturization, sacrifice – and packs all these into his ‘shortest’ and ‘weakest’ composition. As the ship is crippled but remains buoyant, so Catullus, the beaver, even Anon himself press on because (not in spite) of their negligible form. However the loss is troped, Juvenal renders himself another prime example of it. We shall now move briefly to notch that loss to the emperor’s concomitant gain: Anon willingly unloads his high-stacked poetry for calmer waters, yet they are seas still controlled by an overbearing steersman.

3.4 *Hadrian the Poet II*

If we read *Sat.* 12 as submerged poetics, the poem takes on added weight under the pressure of Hadrianic Rome: a city overshadowed

by the ultimate poet. It could transpire that Juvenal's castrated satire is not only symptomatic of the generalized elite emasculation under the principate,¹⁸² but also a specific response to the problem: how does one produce poetry without threatening Rome's most powerful poet?¹⁸³ In [Chapter 2](#), we probed Hadrian's participation in contemporary letters. We posited that poets active during this period found themselves under close watch. Some anecdotes from the *HA* will here suffice to show further scrutiny relevant to *Sat.* 12. The following cursory treatment will not aim to uncover close *literary* links between the poem and the *Vita*,¹⁸⁴ but rather to excavate a more diffuse 'atmospheric' bond.

Hadrian's inclination for poetry is mentioned along with other talents (*Vita Hadriani* 14):¹⁸⁵ extremely interested (*studiosissimus*) in poems and literature, he was also versed in other complementary arts – a true renaissance man. Our poet-emperor is said to have indulged his passions in writing love poetry in particular (so a Catullus *rediuuius*?): *in uoluptatibus nimius. nam et de suis dilectis multa uersibus composuit*. Things become interesting, for our purposes, from section 15 onwards. Here we see the individual fates of Hadrian's inner sanctum played out in the familiar climate of suspicion and paranoia. None of these figures was a renowned poet, but the perils of proximity to power certainly shine through. In the midst of this catalogue of outstanding men summarily toppled from their pedestals, the anecdote of Favorinus comes up.¹⁸⁶ This story inserts itself as a pointed example of Hadrian's interventions in the world of the arts. The dynamic between power and scholar is clear:

et quamuis esset oratione et uersu promptissimus et in omnibus artibus peritissimus, tamen professores omnium artium semper ut doctior risit, contempsit, obtruiit. cum his ipsis professoribus et philosophis libris uel carminibus inuicem editis saepe certauit. et Favorinus quidem, cum uerbum eius quondam ab

¹⁸² Cf. Larmour 2005, 169.

¹⁸³ Syme 1979a, 278 also floats the question of Juvenal's reception by a poetically inclined Hadrian.

¹⁸⁴ For that enterprise, see Cameron 1964 and (qualification in) Baldwin 1990.

¹⁸⁵ I use the text in Benario 1980.

¹⁸⁶ Cf. Favorinus at Dio 69.3; see also [Chapter 2.4](#). For another famous direct confrontation between power and writing, cf. Macrobius' anecdote about Pollio's response to Augustus' satire (*Sat.* 2.4.21).

Shrinking, Slinking, and Sinking

<H>adriano reprehensum esset atque ille cessisset, arguentibus amicis, quod male cederet Hadriano de uerbo, quod idonei auctores usurpassent, risum iocundissimum mouit; ait enim: ‘non recte suadetis, familiares, qui non patimini me illum doctiorem omnibus credere, qui habet triginta legiones’. (*Vita Hadriani* 15. 10–13)

And even though he was extremely proficient at prose and verse, and was skilled in every art, still he always laughed at, despised and disparaged the professors of all these arts as if he were more learned than them. He often challenged the professors and philosophers themselves by pamphlets and poems, published by both sides in turn. Indeed even Favorinus raised a chuckle among his friends: a word he’d used had been criticised by Hadrian, and he gave in. They argued that he was wrong to defer to Hadrian on the word, which mainstream authors had used. So he said: ‘You’re not giving great advice, my friends, if you don’t allow me to think that man who has thirty legions more learned than anyone else’.

Hadrian gets his hands dirty, directly participating in the contemporary literary debates by publishing his own views (*libris uel carminibus*). In the case of sophist Favorinus,¹⁸⁷ close-reader Hadrian criticized a particular word and Favorinus yielded. When slated by his friends for backing down, Favorinus made the telling joke about thinking the man who has thirty legions more learned than anyone else; literary authority, in other words, is a function of raw political power. The anecdote, nestled directly next to a summary of propped-up stars turned fallen giants, sketches out the literary landscape: a realm closely monitored by the self-appointed greatest scholar-poet-rhetorician in town. The trade-off for *favour* was constant kowtowing to the boss, even in minor matters. Favorinus was also a particularly vivid demonstration of the beaver principle of *Sat.* 12: he was himself born a eunuch and apparently made much of his experience of quarrelling with an emperor and living to tell the tale.¹⁸⁸

More immediately relevant for *Sat.* 12 is the subsequent information about Hadrian’s peculiar linguistic tastes:

amauit praeterea genus uetustum dicendi, controuersias declamauit. Ciceroni Catonem, Vergilio En<n>ium, Sallustio Coelium praetulit eademque iactatione de Homero ac Platone iudicauit. (16.5–7)

¹⁸⁷ An all-round Second Sophistic Superstar: See Gleason 1995, 3–20.

¹⁸⁸ Philostratus *Lives* 489.

What's more, he was a fan of the archaic style of speaking, and he declaimed *controuersiae*. He preferred Cato to Cicero, Ennius to Virgil, Coelius to Sallust, and pronounced judgements on Homer and Plato with the same confidence.

A fondness for archaizing should interest us when placed alongside a satire whose major protagonists are Catullus and Pacuvius.¹⁸⁹ While the two poet-namesakes are not obvious candidates for a *controuersia*, they nevertheless resemble two poles of literature that this Hadrian (*semper in omnibus uarius* 14.11) may have felt within himself: on the one hand Catullus the classic love poet, forging verse (like Hadrian) *de suis dilectis* (14.9), the ambassador of the neoterics, newness personified; on the other Pacuvius the crusty tragedian, shaggy yet noble in the vein of Ennius (his uncle), oldness incarnate.¹⁹⁰ We have demonstrated above the extent to which Catullan echoes suffuse Juvenal's Catullus with the spirit of his namesake. But Pacuvius the *tragedian* could also be activated via that old metaphorical trick of showing the poet in the world of his poetry.¹⁹¹ Original Pacuvius is known to have dipped into nearby tragic territory, having written a *Dulorestes* (probably on Orestes' revenge).¹⁹² No surprise Iphigenia comes up as the *reductio ad absurdum* of legacy hunting, then – invoked twice within a short space:

si qua est nubilis illi
Iphigenia domi, dabit hanc altaribus, etsi
non sperat tragicæ furtiua piacula ceruæ. (118–20)

If he's got any marriage-ready Iphigeneia at home, he'll put her on the altar, even if he can't hope for the secret atonement of the deer in the tragedy.

ergo uides quam
grande operæ pretium faciat iugulata Mycenis. (126–27)

So you see how much it's worth, to slit a Mycenaean girl's throat.

¹⁸⁹ Uden 2015, 194 handles these names as empty signifiers and bare repetitions of hollowed-out Republican glory. Conte 1996, 56 comments apropos of the shipwreck scene in Petronius that Cicero recommended using Pacuvius as a model for that sort of set piece (*De Oratore* 3.157) – so could Pacuvius be tied to the mast here too?

¹⁹⁰ For a convenient account of Pacuvius' life and works, see Manuwald 2011, 210–15. Lucilius (211) and Persius (212) both teased him – so he was always a whipping boy for Roman satirists. Littlewood 2007, 410 also reads Pacuvius tragedian in, and integrates him into the satire's overall hostility to 'big' (epic/tragic) poetics.

¹⁹¹ See Conclusion n. 44.

¹⁹² Schierl 2006, 242; for a summary of Pacuvian poetics, see Manuwald 2012, 210–15. See also Uden 2015, 196–97.

We have been attuned to character/title conflation ever since its master role in *Sat.* 7; *dare* (119), too, can be used of ‘presenting a play’.¹⁹³ Perhaps modern day Pacuvius made a metaphorical killing in staging his own *Iphigenia*; perhaps he took the old sacrificial component of tragic ritual a little too literally. Line 127 would then carry a comment about Pacuvius’ *literary* success: under an archaizing emperor, Pacuvius, that fat-sheep archaizing tragedian, won the prize by producing *another* overcooked tragedy to taste. Pandering to contemporary imperial nostalgia and ‘greculizing’, this Pacuvius tramples over his rivals to become top poetic dog in Hadrianic Rome. But – as above – Juvenal hints that he will inevitably fall victim to his own success. Like all those imperial favourites – in *Sat.* 10, the *HA*, Tacitus – his trendy emperor-pleasing is the surest mark of his demise. Better to follow the poetic model of Catullus and Juvenal: castrated, safe, *not* flavour of the month, choosing to hover several levels beneath the emperor’s vigilance.¹⁹⁴

Ultimately, *Sat.* 12’s most effective tool is its pollarded frame allowing indirect access to a sensitive issue (cf. *Sat.* 13 next). It plugs into a contemporary debate about how to write poetry, without ever advertizing its own ambitions beyond a rhetorical thanksgiving for a rescued friend and a standard attack on the practice of *captatio*. Hadrian’s obsessive interest in all things literary may indeed help to explain the startling absence of direct programmatic statements about poetics in Juvenal, full stop.¹⁹⁵ Under an emperor with such distinct yet unpredictable literary tastes, and such tendencies to throw his weight behind the most negligible literary causes, poetry cannot have been a throwaway topic. *Sat.* 12 shows us, through smooth sleight of hand and slightness of form, what sort of poet and poetry can sustain

¹⁹³ *OLD* do 5b.

¹⁹⁴ The poem’s other prominent name – the addressee Corvinus – also conjures up Rome’s poetic past. In Juvenal’s opening replay of Horace’s birthday wishes to his patron (*Odes* 4.11; see Elwitschger 1992, 52, Littlewood 2007, 392), Corvinus takes Maecenas’ place – begging to be taken as that *alternative* of Augustan patronage, the famous Messalla Corvinus. Is this Anon’s bid for the second rate? Ferguson 1987 ‘Corvinus’ entertains the idea of *Sat.* 12’s Corvinus as a patron, but does not connect through to *the* Messalla.

¹⁹⁵ See Chapter 1.4.

themselves in Hadrianic Rome: the type that dips beneath the intense interest of a poet for a *princeps*.

3.5 *The Cast and Crew (One More Time, with Feeling)*

I have worked hard – some might be thinking all too hard – to read this poem as a mission statement about reducing poetry. With such a slew of names evoking the long *durée floruit* of Roman poetry – poets Catullus, Parthenius, and Pacuvius, patrons Corvinus and Maecenas – it is hard not to lean this way. And yet at a deeper level, there are good reasons why the satire stays so resistant to simple allegorizing. For one, the rhetoric generates its force – as so often in Juvenal – from ‘reality’ outrunning literature. Forget about the fictional Iphigeneia of the old Pacuvius; look, the new one is sacrificing for *real*.¹⁹⁶ But there is another side to all this, and one that might help us wade back to the poetics of anonymity. Firstly, Juvenal’s fury against the legacy hunter is precisely a fury against a process of doctoring a document, a writing in and over of *one’s own name* (contrast Juvenal).¹⁹⁷ Secondly, the point must also be that all these veteran famed names are *not* poets anymore, for there are no more poets of the old sort to be found (cf. *Sat.* 7). These names are nothing but shadows and simulacra of their illustrious Republican forebears. As *Sat.* 8 taught us, the titles, echoed down the hollow chambers of tradition, have nothing to do with their defunct ‘original’ referents. The big names have effectively become no-names; you could not pin a poet, even with a poet’s name. Anon would not want it any other way.

3.6 *Treading Water*

Anon’s fourth book – celebrated (or salvaged) for signalling new directions, noted for its more personal, ‘Horatian’ overtones – is really a fresh take on the grand old theme of self-concealment. *Sat.*

¹⁹⁶ This Pacuvius could also be the Pacuvius of Seneca *Ep.* 12 *redux*: this one runs a mock funeral for himself à la Trimalchio, and sacrifices to himself in a more direct way than Juvenal’s Pacuvius.

¹⁹⁷ Fittingly enough, Champlin 1991, 82 groups both ‘forgery and captation’ under the umbrella term ‘interference’ – wills were made to be broken.

10 makes Democritus not the spearhead of a new philosophical equilibrium, but a figure for the poetics and politics of mediocrity. The far-yet-close imperial exempla of Sejanus and Silius militate strongly against ‘standing-out’; and with Cicero’s gory end as famous orator, but counterfactual safety as subpar poet, we can glimpse Juvenal’s own strategy in the making. Anon maintains the bid for anti-eminence as he pits his shadowy ‘self’ against the over-exposed Persicus of *Sat.* 11. Here, under the warm guise of an open house, he masterfully turns the glare back onto his embarrassed interlocutor; this ‘invitation’ tells us much more about its destinator than its originator. Finally, *Sat.* 12 finds a solution to the problem of composing poetry under a poet by recommending a lighter, shorter, reduced and castrated form of satire. This is a poetry that casts off the frills of Golden Age Rome, docks safely in the imperial port and watches on while the over-ambitious Pacuvii of the world shoot themselves in the foot; and the whole time the poem talks sideways about what it is doing, and performs sneakily what it is talking about. Anon thus manages to keep his head only just above the water he so unglamorously treads – no rival to be thrown overboard from Hadrian’s ship of state. Lastly, we turn to Anon’s final attempt to stay afloat, successful at least until the ultimate fragment breaks (him) off.

CONSOLATION, ISOLATION, INDIGESTION

In hot pursuit of its understudied counterpart, book 5 has not found audiences well-disposed; structural problems and inconsistencies of argument have coloured critical assessments of these poems just as they have those of *Sat.* 11 and 12. This chapter will reapply the model for book 4, stoking up close readings of three consecutive poems to reassess them within the overarching framework of satiric anonymity. The incomplete cap to the book – *Sat.* 16 – will be reserved for the end; the issues it raises provide a convenient opportunity for retrospective. Let us now systematically review the first lines of Anon's final script.

I Satire 13

1.1 *The Accusation of Consolation*

Sat. 13 opens book 5 with a pattern of financial loss and negligible compensation already familiar from *Sat.* 12. As we saw there, Anon's solution to the problem of success in imperial Rome was to throw it all away; survival was negotiated at the expense of excellence, whether in poetry or lifestyle. In *Sat.* 13, Juvenal extends his call for anonymity to a specific audience – Calvinus – even as he maintains his own burial beneath the suspect advice of a mediocre 'doctor'.¹ The form of this satire – a parodic *consolatio* – in fact allows for double the generic fun.² One of the

¹ See Keane 2007b, 33–35, Walker 2006, 106–20.

² Braund 1997a and Pryor 1962 read *Sat.* 13 as an 'ironic *consolatio*' and list the poem's play with and revision of standard generic features; cf. Corn 1975, 12, Keane 2007b, 33. I have adopted the term 'parody' because it implies a participation in, as well as distance from, the rhetorical genre (or target text) 'proper' (see Rose 1993 46–52); Braund 1997a also uses it (e.g. 77–78), as does Edwards 1987, 177; cf. Edmunds 1972, 60. Contrast Courtney, who sees an ironical start followed by a 'serious' ending; Elwitschger 1992, 71

roles of the conventional consolation was to drown the seemingly particular in the universal ocean – death is nothing to us because it happens to everyone, etc. And one of the ways it sought to achieve this was by mustering the same tralatitious material; it was a form of literary comfort food, anaesthetic through rhetoric.³ Secondly, parody exposes the mechanism of a genre as predictable motion; it relishes the tired motifs of the parodied text, indeed, dwells on these disproportionately. With *Sat.* 13, then, Anon has found another ideal conduit of self-erasure: average practitioner in a common mould, collector of the prefabricated cultural wisdom that is ‘consolation’.

As with *Sat.* 12’s disarmingly familiar topics, Juvenal’s comfortable consolation immobilizes reading between the lines. And yet there is much to read. The satire may frame itself in recognisably rhetorical terms, but it plays out to become more of an admonishment than a remedy.⁴ Anon warns his addressee – the naïve, self-aggrandizing Calvinus – that he is making too much of his situation; he is drawing attention to himself, all too public in his overblown protestations. Anon’s repeated message is that Calvinus should stop isolating himself as an exception and blend back into the background as a rule. But the central incident of perjury also warns *us* against taking Calvinus’ claim at face value. In *Sat.* 13’s grim world of only a few good men, we must look out for signs that this loud old bastion of *simplicitas* is not quite what he stridently claims to be. This poem poses as a *consolatio*, but turns out to be an accusation of the subtlest kind: a satire that, in the best Lucilian effect (if not courage), and the best Juvenalian obliquity, makes its hearer sweat with silent guilt (*Sat.* 1.167).

Sat. 13 courts anonymity on two levels, then. Firstly, Anon immerses himself in a monotonous genre. He becomes an unremarkable dispenser of commonplace advice; his counsel derives

and Adamietz 1984 are also hostile to the ironic *consolatio* reading. Walker 2006, 106–20 (too late for Keane 2007b) pushes for a primarily self-deflating persona; I argue for self-defence over self-deflation.

³ Morford 1973, 35 notes that the failure to return a *depositum* was also a standard declamatory topic.

⁴ Cf. Adamietz 1984, 482, who thinks the importance of the *consolatio* overstated – it is simply another departure point for satiric critique; cf. Edmunds 1972, 70. Jones 1993, 83 rightly points out that only lines 1–192 could be described as *consolatio*.

from popular wisdom, a stance accessible to and imitable by anyone.⁵ Secondly, Calvinus is cautioned away from the self-alienation of a prospective *criminal*. The satire ostensibly deals with Calvinus the victim; but it is really one extended hint to this guilt-ridden man that Juvenal is onto him.⁶ In this way, Juvenal executes the perfect crime of *Sat.* 1: he achieves an accusation without marking it an accusation. Our submerged satirist intimates his knowledge of Calvinus' contemplated crime, yet never denounces him outright; he ruffles the paranoia of this hidden perpetrator, convincing him to drop his plan before it is too late. This friendly consolation is more than the sum of its familiar motifs and self-effacing practitioner: it is an accusation and a dissuasion, delivered through the potent half-signs of winks, nods, and silence.

1.2 *Some Comfort*

Long before we learn fuller details of Calvinus' situation, Juvenal invalidates his moans and groans as a ludicrously disproportionate reaction. Calvinus' experience – whatever that may be – is shown to belong to the commonest cross-section of reality:

quid sentire putas homines, Caluine, recenti
de scelere et fidei uiolatae crimine? sed nec
tam tenuis census tibi contigit, ut mediocris
iacturae te mergat onus, nec rara uidemus
quae pateris: casus multis hic cognitus ac iam
tritus et e medio fortunae ductus aceruo. (13.5–10)⁷

How do you think people feel about this recent crime, Calvinus, and about the charge of good faith betrayed? But you're not so skint, that the burden of a modest loss will sink you, nor should we think what you're going through is rare: this misfortune is familiar to many, and it's already well-worn, something plucked from the middle of fortune's heap.

⁵ As Bartsch 2012, 236 shows, there is not much philosophy beyond *loci communes* here.

⁶ Cf. Adamietz 1984, 482's lighter concept of 'tadelnden Paränese'. My manic and heavily psychologizing mode of reading here owes a lot to Rabb's (2007, 179) comments on the satiric tradition of paranoia. For the jumpy assumption among readers of satire that every 'general' criticism is aimed at them, cf. Jerome *Ep.* 125.5 (see Sogno 2012, 383).

⁷ Modern editions now print U's reading (and Ribbeck's conjecture) of *homines* for *omnes* (P and Φ) in 5, but I wonder if *omnes* may not have some point: *everyone* is onto you, Calvinus.

The financial loss is troped in language recalling Catullus' plight in *Sat.* 12. Calvinus is so wealthy that the 'weight of a moderate loss' would not sink him. Note the nautical *mergat*; and *iactura* too was an indispensable safety mechanism for Catullus. The very vocabulary of 'familiarity' used to stow Catullus' adventure back in the pile of common stock is reprised here for characterizing Calvinus' experience: *cognita multis* (12.26) becomes *multis . . . cognitus* (13.9). In fact, the cross-book spillover underscores the point that Calvinus' financial problems are truly not rare: indeed, the previous satire saw a merchant lose *all* his possessions, even part of his ship – and if *that* was common, then Calvinus' loss must be all the more so. Juvenal's satire here sets its own standards as the norm of human experience; Calvinus' *iactura* must be read against that other recent *iactura*, and accordingly written off as minor. Such a regular event merits no special treatment.

And Calvinus will get none. Juvenal admits the power of philosophy to insure against the very *fortuna* of line 10, but motions that his advice will come from more modest quarters:

an nihil in melius tot rerum proficis usu?
magna quidem, sacris quae dat praecepta libellis,
uictrix fortunae sapientia, ducimus autem
hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda uitae
nec iactare iugum uita didicere magistra. (18–22)

Or have you made absolutely no headway from your experience of the world? They're great things, those principles which philosophy, Conqueror of Fortune, teaches in its sacred books, but we also think those people happy, the ones who have learned from the school of life to take life's inconveniences in their stride, and not shake off the yoke.

Fine to have those grand precepts of *sapientia* – but also useful are the instructions of 'life' itself, that wealth of comparative data which old Calvinus really should have accrued already. The strength of this new reality claim is cognate with *Sat.* 1: here, too, real world observation is privileged above the stylization found in 'books'. Juvenal finds a new excuse to accumulate endless examples of crime.⁸ Instead of standing straight at the crossroads, we (along with Calvinus) are now ushered to the source of

⁸ Cf. Edmunds 1972, 70.

criminal evidence: the courthouse. This is the new slice of reality, portable synecdoche and endless generator of satiric material:⁹

haec quota pars scelorum, quae custos Gallicus urbis
usque a lucifero donec lux occidat audit?
humani generis mores tibi nosse uolenti
sufficit una domus; paucos consume dies et
dicere te miserum, postquam illinc ueneris, aude. (157–61)

How small a sample is this of the crimes which Gallicus the urban guard hears constantly, from dawn to dusk? One courthouse is enough if you want to know the conduct of the human race; take a few days there, and dare to refer to yourself as ‘wretched’ when you’re done.

The capacity of satire again struggles to live up to the massive proportions of reality; but reality does offer all the comparative material Juvenal needs to craft his new ‘contextualizing’ satire, which aims to ‘console’ Calvinus by burying his own concerns in the pile of ‘worse’ examples all around him. The corollary of this forceful reality claim is to reduce Juvenal’s presence in the satire (cf. *Sat.* 1). Anon’s voice merely directs attention to the monumental ‘heap’ of bad acts in the surrounding environs, immediately visible to anyone with eyes; a perspective which requires no special knowledge, for the arguments are instantly extractable from everyday life. With such freely available data, it is suspicious that Calvinus has *not* picked up any street-smarts.

The average standard of Juvenal’s consolation – matching the average offence – comes through loud and clear at 120–25. Here Anon explicitly flags up the generic tradition within which he is moving:

accipe quae contra ualeat solacia ferre
et qui nec Cynicos nec Stoica dogmata legit
a Cynicis tunica distantia, non Epicurum
suspicit exigui laetum plantaribus horti.
curentur dubii medicis maioribus aegri:
tu uenam uel discipulo committe Philippi. (120–25)

By contrast, have a consolation which anyone can give you – someone who has read neither the Cynics nor Stoic doctrine (different to the Cynics only in the shirt), and who hasn’t looked up to Epicurus, happy with the plants of his tiny garden. Patients in a critical condition need the

⁹ Cf. Keane 2006, 100 (the courtroom resembles the all-consuming world of *Sat.* 1).

care of greater doctors; you just entrust your veins to some student of Philippus.

Again, the book-smarts (even Greek-er *dogmata*; cf. *sacris ... praecepta libellis* 19) of philosophy are rejected in favour of lower-level treatment.¹⁰ These are *solacia* that ‘anyone’ can provide; no need to have consulted the frivolous philosophical classics.¹¹ Truly sick people need stronger medical help (*medicis maioribus*), but Calvinus can commit himself to any old backstreet consultant. Indeed, Anon implies that his voice is nothing more than an anonymous ventriloquization of an unknown doctor’s opinion; he himself plays *discipulus Philippi*. Unlike the famous Archigenes (98), Philippus is a name paradoxically chosen for its anonymity: it stands for any mediocre medical professional. *Discipulus* thickens the obscurity. Not only does this satire represent the principles of an unknown, but the *apprentice* of an unknown; we are now at *two* removes from the authority of a reputable name. *Sat.* 13 thus downplays the particular source of the discourse in a manner comparable to *Sat.* 1; its common-sensical appeals file away the author-satirist by gesturing to the courthouse of reality. Juvenal’s course of treatment is *easily* prescribed in the same way as satire was not difficult to write (difficult not to write), and Democritean laughter easy to indulge. Anon escapes by making his words the common property of all.

The self-protective advantages of this small-scale refuge are similar to what we have seen in book 4, and take on yet greater relevance in a satire drawn to the punishments as much as the crimes. Juvenal’s jolt from the ‘consolatory’ part of the satire to full-scale indulgence of Calvinus’ anger (192ff.) has set off many interpretive shivers.¹² But for our purposes, the promise that Calvinus’ man will eventually meet violent justice indicates that the hazards of imperial Rome are still in mind. Crime has been a key industry in which a name can be made for oneself ever since *Sat.* 1 (cf. the star-coaching of 1.73–74: *aude aliquid breuibis*

¹⁰ On the characteristic medical metaphor, see Adamietz 1984, 470, Edmunds 1972, 64, Morford 1973, 29–31.

¹¹ Keane 2007b, 52 thinks this programmatic for Juvenal’s (ab)use of philosophy in book 5: she renders Anon a Horatian *doctor ineptus*; cf. Walker 2006, 116.

¹² See n. 2 above.

Gyaris et carcere dignum, / si uis esse aliquid. ‘Tackle something worthy of claustrophobic Gyrae and prison, if you really want to make something of yourself’). Despite an overcrowded courthouse, criminality in *Sat.* 13 is ultimately presented as a shortcut to the repetitive fates we saw in *Sat.* 10:

quisnam hominum est quem tu contentum uideris uno
flagitio? dabit in laqueum uestigia noster
perfidus et nigri patietur carceris uncum
aut maris Aegaei rupem scopulosque frequentes
exulibus magnis. (243–47)

Is there anyone on earth you’ve seen content with a single crime? Our liar will catch his feet in the trap, and will experience the hook of the dark prison, or the rock of the Aegean Sea, its cliffs packed with distinguished exiles.

Recalled from *Sat.* 10, *laqueus* and *uncus* are key words in Anon’s punishment-conscious satire.¹³ Their presence here jogs our memory of self-betraying ‘stand-out’ figures such as Sejanus, victims of their own (self-)sacrifice. Standing out is equally a concern of *Sat.* 13, which devotes long tracts to a simple argument: Calvinus, you think you are an exceptional figure, but you are not. Juvenal’s piercing gaze in fact shows budding criminals just how obvious – how out-standing – they are. His coaching of Calvinus also encourages our raging addressee to ‘tone himself down’ – that is, be more subdued in a Rome where excessive display is inherently suspicious. In the [following section](#), I shall trace this strand of advice and chart its implications for what may be a guiltier conscience than has hitherto been caught. Anon shows Calvinus the ultimate dangers of successful criminality for a reason: Calvinus himself is set to become one of those toppled exempla that foolishly step into the trap. Juvenal advises him to tread with caution – and all through the cautious form of a consolation.

1.3 *Proceed at Your Own Risk*

The dramatic situation of *Sat.* 13 seems clear by the poem’s end: a gentleman called Calvinus has made a deposit of 10,000

¹³ Cf. Edmunds 1972, 72, citing Mayor on 10.66 (*Seianus ducitur unco*).

sesterces with an unnamed perjurer (*nominis inuisi* 248), who later denies that this deposit was ever made; Calvinus has been duped, and his liver is in a twist. The ‘facts’, however, emerge slowly. All we know for certain from the beginning is that Calvinus has suffered some sort of financial loss, the precise nature of which is postponed until line 71. At first address, it is far from clear where or how Calvinus stands:

exemplo quodcumque malo committitur, ipsi
displicet auctori. prima est haec ultio, quod se
iudice nemo nocens absolvitur, improba quamuis
gratia fallaci praetoris uicerit urna.
quid sentire putas homines, Caluine, recenti
de scelere et fidei uiolatae crimine? (1–6)

Whatever crime’s committed after a bad example, it’s displeasing to the author themselves. This is the first revenge, i.e. no guilty party is absolved with himself acting as judge, although the personal favour of a crooked praetor won the case with an immoral urn. How do you think people feel about this recent crime, Calvinus, and about the charge of good faith betrayed?

Who indeed is the *auctor* of this particular version of the general situation in 1–4? Book 4’s precedent of addressing the *practitioners* of the very bad habits which Anon denounces does not exactly mark Calvinus as automatic victim. *Sat.* 11 went out to Persicus – a name suggestive of the table luxury *Sat.* 11 prohibits; *Sat.* 12 to Corvinus, again evocative of the *captatio* lambasted in the poem. The pattern would be even tighter if we follow Reeve’s deletion of lines 1–4: the rest of the poems in book 5 all name an addressee in the very first line, and *Sat.* 13 would be expected to offer no exception.¹⁴ Could this be a direct naming and shaming? In any case, the ‘fresh crime’ and the ‘charge of broken faith’ are markedly neutral: whose crime is it anyway? Whose faith broken? Does that *crimen* backpedal from *scelus*: ‘crime’ unwound to ‘charge’? It is by no means unambiguous what role – victim or perpetrator – Calvinus will subsequently play. The satire – as I shall argue – makes use of both;¹⁵ and here the confusion begins.

¹⁴ Richards transposed them to follow 195, but Reeve’s suggestion (1983, 30) remains attractive.

¹⁵ Some readings of *Sat.* 13 have recognized Calvinus’ centrality as target: Braund 1997a recruits Calvinus to her argument about Juvenalian anger, rendering him an

But Juvenal makes sure to let Calvinus know that all the *homines* have him in their sight, and on their lips.

The following lines frame Calvinus squarely as victim, and drag him through his own ridiculous overreaction. But when the first details of the crime are actually released, the phrasing is remarkable. The subtle moodshift of a very tiny verb has escaped everyone, even though it changes *Sat. 13*'s complexion entirely:

tu quamuis leuium minimam exiguamque malorum
 particulam uix ferre potes spumantibus ardens
 uisceribus, sacrum tibi quod non *reddat* amicus
 depositum? (13–16)

You can't hardly bear the tiniest crumblet of negligible trouble, on fire in your frothing guts, because (you say) a friend won't return the solemnly promised deposit?

The subjunctive says it all. Calvinus is so angry not because a friend fails to return his deposit, but because he *alleges* a friend fails to return his deposit. *Reddat* files the crime in the greyer category of accusation; this is still very much a *crimen* (charge), not a conviction. Significantly, it means that Anon declines to throw his own weight behind the charge. Even when the situation is clarified at line 71, it is relativized within implicit speechmarks:

intercepta decem *quereris* sestertia fraude
 sacrilega. (71–72)

'Ten thousand sesterces have been siphoned off in a sacrilegious fraud' – that's what you're moaning about.

Juvenal could have made this information unproblematic, but instead opts for indirect speech: 'ten thousand intercepted – so

externalization of Juvenal's earlier, angrier self (87) – an idea also found in Fredericks 1971, 224, Pryor 1962, 171–72, Anderson 1982, 281–82 (for revision of which view see Keane 2007b, 34 (cf. 2015, 176), Plaza 2006, 252–53, Elwitschger 1992, 92–98); Corn 1975, 29 agrees with Fredericks on the detachment of Juvenal's persona from Calvinus, forming an attack on the man and Roman society in general. Morford 1973, 26 splits the target of the satire between Calvinus and the *consolatio* genre itself, taking cues from Pryor 1962, 168; Uden (*forthcoming* in *Classical Philology*) sees the poem as a staging of a grotesque stand-off between religious extremists, and so splits the satire's target evenly between speaker and Calvinus. Jones 1993, 91–92 is good on Juvenal's revelation of Calvinus' 'misplaced and obsessive values'. This chapter will push for a stronger, subtler victimization of Calvinus – as *perpetrator*!

you complain'. As with the subjunctive *reddat*, so *quereris* here: Anon carefully leaves the charge as Calvinus' claim, nothing more. This dubitation powerfully fences Calvinus into a suspicious corner – for *Sat.* 13 is full of phoney claims and bunk oaths. Within the poem's climate of default fraudulence, there is absolutely no reason to trust Calvinus' claim. So there is an incipient sense already that Calvinus' overdone protestations may be a sign of *guilt* rather than frustration.¹⁶

Calvinus' 'surprise' at the fraud is something difficult to fit with a man who has lived sixty years. Juvenal's own surprise has a strand of scepticism wrapped in the reproach:

stupet haec qui iam post terga reliquit
sexaginta annos Fonteio consule natus?
an nihil in melius tot rerum proficis usu? (16–18)

Does this come as a shock to someone who's got sixty years behind them, someone born in Fonteius' consulship? Or have you made absolutely no headway from your experience of the world?

As Anon proceeds to explain, good men are rare (*rari . . . boni* 26) in this age of moral bankruptcy; so how could Calvinus think his own experience unique, let alone bad? This from a man born in the year of Fonteius' consulship – and if it is the same Fonteius as the one that opens Tacitus *Annals* 14, that was a particularly egregious time for far worse crimes (perhaps it also gives our man a birthmark of suspicion?).¹⁷ Calvinus exhibits an old-style *simplicitas*, which cannot but meet with incredulity and ridicule in public (and from Juvenal). Anon cannot *believe* that Calvinus is unaware of the vast criminality of contemporary Rome, and the mob-derision that his *simplicitas* invites. The loud shouting becomes a spectacle in itself:

nos hominum diuomque fidem clamore ciemus
quanto Faesidium laudat uocalis agentem
sportula? dic, senior bulla dignissime, nescis

¹⁶ For a similar dramatic/legal scenario, how about Phaedrus *Fables* 1.17 (dog, sheep, wolf): this one starts with the dog wanting recompense for a loaf of bread, which he dishonestly claimed he had deposited with a sheep. Calvinus could be the dog in sheep's clothing.

¹⁷ Gaio *Vips[t]ano* [C.] *Fonteio consulibus diu meditatam scelus non ultra Nero distulit . . .* Here we go!

quas habeat ueneres aliena pecunia? nescis
 quem tua simplicitas risum uulgo moueat, cum
 exigis a quoquam ne peieret et putet ullis
 esse aliquod numen templis araeque rubenti? (31–37)

Are we clamouring for the faith of men and gods, as much as the vocal rent-a-crowd goes wild for Faesidius when he's pleading? Tell me, old man who's merely earned a boy's stripes, don't you know what charms other people's money holds? Don't you know what roaring laughter your old-fashioned directness provokes in the crowd, when you insist that no one go back on their oath, and think that there's some divine magic in any temple or reddening altar?

The prospective protests of Anon (and Calvinus? *nos*), invoking the faith of men and gods, are equal to (*clamore . . . quanto*) the *uocalis sportula* that praises Faesidius. Indeed, it is not only the amplitude of these protests that should draw our attention, but also their quality: as with the hungry crowd of clients praising Faesidius, the shouting is insincere and blatantly self-interested. By the comparison, Juvenal shows that such old-fashioned appeals are lies motivated by greed. The full force will be unleashed only gradually, but Anon's suspicion of showy outrage will have some bearing on *Calvinus'* performance. The key point is that these loud religious appeals à la Calvinus are close relatives – even derivatives – of *greed*.

The rarity of honest men and honest transactions is stressed repeatedly in *Sat.* 13. *Fides* itself becomes *prodigiosa . . . et Tuscis digna libellis* (62); the honourable man (*egregium sanctumque uirum* 64) is now a portentous figure. This is one factor which renders Calvinus' *simplicitas* so questionable: he looks out of place acting the religious man in such a decayed time. He is a walking anachronism. But his religious zeal, straight face and loud voice are not so different from that of the alleged *perfidus* himself. This man, too, puts on a convincing show:

tam facile et pronum est superos contemnere testes,
 si mortalis idem nemo sciat. aspice *quanta*
uoce neget, quae sit ficti constantia uoltus.
 per Solis radios Tarpeiaque fulmina iurat
 et Martis frameam et Cirrhaei spicula uatis,
 per calamos uenatricis pharetramque puellae
 perque tuum, pater Aegaei Neptune, tridentem,
 addit et Herculeos arcus hastamque Mineruae,

quidquid habent telorum armamentaria caeli.
 si uero et pater est, 'comedam' inquit 'flebile nati
 sinciput elixi Pharioque madentis aceto.' (75–85)

It's so easy and natural to pay no attention to the witnesses in heaven, if no mortal knows. Look at him denying it at the top of his voice, look at that composure in his fabricated face. He swears by the suns' rays and the Tarpeian bolts and Mars' spear and the darts of the Cirrhaean prophet, by the arrows and quiver of the virgin huntress, by your trident, Neptune, father of the Aegean, and he adds Hercules' bow and Minerva's shaft – whatever weapons the gods have in their arsenal. If he's a father too, he weeps out 'May I eat my son's boiled head, marinated in Egyptian vinegar'.

As with 31–32, there is a sense that we are witnessing an overblown performance – the only difference is that this time we *know* the performer has a guilty conscience.¹⁸ The *perfidus* denies the deposit with disproportionate force; the loud negation is a sure sign of guilt (*perfidus* doth protest too much). The comprehensive invocation of every single deity, as (of) every weapon of mass destruction in the arsenal of vengeance, is but a slightly more extreme version of Calvinus' own diverting performance – and the connection is clarified soon enough. Just after Calvinus' nemesis has fortified himself with arguments about the slow anger of the gods and the random distribution of reward and punishment, he gets into an entertaining tussle with our supposed victim. But both parties end up looking equally silly, equally transparent:

sic animum dirae trepidum formidine culpae
 confirmat, tunc te sacra ad delubra uocantem
 praecedit, trahere immo ultro ac uexare paratus.
 nam cum magna malae superest audacia causae,
 creditur a multis fiducia. mimum agit ille,
 urbani qualem fugituius scurra Catulli:
 tu miser exclamas, ut Stentora uincere possis,
 uel potius quantum Gradivus Homericus, 'audis,
 Iuppiter, haec nec labra moues, cum mittere uocem
 debueris uel marmoreus uel aeneus? aut cur
 in carbone tuo charta pia tura soluta
 ponimus et sectum uituli iecur albaque porci
 omenta? ut uideo, nullum discrimen habendum est
 effigies inter uestras statuamque Vagelli'. (106–19)

¹⁸ Cf. Pryor 1962, 174.

In that way he reinforces his mind, shaking with the fear of awful guilt. Then, as you call him up to the sacred shrine, he beats you to it, ready to drag you there under his own steam and actively harass you. For when there's a big dose of insolence on top of a bad case, his confidence convinces everyone. He plays the mime, like the runaway joker of the wit Catullus: but you're screaming, to outstrip Stentor, or as loudly as Homer's Mars, 'Are you hearing this, Jupiter, and keeping your lips sealed, when you should have said something (I don't care whether you're made of bronze or marble)? Why do we unwrap our ceremonious incense and put it on your coals, or our cuts of calf liver, or the white fat of a pig? The way I see it, there's no difference between images of you and a statue of Vagellius'.

This conflict is a competitive social performance, a race to show one's sincerity. Though Calvinus calls him to the shrine, the *perfidus* beats him to it; he is prepared to one-up Calvinus by taking the initiative and dragging *him* there first. The climate is an unmistakable blend of bluff and bluster. The criminal wins credibility (*fiducia*) merely through over-the-top boldness (*audacia*). His movements are so overdone that he recalls a ridiculous character from a farce. But Calvinus does not fare much better. He shouts at the top of his voice (*exclamas*, cf. *clamore* 31), out-Stentors Stentor. Calvinus' high-volume speech actually comes out as a reproach to Jupiter for being too silent. His comparison of Jupiter to a statue of Vagellius (a proverbial declaimer)¹⁹ surely draws attention to this unsatisfying lack of response: a statue of Vagellius, unlike Vagellius himself, is a mute disappointment, a frustrating representation of a figure usually speaking loud and clear.²⁰ Against Jupiter's deafening silence, Calvinus' solemn yelps look even more ludicrous – as does the exaggerated acting of our *scurra*. Calvinus is a part in this everyday farce, and it is difficult to decide who, from this cast of actors, is telling the truth – if anyone.

Excessive behaviour unfailingly indicates insincerity in this satire; nor is the main section underwriting Calvinus' 'credibility' innocent of this equation.²¹ Juvenal challenges Calvinus to point

¹⁹ See Courtney *ad loc.*; he reappears at 16.23 (see Conclusion 2.2).

²⁰ Cf. Ferguson *ad loc.*

²¹ For the 'Calvinus doth protest too much' approach taken here, we might compare Seneca's comments on his own example of a self-torturing guilty conscience: *et inter*

to a worse deed, and promises to ‘shut up’ (cf. Jupiter’s silence) and allow Calvinus a free hand if he cannot:

si nullum in terris tam detestabile factum
ostendis, taceo, nec pugnīs caedere pectus
te ueto nec plana faciem contundere palma,
quandoquidem accepto claudenda est ianua damno,
et maiore domus gemitu, maiore tumultu
planguntur nummi quam funera; nemo dolorem
fingit in hoc casu, uestem diducere summam
contentus, uexare oculos umore coacto:
ploratur lacrimis amissa pecunia ueris. (126–34)

If you can’t show me any deed in the whole world so execrable, I’ll be quiet, and I won’t stop you beating your chest with your fists, or bruising yourself by a face-palm; for the door should be closed when you’ve suffered a loss. Cash is lamented with more household mourning, more noise, than an actual death; no one fabricates the grief in this case, happy just tearing the edge of their clothes, or irritating the eyes by forcibly extracting the waterworks: lost money means mourning with real tears.

Monetary loss is genuinely felt nowadays, much more severely than human loss. But this reaction of mourning, overblown as anything we have seen in the satire, is in fact quite different: it is private, confined to the *domus*, distinct from the very public exhibitionism we have seen thus far. Calvinus is a man only too ready to embarrass himself in public (*quem tua simplicitas risum uulgo moueat* 35). By creating a cultural norm for mourning when a *real* loss has been sustained, Juvenal implies that Calvinus’ loss is *fictional*. He feels a *dolor* that is an over-accentuated untruth – unlike the real pain of the ‘genuine’ victim. Indeed, the image of a Calvinus beating his chest and slapping his face is an attempt to work up *artificially* the pain and tears that would arise naturally if the loss were *real*; his self-harm is no more than eye-poking to force out the waterworks (*uexare oculos umore coacto*). *In hoc*

somnos mouetur et, quotiens alicuius scelus loquitur, de suo cogitat; non satis illi obliteratum uidetur; non satis tectum (Ep. 105.8). ‘His sleep is disrupted; and whenever he mentions another man’s crime, he visualizes his own. It feels to him as if the crime hasn’t been sufficiently erased, or sufficiently covered up.’ This coming only shortly after his own paranoid advice to keep it to ourselves: *nemo quod audierit, tacebit. nemo quantum audierit, loquitur: qui rem non tacuerit, non tacebit auctorem* (6) ‘No one will keep what they have heard under wraps. No one will tell exactly as much as they have heard. And he who doesn’t keep the story itself under wraps, won’t omit to mention the author either.’

casu is another signal: it distinguishes this immediate case from Calvinus' own one (*casus* 9). Calvinus could turn it on; but Anon warns him that they would never look like real tears.

Calvinus' attempts at feigning outrage appear unconvincing and out of place; he is an old man *acting* like a *bullatus*, an inexperienced child. The sense of juvenile behaviour unbefitting of his age is but one of the major disproportions in a satire drawn to the basic humour of incongruity.²² Calvinus looks so incongruous in his surroundings that he fails to establish his sincerity; in this way, he is an unconvincing actor, unlike his successful antagonist. Calvinus performs a duet with his partner in which – despite both looking preposterous to Anon – he is the less able contender. Perhaps there is a lesson, then, in the image of the Pygmy fighting the crane (167–73): Juvenal uses this quintessential picture of disproportion principally to illustrate the importance of perspective for perception.²³ But it also works as a spectacle reflecting Calvinus' own situation, almost a *mise-en-abyme*:

ad subitas Thracum uolucres nubemque sonoram
 Pygmaeus paruis currit bellator in armis,
 mox inpar hosti raptusque per aera curuis
 unguibus a saeua fertur grue. si uideas hoc
 gentibus in nostris, risu quatiare; sed illic,
 quamquam eadem adsidue spectentur proelia, ridet
 nemo, ubi tota cohors pede non est altior uno. (167–73)

A Pygmy warrior in his extra small armour rushes to the sudden roaring cloud of Thracian birds, and immediately he's whisked off by a savage crane, snatched through the air in its curving talons, no match for its opponent. If you saw that in our culture, you'd cack yourself; but there, although the same battles are watched on repeat, where the whole cohort is no taller than one foot, no one finds it funny.

This P/pygmy warrior runs onto the battlefield ill-equipped to deal with his more powerful opponent; like Calvinus battling away at the altar with that veteran *scurra*, he is *inpar hosti*. If the spectacle took place in the full-size human world, the Pygmy would become – like Calvinus in 35 – a laughable figure. This seems

²² On which see Plaza 2006, 10–12; cf. Jenkyns 1982, 172–73.

²³ See Keane 2006, 68 for this section's role in creating 'difference' at a community level. Morford 1973, 32 sees this image as the culmination of *Sat.* 13's extensive manipulations of scale.

a clear case of *de te fabula*: Juvenal is showing Calvinus himself in a distorted mirror so that this amateur can see what he looks like up against the professional perjurers. The image also captures the threat of violence, which will reach fever pitch very soon. In effect, Juvenal warns Calvinus what will come of fibbing with the big guns: a painful crucifixion, funny from the cruel external perspective, but no laughing matter when *you* are in the victim's seat. This thought experiment is actually a bridge to the end: here, with the idea of Calvinus' potential guilt lodged in our minds, the consolation's cautionary filament really heats up.

The following interpretation of the satire's end depends upon the mode of suspicion prepared above. Commentators have stumbled at Anon's apparent *volte-face*, which leads him from defusing Calvinus' vengeance to a sudden indulgence of it. The turnaround has been explained in various ways, none of them compelling enough to do justice to the satire's sinister vibrations.²⁴ But if we recall the environment of convoluted, prevaricated accusation defining the conditions under which Juvenalian satire was produced, the poem's conclusion falls into place. Anon spends almost two hundred lines insinuating his knowledge of Calvinus' lie; an already-paranoid target needs only the slightest of prods to start sweating. From line 174, Juvenal mounts the assault with his strategy of admonition to persuade Calvinus to drop the façade. He starts to focus on the violent punishments that the convicted criminal will inevitably suffer. Anon effectively advises Calvinus to back away silently, *now*. That, or face the consequences. Juvenal thus finds a way to accuse an embryonic criminal and intercept a crime-in-the-making, without ever claiming that purpose officially.

Juvenal ignites his cautionary tale with a hypothetical. Suppose, he says to Calvinus, that your desire for vengeance *is* satisfied, and the perpetrator brought to justice:

²⁴ Morford 1973, 34 explains it as an ironically exaggerated account of punishment to match Calvinus' exaggeration of the crime. Uden 2011, 262 resolves the poem's 'discontinuities' into contrasting theological views (atheist vs. superstitious man). Braund 1997a, 81 sees this section as Juvenal's 'inflammation' of Calvinus' anger (cf. Morford 1973, 29); he gives up on the consolation and shows that Calvinus can never be cured, cf. Bellandi 1980, 96. Of course he was never trying very hard: cf. Edmunds 1972, 66, Keane 2007b, 33.

'nullane peiuri capitis fraudisque nefandae
 poena erit?' abreptum crede hunc grauiore catena
 protinus et nostro (quid plus uelit ira?) necari
 arbitrio: manet illa tamen iactura nec umquam
 depositum tibi sospes erit, sed corpore trunco
 inuidiosa dabit missus solacia sanguis.

(174–79)²⁵

'So won't there be any punishment for this perjurer, this villainous fraud?'
 Assume that he's been taken off immediately in heavier chains, and put
 to death on our judgement – what more could your anger want? But the
 loss is still there, and that deposit will never be safely back in your
 account, but the blood released from that headless corpse will bring you
 a consolation that's also a source of resentment.

This could function as a caution on more than one level. Firstly, it
 draws Calvinus' eyes to the patterns of reprisal that are involved in
 any vengeance. The *solacia* will not be a discrete ending, but
 rather the beginning of a cycle that could lead Calvinus to the
 very fate to which he might soon enjoy watching his antagonist
 succumb; *inuidiosa* ... *solacia* nods to the violence coming
 around to Calvinus, once gone around to the perpetrator. But the
 fixation on the hypothetical gory death (*corpore trunco* ...
missus ... *sanguis*) also works as subtextual accusation: as with
 the Pygmy example, Calvinus' neurotic guilt will of course lead
 him to see *himself* in this grim spectacle. Juvenal shows Calvinus
 how quickly financial loss (*iactura*) can meld into physical loss
 (*corpore trunco* ... *missus* ... *sanguis*); a connection also made in
Sat. 12. The internal fire of the *indocti* hell-bent on vengeance also
 assumes violent undertones:²⁶

nempe hoc indocti, quorum praecordia nullis
 interdum aut leuibus uideas flagrantia causis.

(181–82)

That's obviously something the uneducated would say, whose insides you
 sometimes see on fire for the most negligible reason, or no reason at all.

Calvinus and other vengeful souls famously take on the 'burning'
 insides of the early Juvenalian satirist here (cf. 11–15);²⁷ but as

²⁵ With Willis, I substitute Wakefield's conjecture *missus* for *minimus* (MSS, Clausen, Knoche) in 179, though there could be a perverse joke in 'even the smallest bit of blood ... is enough to give you a hate-inducing consolation' (if so, Courtney *ad loc.* grimly misses it).

²⁶ On the internalization of retribution here, see Frøelund Jensen 1981, 162.

²⁷ See n. 15 above.

with the flaming guts of *Sat.* 1, there is a sense that the metaphor goes beyond metaphor. Juvenal was warned in *Sat.* 1 that if he burned too brightly against the wrong people, he would risk being burned literally; the satiric combat of a ‘burning’ (*ardens* 1.165) Lucilius could result in real self-incineration. *Sat.* 13 employs the same imagery of flaming innards to show the dangers of excessive outrage: when you are unmasked as a con-artist, all that fire will turn against you in an *actual* combustion, and the metaphorical *uolnus* will turn real.

The threats of violence soon intensify as Juvenal drags Calvinus through another alternative: even if the perpetrator escapes temporarily, his conscience will take care of the torturing. This passage, again, comes alive if we read it through the darting eyes of the man with something to hide:

cur tamen hos tu
euasisse putes, quos diri conscia facti
mens habet attonitos et surdo uerbere caedit
occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum?
poena autem uehemens ac multo saeuior illis
quas et Caedicius grauis inuenit et Rhadamanthus,
nocte dieque suum gestare in pectore testem. (192–98)

But why do you reckon these people have got away with it, those whom a mind guilty of a terrible crime freezes, and flogs them with its mute whip, when the mind becomes a torturer brandishing a hidden lash? This punishment is harsh, and much worse than those that grim Caedicius and Rhadamanthus came up with, carrying one’s own witness inside himself, night and day.

Just when Calvinus thinks he has been let off the hook, attention refocusses on the perpetrators and their internal self-punishment. Anon keeps applying pressure ever-so-discreetly, planting phrases that leap out to a paranoid reader (*diri conscia facti / mens*). The violence here is hidden, internalized, almost telepathic: Juvenal strikes Calvinus with a ‘mute whip’ (*surdo uerbere*) and an unseen lash (*occultum . . . flagellum*), invading Calvinus’ mind and exacerbating its frenzy, as a good (invisible) satirist should. This pulse-raising then continues in the next parable designed for Calvinus to recognize himself: the story of Glaucus the Spartan. This man merely *contemplated* a crime

without actually perpetrating it; he was, like Calvinus and his elaborate ‘deposit’ hoax, in the elementary stages of fraud. But Glaucus, unfortunate enough to live in a time when divine justice was quicker and the divine voice fully audible, was wiped out along with his extended family. Mere silent intention becomes a proto-crime every bit as bad as the crime itself, and punished just as severely:

has patitur poenas peccandi sola uoluntas.
nam scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum
facti crimen habet. (208–10)

Even the mere will to do wrong means punishment: anyone who *considers* any silent crime within himself invites the accusation for actually having committed it.

208–09 are especially germane to Calvinus. Juvenal signals to his target that he knows exactly what is running through his terrified head. This is satire for the guilt-ridden over-reader; the Lucilian potency is there, but the cushion of obliquity insures against reprisals. No one could ever accuse Juvenal of direct accusation. But the satire works its silent magic on Calvinus all the same. He becomes the paralyzed *auditor*: *rubet auditor cui frigida mens est / criminibus, tacita sudant praecordia culpa* (1.166–67) ‘the audience of one blushes red, his mind chilled from crimes, his insides sweating from shooshed guilt’.²⁸

By now Juvenal should have accumulated enough material to ‘chill’ Calvinus out of his crime-in-progress. But from 210 we move into yet another hypothetical. Juvenal allows the possibility that our man will get away with it only to expose the *perpetua anxietas* that will plague him thereafter. The physiological upsets experienced by Calvinus, thus far read as metaphorical and feigned, now materialize in the guilty man’s indigestion. He may have managed to pull it off, but now he cannot keep any food or drink down. He suffers a restless insomnia, and if he can scrape some rest, he is haunted by the victim’s phantom in his dreams:

nocte breuem si forte indulsit cura soporem
et toto uersata toro iam membra quiescunt,

²⁸ Courtney *ad* 1.166–67 compares 13.220, as well as the ‘penalties of conscience’ notion at 13.192ff.

Consolation, Isolation, Indigestion

continuo templum et uiolati numinis aras
et, quod praecipuis mentem sudoribus urguet,
te uidet in somnis; tua sacra et maior imago
humana turbat pauidum cogitque fateri. (217–22)

If his stress has somehow granted him a little sleep at night, and his limbs calm down after having tossed all over the bed, he'll immediately see the temple and altar of the offended god, and (this is what sits on his mind, squeezing out especially bad night-sweats) he sees you in his dreams. Your image, godlike, more than human, tortures him in his fear, and forces him to confess.

He also sees the temple and altar of the betrayed divinity. We recall a similar collocation used earlier of Calvinus:

nescis
quem tua simplicitas risum uulgo moueat, cum
exigis a quoquam ne peieret et putet ullis
esse aliquod numen templis araeque rubenti? (34–37)

Don't you know what roaring laughter your old-fashioned directness provokes in the crowd, when you insist that no one go back on their oath, and think that there's some divine magic in any temple or red-dening altar?

Calvinus' overdone demand that men believe divine power to be inherent in temple and altar is ironically fulfilled in the criminal's post-crime mind: there is nothing like guilt to attune the fear of punishment and bolster belief. So our criminal-in-progress will end up subscribing to the religious world-view to which he initially only *feigns* to subscribe. Anon effectively catalogues Calvinus' future tortures here by talking through a role reversal.²⁹ Calvinus officially plays the victim and appears to the perpetrator in his restless sleep, but this is all the prompting a paranoid man needs; his oversensitive mind will latch onto any external criticisms and apply them to himself.³⁰ As Anon says, the overactive imagination of the guilty party interprets every sign – however generic – as a sign *about himself*, a message from god promising harsh penalties. Indeed, Juvenal ensnares a paranoid Calvinus through a type

²⁹ Cf. Pryor 1962, 176–77 on Juvenal discrediting Calvinus by 'reversing the roles of victim and victimiser'.

³⁰ Cf. Uden 2011, 266 on the final lines 'fueling the paranoia of the superstitious' – in which group we would both set Calvinus (see now also Uden [forthcoming in *Classical Philology*]).

of suffering that he has already undergone (metaphorically speaking):

praeterea lateris uigili cum febre *dolorem*
 si coepere pati, missum ad sua corpora morbum
 infesto credunt a numine; saxa deorum
 haec et tela putant. (229–32)

And then there's this: if they've started to sense a pain in their side, along with a fever that keeps them up, they think their disease has been unleashed on their bodies thanks to a hostile divine agent; they think these things the rocks and spears of the gods.

We have seen how *dolor* in line 131 implies Calvinus' original *dolor* (12) is a whipped-up fiction. Juvenal now completes the *dolor* nexus with a threat that this fictional *dolor* will metamorphose into real, physical *dolor*. In a dramatic retelling of the boy who cried wolf, we are to envisage Calvinus wincing in pain as he begins to imagine that the pain is no longer his own creation, but real. Calvinus has thus far pretended that his guts are in a twist; if he continues in this vein, they really will be.³¹ By this point, Calvinus must be reeling.

The final section extends the possibilities of reprisal to infinity: even if the guilty one *does* make it through this particular crime unscathed, his nature is so inclined to criminality that he will reoffend until he gets caught. This is Anon's final warning: commit a crime and it is only a matter of time. Juvenal promises that the violent external punishments will arrive in the end, resorting to imagery that recalls (as above) *Sat.* 10. Heed the warning: 'our treacherous one' (*noster perfidus*, i.e. Calvinus) will wash up on the remote shores of exile, the ultimate 'victim' of his own crime:

dabit in laqueum uestigia noster
 perfidus et nigri patietur carceris uncum
 aut maris Aegaei rupem scopulosque frequentes
 exulibus magnis. (244–47)

Our liar will catch his feet in the trap, and will experience the hook of the dark prison, or the rock of the Aegean Sea, its cliffs packed with distinguished exiles.

³¹ On the connection between Calvinus and perjurer, see Edmunds 1972, 69.

Anon does not allow Calvinus to escape without a vivid (Teiresian?) prophecy. But the real breaking point arrives at the very end. Here the manic close reading of a guilt-ridden addressee peaks:

poena gaudebis amara
nominis inuisi tandemque fatebere laetus
nec surdum nec Teresian quemquam esse deorum. (247–49)³²

You'll savour the bitter punishment of the unnameable name, and at last
you'll gladly *confess* that none of the gods is deaf, or a blind Teiresias.

Juvenal promises Calvinus he will 'rejoice' in the punishment of a 'hated name', and perhaps also an 'invisible/non-existent name'; for we are never enlightened as to the identity of the supposed perpetrator, and the double-meaning again throws quotation marks around this 'crime'. But the words are even more subtly designed to push Calvinus over the edge. Now gripped by the conviction that Juvenal is really talking about him, how would our Calvinus (mis)read those two words opening 248? His jumpy mind could wilfully read his own name into *nominis inuisi*, deliberately left blank for any guilty party to tumble into. Calvinus will also 'finally, gladly admit' that none of the gods is deaf or blind. But after *fateri*'s appearance in 222, the natural nuance of *fatebere* must be 'YOU WILL CONFESS . . .', before the last line lets slip what this confession will be (phew). This is the perfect ending for Juvenal's indirectly pinned satiric victim. Calvinus – and any other guilty reader – will tremble and fall at the final ironic hurdle. At the moment of *fateri*, he will become his own exemplum of the long arm of the law. His own fate will prove that the system whose malfunctioning he so vigorously bemoaned was only dormant all along – poised to strike via Anon.³³

Equally pertinent to our pursuit of Anon's method is the emphasis on silent guilt and internalized fear. As noted above, Calvinus' behaviour has been vocal and public: Juvenal mimics his obstreperous outburst against his antagonist at 113–119, and on several

³² Several recent editions now read *Drusum* (Courtney, Willis, Martyn, Braund) in place of *surdum* (MSS), but the pairing deaf (or dumb)/blind makes sense, and creates a responson with *surdo uerbere* 194.

³³ I.e. satire's 'punitive power', which Keane 2006, 96 thinks ailing in both *Sat.* 4 and *Sat.* 13, is restored – at least against an individual.

other occasions we note his loud complaints. It is open to interpretation whether these events are happening in ‘real time’, or belong to the recent past – until 174, when Calvinus becomes an actual conversation partner. At first, we sense that Calvinus is as indignant as ever, still bent on keeping up appearances:

‘nullane peiuri capitis fraudisque nefandae
poena erit?’ (174–75)

‘So won’t there be any punishment for this perjurer, this execrable fraud?’

Juvenal shows what happens to the head of a *peiurus* with the decapitated corpse (*corpore trunco*). A retreat is on the horizon, but Calvinus bounces back with a general objection, now shrunken to one line:

‘at uindicta bonum uita iucundius ipsa’. (180)

‘But revenge is a good, lovelier than life itself’.

Juvenal then immediately breaks into the scaremongering discussed above, employing ever more threatening imagery. Indeed, these are Calvinus’ last words; Anon brings them to their logical conclusion by actually showing vengeance’s triumph over life itself.³⁴ Calvinus’ life dangles as his last verse is spectacularly turned against him. So our guilty man moves from bloated verbosity, to weak one-liner clichés, to absolute silence.³⁵ The satire mimetically represents Calvinus’ withdrawal into mute introspection as he realizes Anon has got him; he becomes the *silent* party tormented by internal torture instruments. Of course Juvenal does not calm his victim down, for there is no real ‘anger’ to calm. But he does manage to shut him up.

This whole final section (174–249) is spoken in the future tense; if Calvinus manages to avoid boiling over into confession by the end, he at least knows what he is in for, and knows that Juvenal knows what he is planning. The first part of the satire can thus be read as advice to ‘calm down . . . ’; the second part ‘ . . . or else . . . ’.

³⁴ The idea of ‘pleasure’ (*iucundius*) also betrays the interlocutor here in the same way as *suave est* does at Horace *Sat.* 1.1.51 (also framed as piqued riposte [*at*]): *at suave est ex magno tollere aceruo*.

³⁵ This idea of a dramatic response works *contra* Braund 1997a, 84, who thinks that Calvinus is naïve to Juvenal’s tactics – like (her) Naevolus in *Sat.* 9. Keane 2007b, 34 also sees drama unfolding in the poem (where consolation fails).

Juvenal urges Calvinus to drop his zealous appeals and stop playing the wronged party so loudly. His attempts at acting are less than convincing; the disproportionate nature of the reaction only precipitates the suspicion. Anon then demonstrates to Calvinus what *will* happen if he does follow his plan through to the end: long periods of self-torment, insomnia, painful illness, recidivism, an inevitable step into the trap. And all of this caps the disarmingly familiar terms of the *consolatio*: a discourse that could, as it should, belong to anyone. Anon thus shuts Calvinus up *and* shuts down the possibility of a counter-attack, for there is nothing to tie this piece to a specific human source. Anon remains, happily ever after, a *nomen inuisum*:³⁶ the hated unseen prompt of paranoia, the transcript of the little voices in your head.

1.4 *Seeing Things*

If you think I have hallucinated this episode, I shall try to win you over to the dark side with one quick but painless intertext. As Courtney notes in the relevant spots, the vivid self-torture of *Sat.* 13's conclusion summons up the black magic of another poem born from *ira* and *dolor*: Ovid's *Ibis*. When the prayer for the grisly suffering of Ovid's *bête noire* – the *nomen inuisum* behind 'Ibis' – is in full swing, Ovid promises that he will continue to hound and haunt the man from below, even after his own death. The curse poet will creep into his enemy's mind and steal under his skin:

me uigilans cernes, tacitis ego noctis in umbris
 excutiam somnos uisus adesse tuos.
 denique quidquid ages, ante os oculosque uolabo
 et querar, et nulla sede quietus eris.
 uerbera saeua dabunt sonitum nexaeque colubrae,
 conscia fumabunt semper ad ora faces.
 his uiuus furiis agitabere, mortuus isdem,
 et breuior poena uita futura tua est. (Ovid *Ibis* 155–62)

You'll see me as I keep you awake, I'll make an appearance in the mute shadows of the night and shatter your sleep. All in all, whatever you do, I'll flit and spook in your face and eyes, and you won't find quiet anywhere.

³⁶ Unsurprisingly, *inuisum nomen* appears in a context of *delatio* at Tacitus *Histories* 2.53.1.

2 Satire 14

Awful whips will crack, twined serpents hiss, torches will smoke endlessly before your guilty face. You'll be hounded by these furies while alive, and also while dead, and your life will be shorter than your torture.

No rest for the wicked: such sleepless nights look just like Anon's picture of Calvinus infiltrating his enemy's dreams at 220–22, not to mention the paraphernalia of torture pledged to plague the offender's conscience at 194. Juvenal of course messes with the programme such that the grim clarity of the situation in *Ibis* is lost: the poet is not himself the official motive force behind all this menace, but rather the perpetrator's own guilty anxiety. The threat comes from within. But the flashback to those raw curses from exile may just give us a hint of what Anon is up to here: modernizing the *Ibis*, manoeuvring deftly behind the victim to ensure he skewers himself; handing Calvinus a satiric *defixio* of his own making, buried deep in his mind. We do it to ourselves, so Anon gets off scot-free.

1.6 *The Inconsolable to the Incurable*

Sat. 13 again shows (or hides) Anon at his retiring best. As we have observed of *Sat.* 3, 9 and 11, his speciality is the asymmetrical duel. Whenever he pits himself against a major internal character, addressee, interlocutor, he tiptoes adroitly around the inaccessible wings – while the second party realizes, too late, that they have been in the spotlight all along. Juvenal is expert at this game of self-protective satire; and in *Sat.* 13, he has found yet another form (parodic consolation and oblique accusation) with which to play. In the [next section](#), we shall see Anon's insulation guaranteed via the 'theoretical' backing of a broken education system. Even if the old didactic roots of the satirist figure could be rehabilitated, society's ears are bolted shut. Juvenal ensures his voice will not be noticed – and certifies his safety on the sidelines.

2 Satire 14

2.1 *Broken Society, Defunct Satirist*

At the end of *Sat.* 10, Juvenal followed the principles of the poem by 'showing us something we could give ourselves'. This

demonstration, we saw, effectively removed Anon from any pedestal of didactic privilege; Juvenal rendered himself redundant in order to guarantee a safe distance from the pitfalls of high society. *Sat.* 14 – a poem closely tied to 10 both verbally and thematically³⁷ – expands this sphere of non-influence. This is not as simple a matter as the greater pose of ‘detachment’ through which many have identified the later Juvenal.³⁸ Rather, *Sat.* 14 takes on the crucible of education at the heart of Roman culture – the father-son relationship – only to insulate it from any external influence whatsoever.³⁹ In establishing the iron law of transgression-transmission from the older generation to the younger, Anon also ensures that no one will notice *him*: for his poetry becomes a faint beat on the door of an impenetrable home school, where no one, young or old, could ever hear him. Anon does not just undermine his own authority as moralist;⁴⁰ he wilfully vitiates it. Nature ordains that none of Anon’s words will ever make a splash in the world he cannot reform – and scholarship itself has dutifully obeyed. As one of Juvenal’s great neglected poems, *Sat.* 14 has perhaps succeeded *too* well in insulating itself from the mechanics of tradition.⁴¹

As I shall argue below, *Sat.* 14 purchases its anonymity at a high price: the comprehensive unravelling of any lingering (fraying) threads of satire’s didactic privilege. Roman satire had always assumed a right to the teacher’s office.⁴² But Juvenal now finally

³⁷ The two are commonly grouped together: see Corn 1975, 31, O’Neil 1960, 252. Uden 2011, 209 thinks *Sat.* 14’s polemic domestication of education a response to *Sat.* 10’s extreme Cynic voice.

³⁸ Prototype in Anderson 1982, 348–60.

³⁹ Cf. Uden 2011, 202–10; the theme was well-established in satire and philosophy, for example Horace *Sat.* 1.4 and 1.6, Plutarch *De Liberis Educandis* (Keane 2007b, 35–36; see Schlegel 2005, 38–58 for the theme in Horace) – as was avarice (Bellandi 1984, 157–58).

⁴⁰ For persona readings, see Corn 1975, 31–64, Corn 1992; Walker 2006, 120–36. Keane 2007b, 37 (cf. 2015, 183) teases out the common satiric problem of becoming infected by the condemned vice (here avarice).

⁴¹ Although it was a jewel of wisdom during Juvenal’s earlier reception (see Walker 2006, 12). Much recent attention has been trained on structural problems, especially the thematic transition from parental example to avarice at 107 (on which see O’Neil 1960, Bellandi 1984). Stein 1970 pins the unity of the satire to *avaritia*. A clue to the solution of this ‘problem’ (not our concern) could lie in the ancient classification of children *as* property; Plutarch’s Socratic wisdom at *De Liberis Educandis*, *Mor.* 4e plays on this connection.

⁴² On satire and didaxis, see Keane 2006, 105–36.

locks himself out and swallows the key. With the powers of *auctoritas* and *patria potestas* come great responsibilities, but also great threats. So Anon repudiates the didactic platform and melts into the environs to become no more than faint white noise, safely drowned out by father's roar.

2.2 *The Prerogative of the Imperative*

The inevitable propagation of corruption from father to son is a special case of the 'unreformability' common to all the complete satires in book 5. *Sat.* 14 grows organically from Calvinus' 'acting like a child' (*senior bulla dignissime* 13.33) and the constant recidivism of criminals (239–40), indeed provides the background for these particular manifestations of a society beyond correction. This universal law is spelled out from the satire's opening, which sets the transition from child to lost cause at the early age of seven (maximum):

si damnosa senem iuuat alea, ludit et heres
 bullatus paruoque eadem mouet arma fritillo.
 nec melius de se cuiquam sperare propinquo
 concedet iuuenis, qui radere tubera terrae,
 boletum condire et eodem iure natantis
 mergere ficedulas didicit nebulone parente
 et cana monstrante gula. cum septimus annus
 transierit puerum, nondum omni dente renato,
 barbatus licet admoueas mille inde magistros,
 hinc totidem, cupiet lauto cenare paratu
 semper et a magna non degenerare culina. (14.4–14)

If the old man likes bankrupting dice-play, his heir also plays as a boy, brandishing the same weapons in the tiny dice-shaker. A young man won't give any of his relatives any more hope, if he's learned to peel truffles, to steep mushrooms, to cake floating fig-peckers in the same sort of sauce – all according to the lessons of his scoundrel of a father and his greying gluttony. When his seventh year has passed the boy, before his second set of teeth have grown, he'll always want to dine in elegant style, without compromising the grand culinary standards – even if you surround him with a thousand bearded tutors on both sides.

Juvenal here articulates the strict rules governing the education system: irreversible (*semper*) bad habits modelled on the father are

calcified early in the young, and no amount of extrinsic teaching can remove them. The *iuuenis* becomes his forbidding father (*non . . . concedet*) straightaway. It is obvious from these pessimistic overtures that the image of satirist-as-moral-hygienist will not work here. For he lacks the father's didactic authority, and instead must side with the anonymous lump of *magistri* who can make no formative impact on an already-formed character. By the time a man is old enough to hear Anon speak, it is already too late. Whatever advice Anon retails in the remainder of the poem, its inefficacy is guaranteed *here*.

The law is reformulated later in the introductory section. The epigrammatic *sic natura iubet*⁴³ introduces a justification for why domestic corruption works so well:

sic natura iubet: uelocius et citius nos
corruptunt uitiorum exempla domestica, magnis
cum subeant animos auctoribus. unus et alter
forsitan haec spernant iuuenes, quibus arte benigna
et meliore luto finxit praecordia Titan,
sed reliquos fugienda patrum uestigia ducunt
et monstrata diu ueteris trahit orbita culpa. (31–37)

That's the way nature goes: household examples of vice corrupt us more readily and speedily, because they sneak into our minds on such great authority. Maybe one or two young men can ignore such things, their insides fashioned by Titan with generous skill, and from better clay, but the rest get drawn into their fathers' footsteps, which they should really steer clear of, and they get stuck in the rut of an ancient fault, in which they've been trained for so long.

Examples from the home corrupt more speedily because they steal into our minds 'on great authorities'. In other words, fathers (or parents) wield an automatic power not granted to anyone on the outside; their status allows them exclusive rights of influence over their progeny, and enables them to set their sons on a collision course from which they can never be extricated (cf. abandoned chariot imagery, 230). In a parallel but impotent outside position is Anon, also a purveyor of *exempla* (cf. 14.322) and an *auctor*, not to mention a didactic 'demonstrator' like these fathers in question (*monstrare* is a key word of the satire, used of both parental

⁴³ Corn 1992's (titular) theme; on the repetition of *iubere*, see 317.

instruction and Anon's staging of men behaving badly).⁴⁴ Critics have highlighted links between Juvenal and these paternal 'bad teachers' to show the self-deflating nature of the persona.⁴⁵ But this approach makes few inroads into the key difference separating Anon from father figure, which is precisely the privileged status of man-on-the-inside. While fathers have telepathic access to and sway over their own filial property (*cum subeant animos*), Juvenal is a *paruus auctor* by comparison, shut off from the 'natural' processes of behavioural transfer. Anon can only motion from the outside to those tracks that should be (but *cannot* be) avoided (*fugienda*). He constructs a hermetic paternal-filial space as the kernel of society and secures his own denied entry; and, with it, yet another assurance that his voice does not get heard. It is no coincidence that the poem's dusky addressee, Fuscinus, is no sooner introduced than he escapes off behind his own impenetrable doors. While Anon still had purchase on his squirming target in *Sat.* 13, Fuscinus is completely out of reach. This poem is a soliloquy dramatizing its own failure to get through to *anyone*; Anon knocks, but no one is home.

For Anon, the Jews occupy the extreme of such domestic self-containment:

Romanas autem soliti contemnere leges
 Iudaicum ediscunt et seruant ac metuunt ius,
 tradidit arcano quodcumque uolumine Moyses:
 non monstrare uias eadem nisi sacra colenti,
 quaesitum ad fontem solos deducere uerpos. (100–104)

Trained as they are to ignore Roman laws, they learn and preserve and revere the Judaic system, which Moses gave them in his impenetrable scroll: it says don't show anyone the way unless they practise the same religion, and if asked, take only the circumcised to the fountain.

The law with which they are indoctrinated teaches them not to teach (*monstrare* again) the 'ways' (*uias*; cf. *uestigia* above) to any extrinsic party. The Jews mysteriously bracket themselves off not

⁴⁴ See Corn 1992, 312, 318; Keane 2007b, 40, Walker 2006, 131. Cf. also Plaza 2006, 336 on Juvenalian *monstra* in *Sat.* 6, 13 and 14 (for *monstrare* more than *monere*); see also Braund and Raschke 2009, 523. Uden 2011, 198 reads Juvenal's activity of *monstrare* as full-scale appropriation of the paternal role.

⁴⁵ A line taken by Corn 1992, Walker 2006.

only by blocking out ambient noise, but also by channelling their own teaching so that it only falls on the target audience. This generates a closed system of perfect self-replication; no force can come close to rivalling this direct didactic transmission. In this case, we see Anon stripped of his privileges even to *see* into the household, to know and reveal the private space, let alone interfere with it; these particular shutters are pulled even tighter.

As we shall see below, Anon does not burden *Sat.* 14 with the subjunctives and imperatives of moral suasion; the prevailing mood is the plain indicative, present and future, for describing in simple terms what his general addressee – and every other man on earth – *inevitably* does and will do. The power of satire withers from active prescription to passive description; Anon positively revels in the fact that there is nothing he can do. This upbeat defeatism is advertized in the only moment Anon's voice is heard – or at least pricks a reaction. In the midst of his point about the *auarus*'s endless accumulation of property (135ff.), Juvenal remarkably appeals to a real reason *not* to encroach upon your neighbour's land illegally: *sed qui sermones, quam bucina famae!* (152). Indeed, the threat of gossip propagation has worked to bring Anon's interlocutors into line before (as I have argued for *Sat.* 9, 11, and 13).⁴⁶ Such infamy-mongering is Anon's prerogative in *satire*, as the charged *sermones* murmur. But the unnamed conversation partner snaps back, calling Anon's bluff:

‘quid nocet haec?’ inquit ‘tunicam mihi malo lupini
quam si me toto laudet uicinia pago
exigui ruris paucissima farra secantem’.

(153–55)

‘What’s the problem?’ He says ‘I’d rather have my lupin pod than reap the bits of grain from a little estate, even if the neighbourhood were to celebrate me throughout the region’.

This representative man cannot be blackmailed with threats of a bad reputation; he is beyond shame. Anon's trump card is thrown rudely back in his face.

Anon surrenders to the unstoppable momentum of corruption because he leaves himself no other choice within this strict logic.

⁴⁶ See [Chapter 3.4](#), [4.2](#), and [5.1](#) above.

At the heart of *Sat.* 14, he juxtaposes three moralizing voices in a triptych of speeches: an old man reanimated from the past, a typical father figure, and Anon himself. After yet another long meditation on the healthier moral condition of the past (161ff.), Anon ushers on figure one: a *senex* from antiquity in the cast of Cicero's Appius Claudius (*Pro Caelio*).⁴⁷ This old grandpa gives the moral two cents he picked up from his own elders, and Juvenal makes it worth not much more than that:

'uiuete contenti casulis et collibus istis,
o pueri', Marsus dicebat et Hernicus olim
Vestinusque senex, 'panem quaeramus aratro,
qui satis est mensis: laudant hoc numina ruris,
quorum ope et auxilio gratae post munus aristae
contingunt homini ueteris fastidia quercus.
nil uetitum fecisse uolet, quem non pudet alto
per glaciem perone tegi, qui summouet euros
pellibus inuersis: peregrina ignotaque nobis
ad scelus atque nefas, quaecumque est, purpura ducit'. (179–88)

'Live appreciating your little huts and those hills yonder, boys', an old Marsian, or Hernician, or Vestinian man might have said back in the day, 'let's get our bread with the plough, whatever's enough for our tables: the country gods like it that way, by whose grace and aid men got their distaste for the ancient acorn, after we got the blessing of corn. He won't want to do anything forbidden, the man who isn't ashamed of donning basic boots in the ice, who sweeps away the east winds with his inside-out skins: it's the purple stuff, foreign and not known here, whatever it is, that incites people to crime and immorality'.

This is clear parody of the fusty recycling at the heart of 'moralising discourse'.⁴⁸ It does not matter where the *senex* hails from precisely; so long as it evokes the stereotype of solid rural scruples. The imperfect form *dicebat* is hardly flattering, intimating a repetitious lecture. He delivers no clear instructions bar the weak exhortation *quaeramus*; geriatric patter which the imperatives of the next didactic voice will drown out effortlessly. The content is neither compelling (in the literal sense) nor consistent. Where the old man wants to centralize modest standards as guide to living, he

⁴⁷ See Winkler 1988, 89–95.

⁴⁸ Plainly self-undermining: see Winkler 1988, 96, Walker 2006, 128. Jenkyns 1982, 167 misses the irony.

infelicitously mentions that past humans became ‘fed up’ with acorns and moved onwards to the finer dining of the ‘gift of pleasing corn’. And the awkward holes only widen. The last piece of advice is nothing more than a mindless regurgitation of an opinion heard elsewhere: *ignotaque nobis* and *quaecumque est* signal that the *senex* literally knows nothing about the bogey garment. As the satire’s first model of how one *should* behave, this ignorant crank is an inauspicious start; his incompetence provides yet another reason for the stalling of moral teaching beyond the domestic sphere.

Juvenal next gives a modern-day father the microphone, a counterpoint to the obsolete *senex*. While the old man had been mumbling softly to no one in particular, suspended in a remote backwater of the past, the new-age father cuts right to the chase, thundering a practical lecture into his son’s ear at high volume (*clamosus* 191) in the middle of the night. The restless pace of the speech wipes the floor with *senex*’s pallid discourse; it even appropriates some of its terms directly, converting the *fastidia* felt towards acorns into *fastidia* for filthy professions, which (says daddy) have to be overcome in the quest for a fortune. The father also improves upon the ancient man’s outmoded moralizing technologies. Unlike the vague old windbag, this father’s speech abounds in direct, effective imperatives and jussives: *accipe* 191, *scribe, uigila, age, perlege* 192, *posce* 193, *dirue* 196, *pares* 200, *subeant* 202, *credas* 203. And while the ancestor was not capable of packaging his lessons in especially memorable nuggets, the father is a master of the pithy epigram, compressing his message into one quoted hexameter with an efficacy that could trump Anon too:

‘illa tuo sententia semper in ore
uersetur dis atque ipso Ioue digna poeta:
“unde habeas quaerit nemo, sed oportet habere”’. (205–07)

‘Let that soundbite always hang on your lips, one that’s worthy of the gods
and Jupiter the poet himself: “where you get it, no one probes; you just
gotta get it”’.

Father offers son a *sententia* worthy of a poetizing Jupiter, indeed, instils a portable piece which the son can keep with him, and keep

recycling for himself, at all times. Such clear advice utilizes the didactic power of the epigram to ram the lesson down the boy's throat; its brevity guarantees its reproduction. And it is not only thanks to the father's privileged authority that the teaching soaks in so easily: this man of the world also knows how to teach, or at least to self-propagate most efficiently.

The final voice is that of Anon himself. Here he transcribes the hypothetical speech he would give to such a father; its framing as *hypothetical* is essential. The father has 24-hour, direct access to his son's ears. By contrast, the best Anon can do is give us the replica of what he *could* say:

talibus instantem monitis quemcumque parentem
sic *possem* adfari: (210–11)

I guess I could say this to any father pressing with such advice:

That is, Anon would probably *be able* to say the following things – but they would fall on deaf ears. One of the only times he ‘pitches’ his own voice in the text, the voice is left frozen in the hypothetical. Anon deliberately cushions his *suasoria* from any chance of hands-on delivery; this is what he might say to *any* (declamatory?) father. The things he says, moreover, *presuppose* that he will have no positive moral effect on the father in any case. The best we can hope for is a retardation of the corruption machine. Indeed, Anon chooses to intervene precisely *beyond* the point of no return. He hypothetically addresses a father who must have been careering out of control and answering to no independent authority for many years now – just like his irrevocably ‘beyond help’ offspring (231–32). The fallen state of adulthood is inevitable, and merely accelerated by Pop in a hurry:

‘dic, o uanissime, quis te
festinare iubet? meliorem praesto magistro
discipulum. securus abi: uinceris, ut Aiax
praeteriit Telamonem, ut Pelea uicit Achilles.
parcendum est teneris; nondum impleuere medullas
maturae mala nequitiae. cum pectere barbam
coeperit et longae mucronem admittere cultri,
falsus erit testis, uendet periuria summa
exigua et Cereris tangens aramque pedemque’. (211–19)

‘Tell me, you nobody, who’s commanding you to get on with it? I assure you the student will outdo the master. Get going, and don’t worry: you’ll be beaten, as Ajax went beyond Telamon, and Achilles overtook Peleus. The young should be treated delicately; the evils of adult villainy haven’t yet filled their marrow. When he’s begun to groom his beard and apply the long razor edge to it, he’ll be a false witness, he’ll sell his courtroom lies for a small sum, all the while touching the altar and foot of Ceres’.

Juvenal’s mode here, as in the poem at large, eschews the subjunctives/imperatives of advice and opts for the *futures* of irreversible fate; this is more prophecy than paraenesis. Indeed, the whole section reads like a conditional whose protasis has fallen off, a no longer necessary excrescence: not ‘all these bad things will happen to you, if you keep educating your son like this’ but ‘all these bad things will happen to you, for you will surely keep educating your son like this’. After predicting the father’s imminent death at the hands of his rascal offspring, the only advice Juvenal has to offer is that the father should seek out an antidote to poison post-haste (252–55). Teaching normally implies the possibility of learning. But in this predetermined world of corrupt fathers monopolizing sons’ futures, Anon can have no effect. Positive prescription *must* cede to grim description and gloomier prediction.

But these final pieces of advice on poison purchasing – guaranteed in any case not to reach their destination – indirectly demonstrate something larger at stake in the father-son didactic game. Being the rich and powerful king of your own quiet palace leaves you open to the same risks to which any big man is exposed. Inevitably your terrible creation will turn against you – and you (unlike your precious money) ‘will not be spared’ (*nec tibi parceretur misero* 246). A father and a king are the same thing in the face of potential poisoning (255). So we are back circulating among the tight economy of *Sat.* 10, where no influential political position went unpunished. Once again we have a familiar reason for why Anon does not want to be heard, and opts out of the didactic power relationship. Authority kills.

As the safe alternative, Anon’s carefully restricted sphere of influence means that he can only ‘demonstrate’ (*monstrare*) in the narrow sense: he can ‘show’ his environment for entertainment’s

sake, not modify it in any way.⁴⁹ As hinted above, this is the key distinction between the *monstrare* of Anon and the *monstrare* of father. Countless times the verb appears of effective inter-generational replication of habits. But Anon's action creates a neutered spectacle, and demands a position of feeble observation:

monstro uoluptatem egregiam, cui nulla theatra,
 nulla aequare queas praetoris pulpita lauti,
 si spectes quanto capitis discrimine constant
 incrementa domus, aerata multus in arca
 fiscus et ad uigilem ponendi Castora nummi,
 ex quo Mars Vltor galeam quoque perdidit et res
 non potuit seruare suas. ergo omnia Florae
 et Cereris licet et Cybeles aulaea relinquas:
 tanto maiores humana negotia ludi. (256–64)

I'm showing you such a good time, which you couldn't match in any theatre, on any stage of the lavish praetor – if you just looked at how people stake their lives for marginal increase to their property, for the big money pot in the bronze chest, and the cash which has to be banked under Castor's surveillance, since Mars the Avenger also lost his helmet and couldn't keep his own funds safe. So you're free to leave all the curtains of Flora and Ceres and Cybele: human business is a much better show.

While the men of tomorrow are forged behind closed doors, all Anon can do is look on and point out. Sidelined into the audience, he merely draws this audience's attention to a pre-scripted performance, permitting no interjections or revisions. Not only this, but the stage directions to the audience end up diffident at best: *si spectes* – 'if you were to watch this show, not that you have to' – *licet . . . relinquas* – 'you would be allowed to blow off the theatre proper'. But Anon will on no account give a command. He cannot force you to watch the comedy of life; cannot assume you will be paying attention. Fathers masterfully control the flow of morality in their watertight houses; Anons merely look on, and gingerly invite everyone else to do the same.

As mentioned above, *Sat. 14* refreshes Anon's redundancy as organized in *Sat. 10*. The later poem actually mimics the earlier at a structural level: three hundred odd lines of negativity

⁴⁹ Nor is there the didactic willpower to do so: Keane 2007b, 40.

precede a conclusion holding out a positive prescription. But the links are even closer, and intensify towards the satire's end. At line 308, Juvenal illustrates his point about the trappings of wealth through a classic exemplum, Diogenes the cynic. From this story of a man and his tub, Anon draws a very familiar lesson:

dolia nudi

non ardent Cynici; si fregeris, altera fiet
 cras domus aut eadem plumbo commissa manebit.
 sensit Alexander, testa cum uidit in illa
 magnum habitatorem, quanto felicior hic qui
 nil cuperet quam qui totum sibi posceret orbem
 passurus gestis aequanda pericula rebus.
 nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia: nos te,
 nos facimus, Fortuna, deam. mensura tamen quae . . . (308–16)⁵⁰

The storage jar living quarters of the naked Cynic don't catch on fire; if you break it, another home will spring up tomorrow, or the same one will survive, repaired with lead. When Alexander saw that great resident in that pot of his, he realised how much happier is a man who has no desires, than the one who was claiming the whole world for himself, who would have to go through dangers on par with his military resumé. You'd truly have no power, if we had good sense: it's us who make you a god, Fortune. But what amount . . .

The example riffs on the Alexander of *Sat.* 10: a 'great' man in life, revealed to be pathetically small in death, here acknowledges that Diogenes is the truly *magnus* one. But even more concretely, 315–16 are repeated *almost* intact from *Sat.* 10, which ended:

nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia: nos te,
 nos facimus, Fortuna, deam caeloque locamus. (10.365–66)

You'd truly have no power, if we had good sense: it's us who make you a god, Fortune, it's us – and we put you in the sky.

There must be a self-referential joke in the cynic's recycled tub here, for Juvenal enacts the very principles learnt from Diogenes straightaway: like a basic cynic habitation that, if broken, can be easily remade or repaired, so Anon's poetry can be reused and

⁵⁰ I print *aut* (Willis, Knoche, Martyn, following some MSS) instead of *atque* (Clausen, following P and Ⓞ): the two possibilities (replacement and repair) are alternatives.

recycled, patched up with lead should a chunk fall out.⁵¹ Which it has: the two (especially ‘mediocre’)⁵² lines are imported complete from *Sat.* 10 and can still be comfortably ‘lived in’, but for the slight breakage after the caesura in the second line; *caeloque locamus* in *Sat.* 10 is resealed with a new lead strip, *mensura tamen quae* (and *mensura* was also thematised in *Sat.* 10 – old idea soldered together with old idea?).⁵³ Anon is not only content to look on passively while Rome is ruined by wayward fathers; he is also happy to rehash old prefabricated units and rinse them for any negligible ounce of meaning they still carry. Such sampling of formulas means mind-numbing monotony; the world would be deaf to a satirist repeating himself, if it were capable of hearing him in the first place.

At another level, however, the joke is also that the end of *Sat.* 14 reopens the question we mistakenly thought closed in *Sat.* 10 (what to pray for, here modified to ‘how much is enough’), and comes up with an incompatible answer – or rather, series of incompatible answers. Anon reductively left us with nothing by the end of *Sat.* 10, and left himself with nothing to give. But *Sat.* 14 concludes with an attempted synthesis of recommendations for ‘how much is enough’ – none more or less authoritative than any other:⁵⁴

mensura tamen quae
sufficiat census, si quis me consulat, edam:
in quantum sitis atque fames et frigora poscunt,
quantum, Epicure, tibi paruis suffecit in hortis,
quantum Socratici ceperunt ante penates;
numquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.
acribus exemplis uideor te cludere? misce
ergo aliquid nostris de moribus, effice summam
bis septem ordinibus quam lex dignatur Othonis.
haec quoque si rugam trahit extenditque labellum,
sume duos equites, fac tertia quadringenta.

⁵¹ Cf. Uden (forthcoming 2017 in König and Whitton) on the repetition here: ‘once Juvenal has fashioned a pedagogical dystopia in which genuine moral instruction is impossible, the needle gets stuck in the groove’ (Cf. Uden 2015, 174–75).

⁵² See Chapter 4.1.4.

⁵³ Forms of *poscere* (313, 318) also bring back the end of *Sat.* 10 (354, 357).

⁵⁴ Cf. Uden 2011, 208 on the qualification of philosophy’s cultural authority here. For the amalgamation of philosophical schools, cf. Wehrle 1992, 111.

si nondum impleui gremium, si panditur ultra,
nec Croesi fortuna umquam nec Persica regna
sufficient animo nec diuitiae Narcissi,
indulsit Caesar cui Claudius omnia, cuius
paruit imperiis uxorem occidere iussus. (315–31)

But I'll tell you the amount of wealth that's enough, if anyone's asking: as much as thirst and hunger and the cold demand, as much as sufficed for you, Epicurus, in your little gardens, as much as the house gods of Socrates once held; nature and philosophy never say different things. Does it feel like I'm boxing you in with strict examples? Ok then, mix in something from our Roman ethics, get the sum that Otho's law deems right for the first fourteen rows. If that makes you frown and purse your lips, take two knight salaries, or actually make it three by 400,000. If I haven't filled your lap yet, if it's still got room, neither Croesus' fortune nor the Persian kingdoms will ever be enough for your needs, and not even the wealth of Narcissus, to whom Claudius Caesar gave everything, and whose orders he followed when told to finish off his wife.

In this masterly unravelling, Anon rationalizes the futility of moralizing from a different standpoint.⁵⁵ The prevalence of 'bad education' is also down to the straightforwardness of bad exempla as compared with the irreconcilable contradictions of good ones. As soon as Anon tries to trot out a commendable scheme of behaviour to follow in the domain of wealth, the advice spirals into a number of incompatible alternatives.⁵⁶ Our teacher assumes no one is really listening to start with (*si quis me consulat*; cf. *si spectes* 258); his dogma flops into the remote conditional. But when he does offer something, he gets bogged down in a profusion of answers to the same question, losing his bearings in the thick of the Greco-Roman tradition: how-to guides of impractical ethics could equally include natural limits to one's desires, or the examples set by Epicurus, or Socrates, or the Roman knight qualification, or any multiples of that. So many conflicting contexts and exempla can be mined for an answer: philosophy, tradition, law – all setting their own different terms. The motley 'mixture' (cf. *misce*) here provides another reason for the failure of moral

⁵⁵ Corn 1992, 321 strangely sees Juvenal *drop* the mask in this section.

⁵⁶ As Braund 1988, 193 notes, the structural 'joke' – a poem about avarice not knowing where to end – recalls Persius 6 (itself summoning Horace *Sat.* 1.1). Cf. Keane 2015, 186.

discourse in contemporary Rome. Even if external moralizing *could* make it through to the protected child, it would not have much effect in this confusing jumble. Again, Juvenal insulates his words from any potential ‘impact’ they may wield by flitting unpredictably between voices.⁵⁷ The moment he appears to give us a ‘core’ belief, he retreats beneath a spectrum of models; it is almost as if he is warping the advice to fit whatever elastic and ever-expanding shape the father has set, or racing him to the bottom in a last desperate burst of pedagogical (non-)competition. What begins at the *positive* end of the spectrum inexorably puffs out into negative exemplarity *again*, attracted back to a climax of excess: Croesus, Persians, Claudius, and Narcissus. *Sat.* 14 thus dissolves in a *mêlée* of influences, with Anon’s voice miming the movement of the poem. The possibility of meaningful moral prescription is sucked and subsumed into the seductions of looking at the impossibly rich: bad external fathers must end up hogging the satiric stage. But even *they* must pale beneath the superiority of the domestic real thing.

So Anon becomes twice detached, his insulation double-bound: *Sat.* 14 builds a society that does not listen, and a voice that no one hears. This is no mere repeat of the Horatian bumbling philosopher. In that case, the satirist draws attention to himself and his discourse, inviting us to catch him out and laugh generously; he willingly traps himself for safe ridicule.⁵⁸ Juvenal, on the other hand, never pushes himself onto the stage. He remains to the side, a transparent filter merely highlighting the corruption of the human comedy (*monstro uoluptatem egregiam* 256) without stepping into it. Whatever kind of diatribe we are witnessing here, it is anything but sourced from an identifiable (fallible, accountable) mouth. In fact, as at the end of *Sat.* 10, the culmination of 14 also provides Anon with a golden opportunity to unveil himself in his beliefs. But just as debate has fizzed around the precise school of philosophy that Juvenal espouses at the end of 10 – Stoic, Epicurean, Cynic? – and settled on none of them, so *Sat.* 14 mashes together an even more spectacularly unsatisfying combination of answers to *mensura quae*

⁵⁷ On Juvenal’s general shying away from positive visions or alternatives, see Larmour 2016, 35.

⁵⁸ So Freudenburg 1993 *passim* (e.g. 21).

sufficit census. Anon dodges around non-committally, juxtaposing voices that cannot be syncretized, and carry no influence even when vocalized individually. If moral teaching is bunk for these reasons, Juvenal is safe: just one of a thousand bearded tutors that could gain no purchase on any authority, even if they could be coherent in the attempt.

2.3 *Pointing without Point*

Sat. 14's enthusiastic demonstrations (*monstrare*) do not become serious remonstrations. The idea of an observed human comedy that does not permit interruptions seats Anon resolutely in the audience: safe, overlooked and unable to interfere in any meaningful sense. This may be a performance, but Anon will be no star of the show. The automated machinery of reality reminds us of the similar situation at the crossroads back when old Anon was newly minted: he cannot be held accountable for the everyday spectacle he is merely framing for our viewing pleasure (nor can he force it down our throats). *Sat.* 14 explicitly eradicates any didactic project we may have felt still immanent in such demonstration. Again, Anon smoothly works to remove himself from the hazards of a corrupt society. That reality claim is yet another subset of self-concealment – and will reach its spectacular apex in *Sat.* 15.

3 Satire 15

'The satirist is the figure in whom the cannibal was received into civilization'.
Walter Benjamin

3.1 *Notes on the Margin*

After *Sat.* 14's bid to quarantine Anon from 'society' (and vice versa) once and for all, the anecdote forming the kernel of *Sat.* 15 sits nicely. This tale of cannibalism in a remote region of Egypt is yet another case – the *worst* to date – of an unreformable humanity lapsing into ineffable crime. The setting of course renders Anon's voice a particularly hollow echo: if he could not be heard even amid the Roman interiors of *Sat.* 14, certainly his shout will have

no impact in the Egyptian desert. But this poem is much more than just an extension of the apocalyptic satire we have come to expect in book 5. It is also the culmination of Anon's self-concealing enterprise. Shimmering with shifts of identity, it buries his voice in the crowds, anatomical parts, ingestions and transmigrations of cannibalism. Time to enter that body.

3.2 *Egypt: Topical Topos*

Writing up Juvenal's satiric *uita*,⁵⁹ one might be tempted by the traditional trajectory: Anon begins as an angry old man, fully embedded in the crowd; once his anger exhausts itself, he removes one foot from society and refuses to go anywhere without ironic goggles; he becomes further detached under the Democritean role model; finally, he retreats fully into a bookish world with humanity beyond repair.⁶⁰ The arc is a story of Anon's position vis-à-vis his reality; Juvenal drifts calmly into satiric 'retirement', interposing a distance between himself and the world.⁶¹ Here I rhetorically simplify the still-dominant model of Anderson and Braund,⁶² a step less literal than Highet.⁶³ Lest I be accused of attacking the dead, this model is rewritten (though qualified) in another recent holistic reading of Juvenal's career.⁶⁴

A rough edge in this smooth account of Anon's progress is the accompanying trend towards 'temporal embeddedness'; a counter-current to the greater spatial 'privacy' in books 4 and 5. Both *Sat.* 11 and *Sat.* 12 are discrete dramatic (i.e. immediate) moments: 11 an invitation poem stamped with the seal of 'today', 12 a one-off thanksgiving for the recent (*nuper* 16) deliverance of a friend.⁶⁵ For a poet who has customarily ranged around the *generically* awful outside world, two successive markers of explicit contemporaneity feel strange. *Sat.* 13 keeps up the pulse into

⁵⁹ Keane's recent article (2010) on Juvenal's satiric career grows from long interest in his 'development' as a satirist – a question the persona critics (Anderson 1982, Braund 1988) made the question in Juvenalian studies.

⁶⁰ See for example Singleton 1983, 198, Keane 2007b, 54.

⁶¹ On Juvenal's philosophically interposed 'distance', see Bellandi 1980, 100–01.

⁶² Anderson 1982, Braund 1988.

⁶³ Cf. Highet 1951, 387; more recently, Elwitschger 1992, 217. ⁶⁴ Keane 2010, 113.

⁶⁵ *Nuper* is a tricky Juvenalian word: cf. 2.29 (and Uden 2015, 71), 4.9.

the final book. Again, we have a concrete situation to which Anon is responding: the theft of Calvinus' 10,000 sesterces. Anon is tackling a 'recent crime'⁶⁶ (*recenti ... scelere* 13.5–6). The topicality is further complemented by a date that allows us to place the satire's narrative time almost exactly to the year (another rare Juvenalian bird): Calvinus is sixty and was born in the consulship of Fonteius, leaving us a pinpoint of 118, 119 or 127 (13.16–17). The last will be confirmed with the help of *Sat.* 15; but even without this confirmation, the date's mathematical precision is striking. Anon has moved through four books without a specific date-and-time stamp.⁶⁷ Now, all of a sudden, dates matter. 'Now' becomes a knowable number.

If Anon becomes more detached from the *hic*, then, he offsets this with greater attraction to the *nunc*: a more 'journalistic' satire culminating in *Sat.* 15, a self-dating tour-de-force. The satire is suspiciously un-Juvenalian in its fixation upon a concrete recent crime. The indulgence in epic parody and a long narrative section will bring it closer to *Sat.* 12 (that other strange creation) than anything else. The satire's orientation in an unmistakable time and place comes as a shock to a reader acclimatized to the magician's chronic indirection. Let us compare the satire's 'topic statement' with its equivalent back in *Sat.* 1:

ex quo Deucalion nimbis tollentibus aequor
nauigio montem ascendit sortesque poposcit
paulatimque anima caluerunt mollia saxa
et maribus nudas ostendit Pyrrha puellas,
quidquid agunt homines, uotum, timor, ira, uoluptas,
gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli est.
et quando uberior uitiorum copia? (1.81–87)

From the time when Deucalion climbed the mountain by ship, the storm clouds raising the sea level, and requested an oracle, and bit by bit the softening stones warmed up with life, and Pyrrha showed her naked ladies to the men, whatever humans do – prayer, fear, anger, pleasure, joy, comings and goings – that's the basic hash of my booklet. And when has the vice supply been richer?

⁶⁶ Though see Braund 1997a, 83 on the *consolatio* connotations of *recens*.

⁶⁷ See Chapter 1 n. 23, 24, 25.

3 Satire 15

nos miranda quidem sed nuper consule Iunco
 gesta super calidae referemus moenia Copti,
 nos uolgi scelus et cunctis grauiora coturnis;
 nam scelus, a Pyrrha quamquam omnia syrmata uoluas,
 nullus apud tragicos populus facit. accipe nostro
 dira quod exemplum feritas produxerit aeuo. (15.27–32)

In fact we'll relate some unbelievable happenings, but recent ones, from Iuncus' consulship, that took place beyond the walls of scorching Coptus, and we're talking a mob-level crime, content worse than every tragedy; for even if you roll out all the tragic robes from Pyrrha onwards, no *people* commits a crime in the tragedians. So get ready for an example that terrifying savagery has delivered in our own age.

At first, Anon set out the subjects of his book in the most general terms possible: *quidquid agunt homines* (1.85), from humanity's birth onwards. With *et quando uberior uitiorum copia?* (1.87), Juvenal implies that the present is the best test-case in this long anthropological data set; but 'presentness' fails to dictate the subject matter of the subsequent satires. Anon holds to his promised coverage of ancient mythological exempla (*ex quo Deucalion* ... 1.82), e.g. in *Sat.* 6's parade of villainesses. But something different is in the air come *Sat.* 15. No longer ambitiously packing in the history of humanity, he now opts for the opposite approach: target the specific news of the moment. An omnivorous spread becomes a bite-size chronological package.

In terms of locality, *Sat.* 15 globalizes itself. The centripetal addiction to Rome is flung out to the edges of empire. So while the geographical horizon is more remote than ever before, the time of its occurrence is recorded to the nanosecond: 27 ends with an overflow of temporal markers, *nuper* and a specific year (*consule Iunco*) combined for the first time in Juvenal. In fact, we may have a specific *three-month* period with the *suffect* consul Iuncus.⁶⁸ Yet even if we are out of Rome's sights, Anon conveniently puts pins on the mental map: *super calidae* ... *moenia Copti* (28) is the spatial equivalent of *nuper consule Iunco* (27). Juvenal also

⁶⁸ Poets sometimes neglect the general rule of naming the year by the consul who stood first in the Fasti, but the name *Iuncus* may deliberately narrow the range here: see Astbury 1977, 394; Syme 1979a, 260; cf. Ferguson 1987 'Iuncus'. On the other hand, Egyptian *iuncus* also smells of papyrus: could this be one last hats-off to written satire – 'in the year of my papyrus, the cardboard consulship of Iuncus'.

introduces the names of the towns, zooming in from regional to district levels (35). The topicality is thus topological as well as chronological. To this we could add the specific recipient: Volusius Bithynicus, the only addressee in Juvenal to have *two* names. Whatever Anon is planning here, the locking of specific content, specific target, and specific addressee is clearly important – and discriminable from his old indiscriminate approach.⁶⁹

Inevitably, questions arise from this hyper-contemporary shift towards documentary: why Egypt? Why now? Juvenal's choice may be superficially motivated by the 'recent happening' excuse. But the remarkable emphasis on when and where makes it *particularly* tempting to historicise Anon here. One baffling fact about *Sat.* 15 is that it makes immediate sense against a historical backdrop of voguish Egyptomania. *This* backdrop creates special conditions for *this* special satire – but before we delve deeper, we must set that scene.

Ever since relations began, Rome had always fixed one eye on the Nile. From the perspective of *Realpolitik*, Egypt's role as Rome's granary gave it indispensable economic value, and made it prize real estate. Its history as a Roman province was especially bound up with the principate: it was administered by a specially appointed emperor-representative, and for this reason bore a charged symbolism as the emperor's backyard.⁷⁰ Interest was also keen in the cultural sector: in both Greek and Roman literary traditions, Egypt enjoyed prime position as Other *par excellence*. The land had been flooded with textualizations ever since Herodotus, such that by the time of *Sat.* 15 it was a permanent 'place of the imagination'⁷¹ – like every written combination of topos and topography. *Sat.* 15 certainly plays with the tension between Egypt as commonplace and Egypt as topical news: on one side, the cannibalistic feud is 'in character' with the overwritten scripts of Egypt already in place, on the other it *really* (recently) happened. And Anon is also writing at a time when Egypt is no shadow of a desiccated topos, but all-*too*-topical. This period at Rome sees extensive

⁶⁹ For the '(spurious) credibility' conferred by specific date and location, see Alston 1996, 100.

⁷⁰ See Tacitus *Histories* 1.11, *Annals* 2.59. ⁷¹ See Nimis 2004, Santorelli 2008a.

absorption/appropriation⁷² of Egyptian, or Egyptianizing, art and architecture.⁷³ Even Hadrian self-consciously ‘exemplified’ this trend in his villa, which conspicuously featured a microcosmic ‘Canopus in Rome’.⁷⁴ And if Egypt was in Rome, then also in a few years’ time (depending on *Sat.* 15’s composition date) Rome would be in Egypt: Hadrian travelled there extensively, even founded Antinoopolis after his beloved Antinous. That incident was itself a case of death on the Nile swamped with suspicious rumours of human sacrifice.⁷⁵ Close action was complemented by remote: we have an anecdote about a similar riot erupting in Egypt – and all it took to quell it was a timely imperial letter (contrast Juvenal’s non-intervention here).⁷⁶ As far as we can make out from our distance, then, Rome was at this time awash with all things Egyptian.

More generally, Hadrian had done more than any other emperor to realize the tendentious equation ‘Rome is the world’. Not only did his famous policy shift to the defensive side aim to set defined boundaries to this world,⁷⁷ but he also, more than previous Caesars, made efforts to fill it with himself. Birley’s biography chooses motion as indicative metaphor: ‘the Restless Emperor’.⁷⁸ The man was indeed a seasoned traveller with a penchant for autopsy.⁷⁹ Hadrian’s jetsetting figure – Rome embodied and Rome in motion – raised urgent questions about where Rome was⁸⁰ (questions with their own history of debate). Rome’s heart was now, more than ever, fluidly mobilized; and this would have licensed Anon to present this Egyptian event as a disturbance in Rome’s very own backyard. *Sat.* 15 jumps on the Hadrianic

⁷² For models of cultural interaction, cf. Wallace-Hadrill 2008, 7–14.

⁷³ See den Boer 1955, Shumate 2006, 146; on Juvenal’s poem as response to ‘Egyptomania’, Alston 1996, 101. Birley 1997, 235 thinks Hadrian’s trip to Egypt was in the works by *Sat.* 15’s composition; cf. Ash (forthcoming 2017).

⁷⁴ *Vita Hadriani* 26; on Hadrianic Egyptianizing, cf. Bowman 2002, 206–07, Uden 2015, 205; for healthy pressure on what Egyptianizing means in a Roman context, see Vout 2003. On the villa as synecdoche of empire, see Spencer 2010, 174.

⁷⁵ Birley 1997, 247–49. ⁷⁶ Birley 1997, 142.

⁷⁷ See Birley 2000, 142–43; 340; Birley 1997, 128–34. And boundaries for Rome: re-inscription of the Pomerium at Birley 1997, 112. See also Uden 2015, 207.

⁷⁸ Cf. Birley 1997, 173; cf. Uden 2015, 203–04. ⁷⁹ So *Vita Hadriani*, 17.8 alleges.

⁸⁰ Cf. Uden 2015, 203–15.

bandwagon: the Emperor's uprooting from Rome effectively liberates the terms of Juvenalian satire's reference, allowing it to treat Egypt with the same autoptic authority as Rome itself.⁸¹ Restless emperors make for roving satirists.⁸² Cosmopolitan men are by definition everywhere.

Sat. 15 uses both the general Hadrianic trend for travel and the specific topicality of Egypt to underwrite its bold truth claims; the story is not only bolstered by the eyewitness tradition, but also corroborated by current affairs. And the non-fiction aspirations of this poem are gargantuan. Juvenal's satire had introduced itself as a real-life appropriation of, and substitution for, irrelevant mythological epic (*Sat.* 1.1–14). But nowhere does Anon explicitly deny the 'truth' of these myths. On the contrary, he relies on their 'truth' to build the surpassing exempla of his own time and place.⁸³ The final section of *Sat.* 6 is a good comparandum:⁸⁴

fingimus haec altum satura sumente coturnum
 scilicet, et finem egressi legemque priorum
 grande Sophocleo carmen bacchamur hiatu,
 montibus ignotum Rutulis caeloque Latino?
 nos utinam uani. sed clamat Pontia 'feci,
 confiteor, puerisque meis aconita paraui,
 quae deprensa patent; facinus tamen ipsa peregi'.
 tune duos una, saeuissima uipera, cena?
 tune duos? 'septem, si septem forte fuissent'.
 credamus tragicis quidquid de Colchide torua
 dicitur et Procne; nil contra conor. (6.634–44)

Of course I'm inventing all this: my satire's kitting itself out with tragic buskins, and I've gone beyond the law and limit of my predecessors, raving a grand song with Sophocles' dropped jaw, something unknown to the Rutulian hills and Latin skyline? If only it were made up! But Pontia shouts 'I did it, I confess, I cooked up some poison for my boys, which was found out and made public; but I myself am the culprit'. You did two at one dinner, you savage viper? You did *two*? 'I would've done

⁸¹ Egypt is particularly prone to autopsy claims: look no further than Herodotus 2.3. Cf. (pseudo?) Lucian's similar claims in *On the Syrian Goddess*, where he bids to out-Herodotus Herodotus (Robinson 1979, 22).

⁸² Juvenal's travel narrative approximates to Swiftian irony, on which see Muecke 1969, 226. On autopsy as key to the male travel writer's authority, see Burton 2001, 230.

⁸³ But on the incompatibility of tragedy and satiric reality, see Smith 1989b, 822.

⁸⁴ For the comparison, see Winkler 1989, 439; cf. Fredericks 1976, 179, Bramble 1982, 615.

seven, if there'd been that many'. Let's believe whatever the tragedians say about the grim woman of Colchis and Procne. I'm not game to refute them.

Juvenalian satire tells nothing but the truth compared with overblown tragedy; and yet the tragic poets must be believed (*credamus*)⁸⁵ because they accord perfectly with the general points about criminal women here. Myth must be allowed truth value, then, at least insofar as it *confirms* a truth. Mythological exempla are merely further (authoritative) fodder for Anon's arguments.

Sat. 15 is a different story: here the rhetoric of reality completely supplants myth. Obvious mythological precedents are discarded sceptically. Odysseus relates his first-hand experiences of cannibalism to a captive audience,⁸⁶ but they remain unconvinced:

attonito cum

tale super cenam facinus narraret Vlixes
 Alcino, bilem aut risum fortasse quibusdam
 mouerat ut mendax aretalogus. 'in mare nemo
 hunc abicit saeua dignum ueraque Charybdi,
 fingentem inmanis Laestrygonas et Cyclopas?
 nam citius Scyllam uel concurrentia saxa
 Cyaneis plenos et tempestatibus utres
 crediderim aut tenui percussum uerbere Circes
 et cum remigibus grunnisse Elpenora porcis.
 tam uacui capitis populum Phaeaca putauit?'
 sic aliquis merito nondum ebrius et minimum qui
 de Corcyraea temetum duxerat urna;
 solus enim haec Ithacus nullo sub teste canebat. (15.13–26)

When Ulysses was telling the tale of such an outrage to an astounded Alcinous over dinner, he might have seemed a bogus yarn-spinner, and brought up bile and laughter from some of the audience. 'Won't "No One" chuck this guy into the sea – he's earned himself a real savage Charybdis, making up his monstrous Laestrygonians and Cyclopes? I'd sooner believe his Scylla, or his clashing Cyanean rocks, or his storm-storing skins, or his Elpenor struck by Circe's light magic wand,

⁸⁵ Note too the soaring plurals: *credo* (6.1) becomes *credamus* (6.643). *Fingimus* (634), *bacchamur* (636) and *nos* (638) modulate upwards like the 'plural poetics' of 15.27–32; see below.

⁸⁶ Singleton 1983, 202 sees Odysseus as ironic undercutter for Juvenal (cf. Umurhan 2011, 81); I read him as foil for Anon's hardhitting topicality. See also Fredericks 1976, 178 on Alcinous' role here.

grunting with his fellow rowers made pigs. Did he think the people of Phaeacia had no brain?' So someone might say, rightly too, someone not yet drunk, who'd sipped only a little intoxicant from the Corcyraean jar; indeed the Ithacan was performing these poems alone, with no witness back-up.

The man from Alcinous' crowd does not believe a word this *mendax aretalogus* says, 'believing' (*crediderim* 21) more readily in a case of metamorphosis than one of anthropophagy; Odysseus is scoffed off for 'making up' (*fingentem* 18) unbelievable monsters. The Ithacan, singing highfalutin nonsense without a companion to back his account (*nullo sub teste* 26), is ripe for discrediting. But Juvenal's scepticism goes beyond easy targets in this satire. He shows a clear preference for recent historical exempla over the old tall stories already thought fishy when first told; yet even the tale of the Vascones, a real historical event (*res* 94), is treated cautiously as *fama* (*ut fama est* 93). When Anon does resort to a mythical example of human sacrifice to make the point that cannibalism is worse, he is careful to qualify the statement with a wary *ut iam*:

quippe illa nefandi Taurica sacri
inuentrix homines, ut iam quae carmina tradunt
digna fide credas, tantum immolat; ulterius nil
aut grauius cultro timet hostia.

(15.116–19)

That Taurian founder of the unspeakable rite – provided you believe that what the poems hand down is trustworthy – she only did human sacrifice; the victim feared nothing worse or more serious than a knife.

That is, we are urged to put faith in the poetic tradition only temporarily: 'if this story were true, then what I am describing here would still be much worse'. The implicit quotation marks of 117–18 are consistent with Juvenal's assault on myth: sceptical weapons wielded to wrest authority away from the two most venerable literary genres – epic and tragic poetry. The confinement to relatively recent (and *Roman*) historical events as comparanda signals a shift from, say, the wide-ranging overview of *Sat.* 10: Nestor (for instance) loomed large there, but now Homer is cast overboard. This wholesale decanting is a big moment in Anon's career: a coming of age in which satire now actively supplants myth, not just surpasses it. Perhaps it is no coincidence that (what

remains of) *Sat.* 16 makes no mention of Greek myth in its real-world (Roman) consideration of army benefits. Where did the bookworm go?

This emphasis on historicity is one of the ways in which Anon makes this poem a self-conscious detonation: the biggest thing to have *happened* in his corpus, in *history* itself. The intratextuality of two motifs (Pyrrha; bigger than a dressed up tragedy), both pilfered from programmatic occasions (*Sat.* 1.81ff. and *Sat.* 6.634ff.),⁸⁷ retrospectively serves to pump Juvenal's oeuvre into something coherent, but also something *bigger* than it has been before: it becomes a repository for all the worst exempla in history, the comprehensive collection of things to which this uniquely bad thing must now be compared.⁸⁸ In short, it becomes History – even if that History is shorn of any didactic value for a humanity beyond salvation. This poem is the highlight in Anon's full-scale bid for reality; a big co-option indeed.

3.3 *Mob Warfare, Crowd Speech*

The oversize truth claim of 15.27–32 draws power from a clear contrast between the one and the many, the individual and the people; a contrast which repeatedly seeps into *Sat.* 15. The central issue of credibility discussed above is framed in terms of courtroom evidence. Odysseus' story is suspicious because it cannot find eyewitness corroboration. It is the skilled bard-work (*canebat*) of one man (*solus*), characterized through his suspicious nationality (*Ithacus*), also lacking independent confirmation (26). While Odysseus as narrator goes out on a limb as a *solitary* figure, Anon himself speaks as an overpowering chorus. *Nos* at 27, repeated in 29, introduces a poetics of the plural more than a poetic plural.⁸⁹ Contrasting directly with *solus* (26) at line-beginning, it

⁸⁷ Winkler 1989, 439–40 sets out *Sat.* 15's subsumption of established Juvenalian themes.

⁸⁸ Singleton 1983, 202 faults the 'obviously untrue' claim that this event is bigger than tragedy; but what gives Juvenal the numbers here is the *number* of criminals, not the nature of the crime. Rawson 1984 illuminates Homeric near-cannibalism; cannibals in the *Odyssey* are all beyond humanity, so fail to qualify fully as cannibals. Juvenal trumps Homeric cannibalism by criminalizing 'historical' humans.

⁸⁹ Rhetorically, plural for singular already works to aggrandize (see Pseudo-Longinus *On the Sublime*, 23) – but this is something special.

states clearly: Anon has greater authority here because he speaks collectively. In this way, Anon's voice adapts to the poem's content by effecting a meld of subject and object: this is a story of mob crime⁹⁰ (*uolgi scelus ... nullus apud tragicos populus facit* 29–31), so Juvenal must adopt the mob voice. Anon sermonizes in plurals: the things he will relate are *miranda gesta* and *cunctis grauiora coturnis*, outgrowing *all* the tragic boots put together. Even if you were to roll out all (*omnia*) tragedy's robes, there is no instance of a *people* (*populus*) committing such a grand crime. The unprecedented scale continues in the subtext of a key word: *produxerit* (32; cf. *produxere* 94, *produxisse* 166; cf. *extendere* 168). *Feritas* has 'produced' the ultimate outrageous crime, but it has also 'extended' it,⁹¹ nourished it to such monstrous levels that it surpasses all other exempla. This particular case has swollen to the size of a people, and Anon must talk plural to meet the demand.

Juvenal has often indicted individuals in the past; but he has never taken on a whole people *en masse*. The crowd becomes the show in this satire, all the action synchronized at the level of *uolgi*, *populus*, *turba*, *omnis*, *cunctus*, *totus*, *et cetera*: the chieftains of the attacking group, for instance, choreograph the assault 'unanimously' (*cunctis* 39).⁹² Mass movements are ubiquitous, but the most striking element of the feud narrative is the depersonalization,⁹³ preventing us from distinguishing the Ombites from the Tentyrans at any point; indeed, the outside view of interchangeable opponents lumps these *populi* into an even bigger *populus*.⁹⁴ Two morphing into one is a concept vividly encapsulated, of course, in the very act of cannibalism;⁹⁵ more on this below. For now, it is striking to note just how effectively Anon maintains the spirit of generalization. The storytelling enacts

⁹⁰ Anger affects entire nations in Seneca's *De Ira* too (see Anderson 1982, 357); but mass cannibalism is a different story. On the mob as colonizer fear of colonized indifferenciation, see Shumate 2006, 147–50.

⁹¹ See *OLD* *producere* 9 and 10.

⁹² *uolgi*: 29, 36, 126; *populus* 23, 31, 39, 113, 130, 151, 169; *turba*: 46, 61, 81; *omnis*: 11, 30, 62, 99, 107, 174; *cunctus*: 29, 39, 56, 99, 173; *totus*: 8, 55, 80, 91, 110.

⁹³ Singleton 1983, 203–04; cf. Tennant 1995, 125, Vincent 2004, 86.

⁹⁴ See Keane 2006, 68–71 on *Sat.* 15's exposure of anxieties behind the project of 'making difference'. She cannibalizes Bogel 2001.

⁹⁵ Cf. Kilgour 1990 *passim*; 7 is germane here: 'Paradoxically the roles [of eater and eaten] are completely unreciprocal and yet ultimately indistinguishable.' On disturbing incorporations in Petronius, see Rimell 2002, 49–97.

the confusion that it treats, never allowing a clear view of who is who, which which.

Juvenal initiates the story with an identification of the peoples/ places involved. But the specific designation quickly fades into the background, where any difference between the two parties is elided:

inter finitimos uetus atque antiqua simulas,
 immortale odium et numquam sanabile uulnus,
 ardet adhuc Ombos et Tentura. summus utrimque
 inde furor uolgo, quod numina uicinorum
 odit uterque locus, cum solos credat habendos
 esse deos quos ipse colit. sed tempore festo
 alterius populi rapienda occasio cunctis
 uisa inimicorum primoribus ac ducibus, ne
 laetum hilaremque diem, ne magnae gaudia cenae
 sentirent positis ad templa et compita mensis
 peruigilique toro, quem nocte ac luce iacentem
 septimus interdum sol inuenit. horrida sane
 Aegyptos, sed luxuria, quantum ipse notaui,
 barbara famoso non cedit turba Canopo. (33–46)

Between the old neighbours of Ombi and Tentyra there still burns an ancient conflict, an immortal mutual hatred, a wound that can never be healed. Each side sees the most intense mob fury come out for this reason: each place hates its neighbours' pantheon, since each side thinks that the gods that they worship are the only ones to be counted as gods. When there's a religious festival among one of these peoples, the chiefs and generals of the enemy make a consensus decision to snatch the opportunity, to stop them having a nice picnic day, and from enjoying a big feast, where the tables are set out at the temples, crossroads, and sleepless dinner seats, which sometimes sit there night and day, when the seventh dawn finds them there. (Egypt is obviously primitive, but on the luxury front, as far as I've been able to see myself, its mob of barbarians even pips the infamous Canopus.)

Firstly, Anon contextualizes the eruption within the historical bad blood between the parties: *uetus atque antiqua simulas / immortale odium et numquam sanabile uulnus* means that the old grief is ongoing, though this particular manifestation is particularly bad (a favourite Juvenalian paradox: everything is the same, only worse).⁹⁶ The historical repetition is complemented by a blurred

⁹⁶ See Miller 2001, 154–57.

double vision of the opponents, denying them any distinctness. *Utrinique* and *uterque* focus the mirror image: same thing on both sides, no matter which side you take. Anon ironically highlights the sameness through the peoples' perception of their own difference, each thinking that their own gods are *the* gods. This hyper-awareness of difference paradoxically brings them (from Anon's perspective) under the same aegis.

Next, Juvenal takes a swipe at Egyptian luxury, extending the poetics of extension outlined above: the people celebrating the festival would not enjoy a festive *day* even if they were left alone, for their meals can last up to seven *days* (longer than a tragedy) and give a whole new meaning to the phrase *magnae . . . cenae* (41). Anon then speaks an aside: as far as he has observed/read (*notauit* is notably ambiguous), Egyptian Egypt is just as luxury-fond as the Greek part.⁹⁷ This barb practises in miniature what will prove to be a key move of this satire: the extrapolatory switch from particular to general,⁹⁸ becoming increasingly ridiculous as the poem unfolds, until finally the whole of humanity wins condemnation for something that happened out there in the desert (see below).

The indistinguishable crowd movements intensify once the battle proper begins. On one side lie revelry and festivity, on the other 'hungry' hatred (the feast imagery adds a grimly apt element to this anthropophagy); again, we lose orientation regarding which side is in which position. Anon exploits Latin's formidable resources to convey impersonality: when the violence begins, both sides shout with equal force (*dein clamore pari concurritur* 53), the cacophonic mess a taste of the carnage to come. The dance is symmetrical across the board. No one is recognisable as an individual agent, everyone without exception suffers some reduction, rounded up and into a crowd of body parts (54–60; more below).

The brawl soon escalates from manual combat to more advanced weaponry.⁹⁹ Such a progression motivates a Homer-style reflection on human decline using Homer's own heroes as benchmark.¹⁰⁰ This builds on the topos of (and from) the superior past: if men were

⁹⁷ Juvenal plays on *notare* 'observe' and *notare* 'mark down' – the latter a paradigmatic satiric activity (cf. Hor. *Sat.* 1.4.5, 106). See also below.

⁹⁸ Cf. Chapter 1.3 and 2.4. ⁹⁹ Keane 2006, 70. ¹⁰⁰ Cf. Connors 2005, 139.

already shrinking in Homer's time, then look how far they have come now (*nostro tempore* 68).¹⁰¹ The notion of a shrinking humanity is yet another way to conceptualize identity problems here: rather than big men and big names – heroes (Turnus, Aiax, Tydides, Aeneas) and a poet (Homer) gigantic in their outstanding individuality – Anon is operating in a world of pathetic, nameless, crowded *homunculi*. The anonymity extends even up to heaven (not to mention to Anon himself): Juvenal's god looks down from above (*aspexit* 71, like our *aspiceres* 56), but no one sees him – he is a nameless *quicumque* (71) staring out over a sea of the (literally) faceless (*uoltus / dimidios* 56–57). Contrast this with the Homeric gods, who not only always have a name, but also always become involved in the human sphere. Juvenal's 'theology' here is another denial of individuality, this time to an overcrowded heaven (cf. *Sat.* 13.40–52) reacting exactly like Odysseus' audience, like Anon, like us, like the peoples: with scorn and hatred (*ridet et odit*, cf. 15, 36–37).¹⁰² A consistently bleak cosmos of misanthropic (and mis-theic) energy results, with men hating gods, gods hating men, men hating men, every de-individualized subject also a de-individualized object.

Juvenal politely disciplines his narrative back to the battle at hand. An anonymous *pars altera* resurfaces in line 73, still concealing the identities of pursuer and pursued. It is not until line 75 that we finally gain a clear picture of these roles, just as the satire's asymmetry between the one and the many peaks. As the Ombites chase the Tentyrans, *one* of the latter slips and gets caught; here is our sacrificial victim at last, another satiric *pars pro toto*. The man is diffused across the mob into bits and pieces:

ast illum in plurima sectum
frusta et particulas, ut multis mortuus unus
sufficeret, totum corrosis ossibus edit
uictrix turba, nec ardenti decoxit aeno
aut ueribus, longum usque adeo tardumque putauit
expectare focos, contenta cadauere crudo.

(78–83)

¹⁰¹ McKim 1986, 64 says the depiction of both past and present humans as stonethrowers tars both with the same brush; but it rather points the impossibility of finding fixed standards to 'measure' decline, when the standards themselves are always already declining.

¹⁰² Cf. Richlin 1992, 208–09, Tennant 1995, 126, Walker 2006, 142, Tutrone 2010, 231.

Consolation, Isolation, Indigestion

The winning crowds chop him into a thousand little bits and pieces, so that one dead body can fill many diners, and eats him whole, with the bones chewed as well. They didn't cook him in a hot pot or on a spit; they thought it too long and boring to wait for the fire, and besides they were happy with corpse sashimi.

The crowd (*victrix turba*) is almost made into its own organism, personified as an entity munching the human Parma ham. The singular verbs are chilling; the monstrous mass acts and thinks as one (*edit, decoxit, putauit*). The people-turned-person gradually shifts through an ambiguous relative pronoun until we actually land on the crowd's nameless representative:

sed *qui* mordere cadauer
sustinuit nil umquam hac carne libentius edit;
nam scelere in tanto ne quaeras et dubites an
prima uoluptatem gula senserit, ultimus ante
qui stetit, absumpto iam toto corpore ductis
per terram digitis aliquid de sanguine gustat. (87–92)

But the person(s) who could abide munching on corpse never ate anything more readily than that meat; and to stop you asking or wondering whether the first gut only felt pleasure in this grand crime, after the whole body had been polished off, the last man standing there scraped his fingers over the ground and sampled some of the blood.

Line 87's *qui* must refer to the group, though the singular is again confusing, especially given that *qui* designates a single person in 91. Anon's strategy of 'personifying' the people now meets the process of synecdoche, as the last man standing (one should always eat sitting down) is singled into someone who took exactly the *same* pleasure from the experience as the very first man-dog to tear into the body. This swerving from crowd to individual and back again helps create the satire's large-scale modulations between specific and general. Person and population are, like the Ombites and Tentyrans, wholly interchangeable.

After concluding the brawl with a finger-licking whimper, Juvenal moves on to survey other *populi*, to isolate the Egyptians in a league of their own. The Vascones, a *nobilis populus* (113), are exonerated thanks to extenuating circumstances, as are the Saguntines; nor did the Cimbri, Britons, Sauromatians and Agathyrsians ever rage in the same way as this *inbelle et inutile uolgus* (126). While all these examples separate Egypt from the rest, the rest seems to be

homogenizing under a Greco-Roman umbrella. Lines 110–12 have the semblance of a digression, but resonate widely in a satire speaking in and to the globe:

nunc totus Graias nostrasque habet orbis Athenas,
Gallia causidicos docuit facunda Britannos,
de conducendo loquitur iam rhetore Thyle. (110–12)

Now the whole world has its Greek and Roman version of Athens; smooth-talking Gaul has educated British legal consultants, and Thyle is already talking big about hiring a rhetoric professor.

The world is becoming globalized through widespread rhetorical education; placed peoples are personified again, as Gaul has been ‘teaching’ British lawyers,¹⁰³ and Thule ‘speaks’ (rhetorically speaking; *de conducendo rhetore* sounds like a speech title!) about hiring a rhetorician. Ubiquitous ‘civilization’ throws the Egyptian misdemeanour into still more alienated relief.¹⁰⁴ The confrontation between Thule’s refinement and Egypt’s outrage is certainly difficult to reconcile. But *Sat.* 15’s first half works to place the crime in its own class. Where *Sat.* 13 contextualized the misdemeanour of which Calvinus was victim as minimal compared to the maximal crimes *out there*, the mission here is opposite: the crime in question is so severe that you could not find a suitable form of punishment even if you tried. Anon’s final word in the anecdote reiterates this exceptionality:

nec poenam sceleri inuenies nec digna parabis
supplicia his populis, in quorum mente pares sunt
et similes ira atque fames. (129–31)

You won’t find a punishment to fit the crime, or a sentence to match such peoples, in whose collective mind anger and hunger are exactly the same thing.

The condemnation widens: now the *populi* plural deserve an impossibly large punishment, whereas back in line 31 it had been a mere singular *populus* (cf. *populos* 169). Such a move

¹⁰³ Communication without express mediation of the centre, if comical, seems to endorse Wallace-Hadrill 2008, 12 on Le Roux’s model of *métissage*. Hence a stronger claim than Martial *Ep.* 11.3’s ‘my poetry is read in Britain’, which Colton 1991, 460–61 adduces. Cf. Alston 1996, 108 on ‘Serapis in Britain’ being a sure sign of Romanisation.

¹⁰⁴ Cf. Shumate 2006, 137–38.

confirms the point above: that each people is as bad as the other. No sympathy for eaten, no difference between eater and eaten; both coalesce into each other, parallel to anger and hunger. The target(s) of Juvenal's ever-expanding satire is itself careering out of control.

Anon then zooms from Egypt to a broader disquisition on the human race (*humano generi* 132) – the biggest flinch from particular to general yet.¹⁰⁵ This is a cultural history of man's sympathy. Both straight and ironic readings of this section exist,¹⁰⁶ both hingeing on the detection of an inconsistency between this apparently optimistic part and the surrounding gloom. Yet the story here can chime with the satire's pitch-black pessimism, and it revolves again around the key word *populus*. Juvenal's humans become increasingly separated from animals and gradually form groups; scattered individual elements agglomerate into a collective (*dispersos trahere in populum* 151). But this gathering *into* tight communities leads to strife *between* communities, hinted via *uolnere* in 156 (inevitably a reminder of the metaphorical unhealable wound [34] between Ombi and Tentyra, and the physical wound [54] of its literal expression). In other words, this cultural narrative provides the satire's background; it leaves off at precisely the point where the simultaneously primitive and decadent feud picks up.¹⁰⁷ Formation of neighbouring *populi* is a step towards cannibalism.

In one final extrapolation, the antiheroic *populi* eventually come to *stand* for all humanity. Egypt's contagion is no longer containable:

sed iam serpentum maior concordia. parcit
cognatis maculis similis fera. quando leoni
fortior eripuit uitam leo? quo nemore umquam
expirauit aper maioris dentibus apri?
Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem
perpetuam, saeuus inter se conuenit ursus.
ast homini ferrum letale incude nefanda

¹⁰⁵ Powell 1979, 189 identifies this behind the satire's failure (see below); I would put it to its credit. Cf. Hooley 2007b, 129.

¹⁰⁶ Straight, see Wehrle 1992, 60; ironic, McKim 1986, 67.

¹⁰⁷ So against Shumate 2006, 144's narrow reading that the Egyptians are isolated from 'our' narrative of progress; also her claim that they are without history (Shumate 2006, 152–53). Juvenal's inclusive jump makes their history our history, and vice versa.

3 Satire 15

produxisse parum est, cum rastra et sarcula tantum
 adsueti coquere et marris ac uomere lassi
 nescierint primi gladios extendere fabri.
 aspiciamus populos quorum non sufficit irae
 occidisse aliquem, sed pectora, brachia, uoltum
 crediderint genus esse cibi. quid diceret ergo
 uel quo non fugeret, si nunc haec monstra uideret
 Pythagoras, cunctis animalibus abstinuit qui
 tamquam homine et uentri indulsit non omne legumen? (159–74)

But nowadays there's more accord among snakes. A beast of similar stripe
 spares his relatives. Since when did a mightier lion take the life of
 a lion? In which forest did one boar die by the teeth of another?
 The Indian tigress has a perpetual peace treaty with her ravenous
 counterpart, and savage bears get on with each other. But it's not quite
 enough for humans to have produced deadly iron on the awful anvil,
 even though the world's first blacksmiths were used to wearing them-
 selves out in cooking up rakes and hoes, mattocks and ploughshares,
 and had no idea how to fashion swords. But we're examining peoples
 whose anger isn't sated when a man's killed, but who think pecs, arms,
 and face are some section of the cookbook. So what would Pythagoras
 say, where wouldn't he go, if he were here witnessing all of this
 barbarism, that man who struck all animals from his diet as if they
 were human, and didn't treat his belly to all sorts of beanstuff?

This particular case of desert blood is unexpectedly swept into
 a more ambitious tale. How did we make it from the pole of
 specificity – an exceptional crime on the margins – to that of self-
 inclusive generality, in the blink of a bloody eye? We should have
 seen it coming. The logic of cannibalism is precisely the logic of
 this movement: an alien element (which was really the *same* thing
 all along) is made part of the self. Likewise the inclusive model of
 empire: distant others are incorporated into the cosmopolis.¹⁰⁸
 Anon had used cannibalism as a metaphor to describe provincial
 exploitation in *Sat.* 8,¹⁰⁹ and here we see the process writ large: in
 this case eating up angry provincials and internalizing their energy
 (more on this below). From another perspective, Anon's over-
 grown voice simply *had* to go global. After all, he had sought to
 fill the empire with his words from the outset: the poem's addres-
 see is one Volusius Bithynicus, and so (we imagine) Juvenal

¹⁰⁸ For the analogy between individual and collective bodies, cf. Dinter 2006, 60.

¹⁰⁹ 8.90; cf. Gowers 1993b, 199–200.

imagines himself shouting all the way to Bithynia.¹¹⁰ Now that Thule is accepting applications for a Chair of Rhetoric, Anon's rhetoric-saturated satire is world literature; he can communicate over vast distances of empire, to anyone who will listen. And, as mentioned above, his voice is itself pluralized into a *populus*.

With *Sat.* 15, then, we see a series of expansions collude to make this gala gigantic: expansions of speaker, of target, of audience. Against all odds, Anon has produced his *biggest* moment to date within a career already studded with constant comparatives and superlatives. This is satire consuming the *world*, good and proper, once for all.¹¹¹ Let us now tease out the anonymizing implications of this consumption.

3.4 *Groupthink: Safety in Numbers*

A by-product of the strong reality claim is the satirist-narrator's spectacular disappearance: no matter whom you recruit to tell the story, the substance will remain the same, a resilient nugget of historical truth surviving from one mouth to another. In selecting the Egyptians, Juvenal's long-distance eye lands on a target that is 'safe', in many senses. These Egyptian victims are both well out of reprisal range and unable to isolate Anon as the 'author' of any novel slanders on their land: Anon takes cover beneath Egypt's current topicality and overdetermined presence in the literary tradition. Similar stories about Egypt must have been circulating in contemporary Rome's gossip columns, no doubt themselves reclining on the established discourse of Herodotus and successors – discourse dictating 'how to talk about Egypt'. While Juvenal's anecdote will be framed as a remarkable event (*miranda . . . gesta* 27-28), its credibility rests on firm double foundations. Because Anon's readers have heard similar stories so many times before, this particular one is deeply believable. The satire's opening question (*quis nescit . . . ?* 1) in fact stacks both forms of authority in Anon's corner. It is impossible to be ignorant about Egypt;¹¹² even if you

¹¹⁰ A meaningful place for Hadrian too: Birley 1997, 157. Memories of Catullus' bugbear Volusius (Carmen 36) and his *Annales* return, particularly in a satire so closely tuned to 'History'.

¹¹¹ Cf. Rimell 2005, 83–84. ¹¹² Cf. Fredericks 1976, 178.

missed the literary tradition, ample talk suffuses the streets of Rome. Egypt is unavoidably everywhere.

By inhabiting this ‘common knowledge’ about Egypt, Anon eschews a compulsive feature common to *tales* about Egypt: direct autopsy. The fantastic nature of the cultural quirks in Herodotus, for example, required the certification of eyewitness perspective (see n. 74). But by the time of *Sat.* 15, the slurs are so familiar that Juvenal no longer needs to obtrude with his own presence to underwrite credibility. He speaks in/to a wide world of standardized wisdom (*nunc totus Graias nostrasque habet orbis Athenas* 110), wherein home truths regarding Egypt’s bizarreness are wired to a universal rhetorical education. The credibility is pre-made, the ground already secured through concordance with every other traveller’s tale that has percolated into the curriculum. Indeed, Anon can even afford to be cautious. He restricts any sense of ‘autopsy-derived’ knowledge in the generally misunderstood 44–46:¹¹³

horrida sane
Aegyptos, sed luxuria, quantum ipse notaui,
barbara famoso non cedit turba Canopo. (44–46)

(Egypt is obviously primitive, but on the luxury front, as far as I’ve been able to see myself, its mob of barbarians even pips the infamous Canopus.)

Quantum ipse notaui qualifies Juvenal’s direct knowledge: *as far as* he can make out from his own (limited) experience, Egypt is as bad as Canopus *luxuria*-wise. Of course, he only ‘knows’ Canopus to be decadent through its common reputation (*famoso*); his conclusion about Egypt as a whole must have been reached similarly.¹¹⁴ The comparative data on the Vascones is also a ‘tradition’ (*ut fama est* 93) that does not require (nor can it receive) the verification of autopsy. Anon thus relishes the ‘report’, opting for an epistemology that removes the author’s autobiography from claims to authority. Juvenal did not need to witness this event to guarantee its ‘truth’. In fact, its credibility increases tenfold by eliminating the

¹¹³ See Brugnoli 1963, 11–14.

¹¹⁴ Fredericks 1976, 181–82; cf. Santorelli 2008a, 474, who takes up Gérard 1976, 386–87’s suggestion that Juvenal knew the anecdote was well-known at the time.

contingency of an individual's observation and instead enrolling it in standard contemporary discourse. The narrator tells a story that sounds all the more plausible for the narrator's absence.

Juvenal has already shown the dangers of a more personal and novel narrative in the antitype of fiction which he stacks against his own true history:¹¹⁵ Odysseus' post-prandial anecdote. Odysseus is an interesting countermodel for a cannibalism-narrator because the form of his narrative *is* autobiographical. One reason he must come across as a *mendax aretalogus* to the Phaeacian audience member is his intrusive personal involvement in the story: he has too great a stake in the narrative not to exaggerate, and as the only surviving witness, no one can gainsay him. An *aretalogus* should, by rights, sing the glorious deeds of famous men as authorized by weighty tradition; Odysseus, by contrast, retails his *own* experiences, and not only are they his own, but unprecedented and unheard of. *solus . . . nullo sub teste canebat*: pretty much the opposite of Callimachus' much-hyped ἀμάρτυρον οὐδὲν αἰδῶ (fr. 612 Pfeiffer). Anon departs from this cannibalism narrative in several respects: he is not the hero of the tale, he is not inventing from scratch, and, most importantly, he has witnesses, that is, can point to moments in the literary tradition where Egypt behaves similarly. As noted above, Juvenal adopts the voice of the group, a voice much louder and more convincing than Odysseus' feeble, solitary speech. Isolated individuals do not do so well in this satire: look only as far as the poor soul who slips behind his crew and gets transfused into the bloodstream of the group. That is why the responsible narrator is deliberately drowned in the crowd.

A mass-level narrator (as argued above) matches and reflects the mob movements of the agents in the story itself – and it is also a way of closing ranks and attaining safety in numbers. Odysseus' tale elicits a dual response of anger/laughter (*bilem aut risum* 15) replicated throughout the satire; while the Egyptian anecdote by contrast deals with a *populus*-wide act of anger/hunger, it also moves the spectator to similar extremes of scorn and laughter

¹¹⁵ Edwards 1987, 202–04 takes up the suggestion of Reitzenstein 1906, 27–29 and Scobie 1973, 53–63 that *Sat.* 15 should be recognized as an aretalogy itself; my argument distinguishes the Juvenalian narration from the alternative form displayed within it.

(71).¹¹⁶ Indeed, the reaction of the anonymous Phaeacian is a prototype for the nationalistic incredulity that allows the Egyptian feud to reignite. Our audience member is offended that Odysseus rates the *whole* Phaeacian people as dimwitted enough to buy his patently outrageous fabrications, just as each Egyptian town is offended by their neighbour's 'fabricated' gods. The point of this extended section is precisely to cultivate a connection between the act of *telling* an incredible story and the acts of the incredible story itself. As the anonymous Phaeacian puts it, Odysseus the bunk narrator deserves a savage – and *real* – Charybdis. Purveying condescending tripe is offensive to the whole *populus*; and we will find out from the subsequent anecdote what an offended *populus* can accomplish. Juvenal, a more skillful narrator, neutralizes this threat of audience violence by directing it away from himself – no Odyssean claims to autopsy or participation here – and refocussing it on the satiric objects of the story. Despite the hype of this being the worst crime in the history of tragedy, it is a novelty with a paper trail of comparable stories, and the type of thing on every Hadrianic subject's lips. Juvenal is a reliable (and safe) narrator precisely *because* he escapes attention *qua* narrator; he is merely ventriloquizing a cross-section of past and present views of Egypt – mouthpiece of a whole tradition, culture, crowd. Autopsy implies ownership, but what Anon retails is common property, transcends 'responsibility'.

While the Phaeacian representative – simmering at boiling point and ready to give the bogus *aretalogus* a taste of his own medicine – demonstrates the danger of misjudging a tough crowd, he also offers a model for Anon's own discreet enterprise. He inevitably reminds us of the fed-up audience member at the beginning of *Sat.* 1, the voice that could no longer contain its bile and scorn in polite silence. But he is also, crucially, an unnamed figure hovering ominously in the crowd. Odysseus, despite his reputation as paradigmatic shapeshifter, nevertheless *identified* himself to Alcinous and friends before he began speaking. The Phaeacian respondent, on the other hand, is one of many (*quibusdam* 15) to experience a similar physiological recoil from Odysseus' lies; he

¹¹⁶ Cf. Vincent 2004, 84.

is an interchangeable figure (*aliquis* 24) swallowed by the Phaeacian body corporate (*tam uacui capitis populum Phaeaca putauit?* 23). His suggestion that someone throw Odysseus into the sea may be comic, but it also reprises the same sinister tones of the *delator* discussed above – speech which foments indignation and incites mob violence at no danger to the speaker, who poses as a mere mouthpiece of general sentiment, quite literally a *uox populi*. Anon here pits a model of self-/author-centred, individualistic narration against the unplaceable voice in the crowd – and, in the relentless *nos* of *Sat.* 15, it is clear which one he adopts.¹¹⁷

So this untitled Phaeacian is the latest – and most successful – in Juvenal’s long assembly line of satiric stand-ins. He is also a clever revival of some of the great ‘anonymous’ moments in Homer. Firstly, an *aliquis* popping up reminds us of the countless tis-speeches of Homeric narrative, where heroes try to voice the crowd.¹¹⁸ But even more subtly, he tinkers with Odysseus’ own fumbled attempt at anonymity. When *aliquis* says:

‘in mare nemo
hunc abicit saeua dignum ueraque Charybdi,
fingentem inmanis Laestrygonas et Cyclopes?’ (16–18)

‘Won’t ‘No One’ chuck this guy into the sea – he’s earnt himself a real savage Charybdis, making up his monstrous Laestrygonians and Cyclopes?’

Surely that *nemo* (*ne* + *homo*) tips towards Odysseus’ famous attempt to be a no-name/body (οὐ + τις) when slipping away from Polyphemos in *Od.* 9? *Aliquis* extends the silent salute by letting a pronoun (*hunc*) work for Odysseus immediately after *nemo*. The joke being that that flirtation with anonymity failed spectacularly, when Odysseus ultimately could not help blurting out his kleos-magnet – to catastrophic consequences. Odysseus is the original lab rat for the dangers of self-naming. The Phaeacian’s slur is much more careful, along Anon’s mumbled lines; and he gets his reward with the highest Juvenalian honour ‘*aliquis*’.

¹¹⁷ Contra Vincent 2004, 84, who sees commonalities between Odyssean and Juvenalian narrators.

¹¹⁸ See de Jong 1987.

So the connection between Anon and *aliquis* is close; yet Juvenal even improves upon his Phaeacian predecessor by obscuring the composition of that flexible pronoun *we* (*nos*) as he goes along. The word changes shape throughout the satire to keep step with Anon's multiple crowd costumes, depending on the *them* of the us/them opposition.¹¹⁹ The pronoun first appears as an emphatic plural contrasting with Odysseus' singular voice (27, 29); but then *nostro* . . . *aeuo* (31–32) transforms the axis of opposition to a temporal one. The 'our' in 'our age' must mean 'we contemporaries' as opposed to mythical heroes; the contrast comes up yet again in *nostro tempore* (68). *Nos* in 106 is both spatial and temporal, drawing an antithesis between 'we Romans' and 'those Vascones', as well as 'we moderns' and 'those living in the time of old Metellus'. *Nostrasque* a few lines later must mean 'Roman' as opposed to 'Greek' – but only to make the point that the world has elided into one oversize Greco-Roman school. Up to this moment in the satire, the pronoun has moved ficklely between 'Roman' and 'Contemporary' – but once we reach the disquisition on sympathy, the word folds out to embrace all 'humanity'. *Nostris* (133), *nos* (142), *nobis*, *nos* (149) all refer to 'we humans' on the divine side of 'those animals'. And yet, no sooner does Juvenal begin his account of a world society than this society splits into finer particles of us and them: human communities are built on joining 'our' Lares to a neighbour's house (*laribus coniungere nostris / tectum aliud* 154). The universal perspective of *nos* as all humanity breaks down to a narrower *nos*. Arguably, *Sat.* 15 is about how many axes of opposition and differentiation can be marshalled in articulating group identity, whether temporal, geographic, ethnographic, biological, theological.¹²⁰ Each matrix superimposes itself on the other in a hopelessly confusing way. As a result, *we* are never sure on behalf of which *we* Anon is speaking. The pronoun changes in constitution, from the very

¹¹⁹ Cf. the problem of *ego* vs. *nos* in Lucan, sensitively handled in Bureau 2011, 80–96. Tension between individuation of the poetic voice *apart from* the plural and implication *with* it is refracted in a similar Lucanian passage on Egypt (*Bellum Civile* 8.827–34). Bureau (2011, 95) finds the classic satirist's predicament here. We might also look to Pelling 2002, 272 on the changing shape of the first-person plural in Plutarch.

¹²⁰ Cf. Keane 2006, 68 – though she only identifies two levels of 'making difference'.

smallest unit of identification (our house versus their house) to the largest (our species versus the rest).

Juvenal's shuffling through various crowds culminates in the final 'we' of the satire, the first person plural tying everyone into universal complicity. Throughout the poem, Anon's inclusive pronouns and verbs have of course also been a bid for readerly assent; when we read *diximus* (113), for example, we feel *we* have delivered the satire in unison with Anon, indeed, that he has ventriloquised *us* as *our* anonymous representative, or bludgeoned us into collaborative authorship. This narrative has truly been a collective act. Nowhere is this more keenly felt than in that vital verb towards the end:

aspicimus populos quorum non sufficit irae
occidisse aliquem, sed pectora, brachia, uoltum
crediderint genus esse cibi. (169–71)

But we're examining peoples whose anger isn't sated when a man's killed,
but who think pecs, arms, and face are some section of the cookbook.

This final *we* allows many possible compositions: *we* (Anon and audience versus those *populi*), *we* (moderns versus those first innocent blacksmiths), *we* (Romans versus Egyptians), *we* (humans versus animals). Anon is not only speaking for a people; he is speaking for many crowds, constantly dissolving and recombining under *nos*. Being a voice in a mob dilutes individual identity, but being a voice in *multiple* mobs renders you unrecognisable in the extreme.

Pythagoras is the perfect candidate to cap this depersonalization:

quid diceret ergo
uel quo non fugeret, si nunc haec monstra uideret
Pythagoras, cunctis animalibus abstinuit qui
tamquam homine et uentri indulsit non omne legumen? (171–74)

So what would Pythagoras say, where wouldn't he go, if he were here witnessing all of this barbarism, that man who struck all animals from his diet as if they were human, and didn't treat his belly to all sorts of beanstuff?

Scholars have pinned his resemblance to an earlier Juvenal in the motif of flight;¹²¹ but his presence here is motivated rather by his

¹²¹ See n. 144 below.

notoriously fluid identity. As a philosopher committed to metempsychosis/reincarnation, he is the ideal everyman: a figure for all time and all species, constantly returning in yet another incarnation, straddling the divide between past and present, man and animal, man and man; Greek by birth, Italian by adoption (Croton), he is also an honorary Egyptian, having reputedly learnt his trade there.¹²² According to Diogenes Laertius, he was an inveterate (proto-Hadrianic?) traveller (*Lives* 8.1-3); and he was a known ‘bilocal’ (seen in two places at the same instant).¹²³ Many contemporary namesakes make him even more difficult to pin down.¹²⁴ Multiple identities over ‘his’ lifetime balance his multiple identities over *all* time. Most relevantly for his status as satirist stand-in, he could be anyone, and anyone could be him. Pythagoras’ ‘Pythagorasness’ obtains beneath an unremarkable body in the crowd; no matter how hard we scan, we can never recognize *him*. He is also frustratingly mobile and elusive: when he sees something, no sooner does he speak than he flies off somewhere else. Philosopher, like Anon, has no secure or recoverable co-ordinates from which to speak. He is all over the place, all of the time, perennially sneaking in and out of bodies and categories. His ‘real’ self is a flitting, insubstantial ghost – which *we* will never catch, because it might as well (could well) be in *us*.

3.5 *Quite a Part*

As well as assembling the rank and file into mass movements, Anon is also partial to partitioning – particularly when it comes to the human body.¹²⁵ This is another complementary way of thwarting ‘identity’ and ‘identification’. He has an (an)atomizing tendency to decompose bodies into heads, shoulders, knees, and toes.¹²⁶ The constant shift in perspective between population and

¹²² Diogenes Laertius *Lives* 8.1-3.

¹²³ For Pythagoras’ bilocation, see Diels-Kranz 14.7 (=Aristotle fr. 191 Rose).

¹²⁴ Diogenes Laertius *Lives* 8.46-47.

¹²⁵ Cf. Chapter 3. Jenkyns 1982, 220 would see this fixation on particulars ‘for its own sake’ – synecdochic for Jenkynsian restriction of interpretation.

¹²⁶ Schmitz 2000 counts this tendency an example of distortion, a prime Juvenalian technique (see particularly 149-61); see also Keane 2001, 228 on 15 as one among many violent vignettes in Juvenal. Vincent 2004, 93-94 deals effectively with the

part creates jarring special effects that bolster Anon's concealment; with the narratorial platform upset, we have little idea from where Juvenal is witnessing these events, where we should locate *him*. The preliminaries of cannibalism necessitate a limb-by-limb deconstruction, where nothing can be seen in its entirety or integrity (least of all Anon himself).¹²⁷ The synecdoche of body part for (non-existent) whole is all-pervasive in the satire – so much so, in fact, that it looks as if Anon has taken the cannibalistic principle of dismemberment to heart.

Juvenal aestheticises fragmentation from the beginning: the keyword *dimidio* (5) refers to the crumbling statue of Memnon, the neglect of which, in comparison with the pristine monkey,¹²⁸ compresses neatly the skewed priorities of the Egyptians vis-à-vis humans versus animals. The word comes up again when the brawl escalates:

paucae sine uolnere malae,
uix cuiquam aut nulli toto certamine nasus
integer. aspiceres iam cuncta per agmina uoltus
dimidios, alias facies et hiantia ruptis
ossa genis, plenos oculorum sanguine pugnos. (54–58)

There were only a couple of jaws unwounded, and hardly anyone in the whole messy brawl had a whole nose left. You'd now see halved faces throughout all the ranks, faces rendered otherwise, bones gaping through split cheeks, fists full up on eye-blood.

These are not only parts, but parts of parts: jaws with holes, scarcely a whole nose, half-faces. They are also parts mingled with other parts: bones jut out through cheeks and fists are covered with eye-blood. What is more, these parts prefigure the disgusting degustation of their invisible wholes: the bones 'gape' (*hiantia*) like salivating mouths, and the fists are 'full of blood' (*plenos . . . sanguine*) – as if they had been feasting greedily in the same way as the nameless finger-licker scraping up the last morsels of gore below (90–92). Anon completely dismantles these human beings

synecdoche equivalent to a *personification* of body parts. Cf. Uden 2015, 211 on the satire's relish of part and fragment.

¹²⁷ Cf. Shumate 2006, 136 on violent images expressing anxiety about general boundary violation.

¹²⁸ The monkey is a particularly good animal for picturing 'fake' humanity (see Connors 2004); the monkey *statue* is an imitation of an imitation.

and reassembles them into unrecognisable creatures, whose bits and bobs are perversely anthropomorphized. But the descriptive function of body parts continues beyond the immediate need for wound counting. As the attack rescales from fists to stones, human agents in this narrative become little more than chopped bits of body:

ergo acrior impetus et iam
saxa inclinatis per humum quaesita *lacertis*
incipiunt torquere, domestica seditioni
tela, nec hunc lapidem, qualis et Turnus et Ajax,
uel quo Tydides percussit pondere *coxam*
Aeneae, sed quem ualeant emittere *dextrae*¹²⁹
illis dissimiles et nostro tempore natae.
nam genus hoc uiuo iam decrescebat Homero,
terra malos homines nunc educat atque pusillos; (62–70)¹³⁰

So the onslaught is stepped up: now their arms bend back and comb the ground for stones, and they start to fling them, these home-cooked weapons of an uprising, not the kind of rock which Turnus and Ajax brandished, or of equal weight to the one with which Tydeus' boy struck Aeneas' hip, but the sort that hands unlike theirs are good enough to launch, hands born in our own day. Remember, this race of ours was already on the way down in Homer's time, and the earth now raises wretched, puny beings;

The mob begins to throw rocks with *arms* bending back; and not the sort of rock that the son of Tydeus had used to strike Aeneas' hip (back when heroes were big enough to lift big rocks, and for big rocks to only strike them on the hip), but the kind that 'hands born in our age, not like theirs, could propel'. The fact that these men are mere hands – indeed, hands are born (*natae*), not men¹³¹ – prepares us for the miniaturization: we *are* watching a puny race, little more than walking extracts.¹³² There is not really any such being as a full integral 'agent' in this satire. Men have 'decreased' towards the ground, merely a series of right hands unable to lift anything substantial; right hands smaller than equivalent hands in the past.

¹²⁹ Cf. Umbricius' *extincta dextra* (3.48).

¹³⁰ Willis (with de Jonge) deletes 69–71 (Clausen, Knoche and Martyn retain); but it is unlikely Anon would mark a *deuerticulum* (72) of only a few lines.

¹³¹ Cf. Vincent 2004, 94.

¹³² Cf. Dinter 2006, 68–69 on a similar phenomenon in Lucan.

The process of part-by-part reduction climaxes in the actual description of the cannibalism. Step 1 in the fast-food preparation is dicing into bite-size portions:

*terga fugae celeri praestant instantibus Ombis
qui uicina colunt umbrosae Tentura palmae.
labitur hic quidam nimia formidine cursum
praecipitans capiturque. ast illum in plurima sectum
frusta et particulas, ut multis mortuus unus
sufficeret, totum corrosis ossibus edit
uictrix turba, nec ardenti decoxit aeno
aut ueribus, longum usque adeo tardumque putauit
expectare focos, contenta cadauere crudo.* (75–83)

They offer up their backs to speedy retreat as the Ombites press behind – I mean those who reside in neighbouring Tentyra, the town of the shady palm. One of them (could be any) slips from an oversupply of fear while rushing his way through, and he's captured. The winning crowds chop him into a thousand little bits and pieces, so that one dead body can fill many diners, and eats him whole, with the bones chewed as well. They didn't cook him in a hot pot or on a spit; they thought it too long and boring to wait for the fire, and besides, they were happy with corpse sashimi.

First of all, the Tentyrans 'offer up their backs' – a standard expression for military flight, but one with special significance in a context of impending bodily consumption. The unlucky one of the many who gets caught is then chopped up into several tiny 'hunks and crumbs': the move from *frusta* to *particulas* (79) actually mimics the process of gradual disintegration as the bits shrink.¹³³ These bits are more and less than just body parts:¹³⁴ they are no longer recognisable as human parts, instead processed into anonymous meat-shavings.¹³⁵ *Totum corrosis ossibus edit / uictrix turba* (80–81) makes a similar point. Even the bones – the material that should be last to biodegrade – are instantly annihilated in the all-digesting mouths of the Ombites. This ultimate reduction to nothing is taken even further at the close of the cannibal narrative, where the last-man-standing licks his earthy plate:

¹³³ Perhaps Anon sneaks in the troubling Stoic paradox on bodily identity (for which see Most 1992, 405–06).

¹³⁴ As above, Schmitz 2000 150–61 treats Juvenalian speaking of men through parts; strangely she fails to make much mention of *Sat.* 15 (apart from on 156).

¹³⁵ Cf. Singleton 1983, 204.

3 Satire 15

sed qui mordere cadauer
sustinuit nil umquam hac carne libentius edit;
nam scelere in tanto ne quaeras et dubites an
prima uoluptatem gula senserit, ultimus ante
qui stetit, absumpto iam toto corpore ductis
per terram digitis aliquid de sanguine gustat. (87–92)

But the person(s) who could abide munching on corpse never ate anything more readily than that meat; and to stop you asking or wondering whether the first gut only felt pleasure in this grand crime, after the whole body had been polished off, the last man standing there scraped his fingers over the ground and sampled some of the blood.

Here we see a double application of bodily reduction to both predator and prey. The *cadauer* becomes mere *carne*, and the first predator a mere *gula* – a bloodthirsty palate.¹³⁶ Moreover, once it is clear that the ‘whole body’ has been consumed – bones and all – the last man drags his *fingers* over the ground to scrape a sample of the corpse’s blood. Cannibalism thus becomes a comprehensive corporeal reduction to the point of evanescence into nothingness (a perfect trope for the lean, anonymous satirist): the body disperses into a series of unidentifiable chunks, even the bones are ground into fine digestible quantities, and finally the blood itself is licked up wholesale. The predator too has gone from arms to hands (via a throat) to fingers; with *per terram digitis aliquid de sanguine gustat* both parties are at their smallest. In each case, then, the body has withered to vanishing point.

The aesthetic of physical reduction then moves into the section on ‘excusable anthropophagy’, but is transferred to the *emaciation* of hunger. If eating can make a body disappear, then so can starvation. The description of the wasting Vascones introduces a symmetry to the act of cannibalism, where the reduction of subject almost justifies that of object:

post omnis herbas, post cuncta animalia, quidquid
cogebat uacui uentris furor, hostibus ipsis
pallorem ac maciem et tenuis miserantibus artus,
membra aliena fame lacerabant, esse parati
et sua. quisnam hominum ueniam dare quisue deorum

¹³⁶ Cf. *gula* 1.140, 5.94, 158.

uentribus abnueret dira atque inmania passis
et quibus illorum poterant ignoscere manes
quorum corporibus uescebantur? (99–106)

Whatever the crazed state of an empty stomach made them do, it was after they'd had every plant, every animal, when even their enemies felt for their sickly pallor, emaciation, and pathetic limbs; they were ripping up other people's limbs from hunger, ready to eat their own too. Which human or god would grudge forgiving stomachs that lived through such terrible, inhuman events, that even the shades of the bodies they were feeding on could forgive?

The Vascones are driven to act by their 'empty stomachs' (*uacui uentris* – a phrase which redefines the 'empty-headed Phaeacians' [23]?).¹³⁷ Even their enemies pity their pallor, emaciation and wiry physiques. Of course hunger led them to rip up other peoples' limbs; they were prepared to chew on their own too. This part renders the link between starvation and cannibalism explicit, for the surviving Vascones are being 'eaten away' by hunger in a similar way to the literally eaten bodies of the comrades keeping them alive. Anon responds to the weight loss by treating the Vascones as humans reduced to stomachs – *uentribus* (104). It is no longer a question of pardoning men, but of pardoning synecdochic stomachs: *they* experience (*passis* 104) terrible and monstrous events, *they* require forgiveness from the shades of the bodies that are currently entering them. This synecdoche again represents a very literal reduction of the body through ravenous starvation.

Much of this tendency to dissection could be written off as focalization, at least during the sections regarding the Egyptians and the Vascones. Anon is giving us a ground-view of what the former see (cf. *pectora, bracchia, uoltum / crediderint genus esse cibi* 170–71), a human as a mere composition of foodstuffs; and in the Vascones' case, characterizing them as the very organ (stomach) no doubt on their mind 24/7. But the 'feel-good' section of the satire shows us that the proclivity to surgical sectioning is *Anon's* as much as the cannibals'; indeed, he absorbs this habit directly from his own 'consumption' of the subject matter, in a satire precisely about the sympathetic logic of cannibalism (see

¹³⁷ Cf. Schmitz 2000, 156.

below).¹³⁸ *Mollissima corda*¹³⁹ thus becomes a pregnant pun: on one level it signals a new-look, soft-focus Juvenal ('forgiving hearts'); on another, we see a cannibal in the making ('succulent hearts').¹⁴⁰ The language here still focusses on cutting the human down to size, as well as confusing the targets of 'sympathy':

mollissima corda
humano generi dare se natura fatetur,
quae lacrimas dedit. haec nostri pars optima sensus.
plorare ergo iubet causam dicentis amici
squaloremque rei, pupillum ad iura uocantem
circumscriptorem, cuius manantia fletu
ora puellares faciunt incerta capilli.
naturae imperio gemimus, cum funus aduetae
uirginis occurrit uel terra clauditur infans
et minor igne rogi. (131–40)

Nature claims she's given humankind real tender hearts, because she bestowed tears: this is the best part of our emotional equipment. So she bids us weep for the case of a client, the filthy state of a defendant, a ward calling his defrauder to court, with his girly hair streaked with tears, making his face androgynous. We're prone to lament by nature's command, when we hit on the funeral of a ripe virgin, or an infant is planted in the earth, too little for the fire of the pyre.

Nature gives the race tears in addition to soft hearts; this is the 'choicest part' (prime cut) of our senses. But the things nature forces us to weep over are further examples of a pathetic, miniaturized humanity: an androgynous *pupillus* (a cross between *populus* and *pusillus*?) whose girly hair makes the gender of his teary face inconclusive, a young virgin meeting an early death, a baby buried in the ground because he is not yet old enough to qualify for burial rites. The object of our sympathies is particularly unclear in *pupillum . . . capilli*: is it the *pupillus* calling the *circumscriptor* to court, or is it the other way round? We recall from 14.237 that children themselves know how to *circumscribere* nowadays.

¹³⁸ See Frazer 1940 on 'homeopathic magic'; also Braund and Gilbert 2003, 252.

¹³⁹ Braund cuts a new 'paragraph' at *mollissima corda* in 131; but such a decision (or incision) obfuscates the connection running into this new 'sympathetic' satirist. The continuity of Clausen et al. is infinitely preferable.

¹⁴⁰ See Gowers 1993b, 200; the heart was the best bit of the sacrificial victim: Rüpke 2007, 145.

Cuius could also refer to both parties. We thus catch a linguistic glimpse of what sympathetic cannibalism means in practice: absorbing all human fodder indiscriminately into the self, swallowing indeterminate ‘faces’ (*ora*) of indeterminate sex, nicely ‘marinated’ (*manantia*) in tears.¹⁴¹

Even the ‘good’ role models (even Anon) of *Sat.* 15 exhibit a cannibalistic bent, and the reduction to body parts is a ‘mode of viewing’ that illustrates the cross-cultural commonality.¹⁴² The satiric pose of ‘looking at’ the object (the omnipresent, ecphrastic *aspicere*) becomes tantamount to ‘looking like’ the object; observation leads to absorption, inspection to ingestion.¹⁴³ Anon scans humans as organs in the same way as the Egyptians, just as the provocatively anonymous god (yet another *quicumque* 71) who watches the petty action down in Egypt (*aspexit* 71) feels the same *odium* as the small men fighting it out (*odit* 37, 71). The process is at play for Anon, and for us, as we become infused with the very same emotions and visions:

aspicimus populos quorum non sufficit irae
occidisse aliquem, sed pectora, braccia, uultum
crediderint genus esse cibi. (169–71)

¹⁴¹ *Manare* does not quite carry the culinary connotations of *madere*. But the liquid common to subject and object here recalls another figure simultaneously weeping and salivating over human garnished with Egyptian produce – the perjuring father of *Sat.* 13.84–85: *si uero et pater est, ‘comedam’ inquit flebile ‘nati / sinciput elixi Pharioque madentis aceto*. Cf. Gowers 1993b, 199–200.

¹⁴² Both Mckim 1986 and Anderson 1987 assimilate Roman speaker and Egyptian target (cf. Corn 1975, 66–101); but neither explicitly paints Juvenal as cannibal. For that suggestion (which I expand *ad nauseam*), see Gowers 1993b, 198–200. Cf. Plaza 2006, 306’s concept of ‘metaliterary cannibalism’ (also 340). For attempts to make poet swallow his discourse rather than foist it onto an exculpating persona, see Shumate 2006, 157, Tennant 1995. Alston 1996, 103 takes another tack in making *Sat.* 15 a response to Roman Egyptomania, and hence the satire becomes about ‘us’ not ‘them’. For centralization of past-present dichotomy instead of Rome-Egypt: Gruen 2011, 111, Vout 2003, 182. On the bigger issue of the satirist’s proximity to target and self’s convergence with other, see Bogel 2001, 41–83, Garber 1984.

¹⁴³ Keane 2010, 9 also notes the ‘absorption’, but without much evidence. The perspective of the spectator almost implies an amphitheatrical gaze; cf. Newlands 2003, 520 on amphitheatrical display of the ‘other’ creating community among Romans. Thinking with the amphitheatre might also contextualize its blurred vision of human/animal boundaries (Most 1992, 402–04). Juvenal’s audience would ‘know’ some of the exotic animals from this scenario: e.g. crocodiles (Toynbee 1973, 218–19). Cf. Larmour 2016, 285–89. For Egypt (other) as mirror of Rome (self): Vout 2003, 182; cf. Alston 1996, 105. Cf. Hooley 2007b, 129 on reminiscences of Lucanian civil war here.

3 Satire 15

But we're examining peoples whose anger isn't sated when a man's killed,
but who think pees, arms, and face are some section of the cookbook.

Looking at peoples who categorize body parts as food, Anon and audience also indulge in the same reductive recategorization. Anon's hunger had been visible in *mollissima corda*. Now we have his anger, channelled through the figure of Pythagoras:¹⁴⁴

quid diceret ergo
uel quo non fugeret, si nunc haec monstra uideret
Pythagoras, cunctis animalibus abstinuit qui
tamquam homine et uentri indulsit non omne legumen? (171–74)

So what would Pythagoras say, where wouldn't he go, if he were here witnessing all of this barbarism, that man who struck all animals from his diet as if they were human, and didn't treat his belly to all sorts of beanstuff?

Pythagoras, whose longevity through reincarnation well qualifies him to judge the severity of this crime against all others of all time, is the satire's final observer-absorber. His indignant impulse to speak out or flee as visceral reaction to visual stimulus renders him in the vein of *Anon's* early fury – here transmigrating into the body of the timeless philosopher. In fact, Pythagoras also behaves in a remarkably similar way to the angry/hungry Egyptian conduct he shuns: abstaining from animals (*cunctis animalibus abstinuit* 173, cf. *lanatis animalibus abstinet* 11) and careful with beans (174, cf. vegetable evasion in 9–11).¹⁴⁵ Thus, in addition to espousing the early fury of the *satirist*, he also adopts the frenzied *ira* of the satiric *object*, along with their dietary habits; and he also plays victim through Anon's final act of morselization. At the very end, Pythagoras is nothing more than a stomach (*uentri*); *uenter* is the same organ to act synecdochically for those desperate Vascones back in 100/104 (*uentris*, *uentribus*), the focalized index of the way angry/hungry gods and men always look *with* their stomachs

¹⁴⁴ For Pythagoras as ideal of philosophical (satirical) withdrawal – see Singleton 1983, 206, Richlin 2009, 326, Adamietz 1972, 42.

¹⁴⁵ On Pythagoras's confusing resemblance to Egyptian practice here, see Plaza 2006, 319 (also highlighting that Pythagoras was suspected of Egyptian connections), McKim 1986, 69–70; Tennant 1995, 133 laughs at and hates any hint of a comparison between the two, but he cannot explain away the verbal echo. Heath 2005, 131 remarks that in a culture creating community through sacrifice/feast, vegetarianism and cannibalism are equally uncivilized. On Pythagorean abstention from beans, cf. Detienne 1981, 222.

to see other stomachs. Dissolution into body parts is unfailingly a sign of squint-eyed anger/hunger (and its ultimate conclusion, cannibalism). Anon wants a tasty Egypt-reared Pythagoras in *him*; and, as *we* become more agitated, hungrier, Anon subtly passes into us too. He is the ultimate *anybody*, after all.

Anon's penchant for visualizing humans as dehumanized body parts thus recreates the Egyptian habit of reducing neighbours to gourmet raw material. Such correspondence fosters confusion of narrative perspective – or, to use a nicer word, *sympathy* between the viewpoints of narrator and narrated. 'Focalization' is an inherently problematic concept: how can we ever tell when authors disengage and adopt 'internal' perspectives? *Sat.* 15 plays on this uncertainty by rendering its various viewers and viewed, subjects and objects (narrator, god, Ombite, Tentyran), relentlessly interchangeable. From these mutilated faces and bitty bodies, Anon can never be picked: for he is nothing more than a disembodied voice in the text, capable of migrating into many.¹⁴⁶

3.6 *Cannibalism and Sympathy, for Example*

The decoding of satire has often been bound to identification of a target. Two schools of thought branch from the question of the satirist's position relative to the things 'attacked': first, the corner of critics that makes the satirist own his discourse, takes it at face value, plays it straight against all the miscreants; second, the corner that brings the satirist himself into the fray, forces him to get his hands dirty, makes him confess his proximity to the people he traduces.¹⁴⁷ If we were to simplify the relationship to a grammatical model of subject-object, the first group would emphasize the object, the second the subject (objectified). In Anon's case, we may look over a division between straight-readers and persona critics along these same lines: the former locks the external targets of Juvenalian satire as the ones that *count*, the latter – while not denying Anon an outside-facing stance – stresses the self-undermining humour always splashing back in Anon's (persona's)

¹⁴⁶ See Chapter 3.2.1.

¹⁴⁷ For *Sat.* 15: Tennant 1995, Elwitschger 1992, 124 fall in the first camp, Corn 1975 66–101, McKim 1986, Anderson 1987, Walker 2006, 139–52 in the second.

face. In sum, our straight-readers instantly permit an outside position, whereas persona critics can only grant it to a smirking yet absent author. For them, the satiric voice is always simultaneously speaking against itself and others, always self-satirizing.

Sat. 15 can be viewed as a meditation on precisely this point. A case of cannibalism is an exemplary site for thinking out the issue: it is a situation in which the fusion of self and other is literalized in incorporation.¹⁴⁸ Cannibalism is of course a classic alter-izing trope,¹⁴⁹ but it is also a self-defeating one through its inevitable thematization of similarity and difference. Anthropophagy, at least in this poem, arises from the mistaken perspective of excessive differentiation: two similar entities (Ombites and Tentyrans) stare at each other as if each were a distinct (inferior) species, but from a celestial/satirical viewpoint, both are as interchangeable as ants. And yet the paranoid overemphasis of difference, as Keane has shown, is exactly the same position Anon finds himself taking as he rails against a paradigmatic Other.¹⁵⁰ Cannibalism sharpens our sensitivity to the dangers of exaggerated distinctions only to realize that the very attribution of cannibalism is implicated in the same process. Anon's accusation can only condemn through the self-confuting logic of two similars becoming one same.

In this last hurrah, I do not wish to rehash worn arguments about *Sat.* 15's clear engagement with the satiric problem of 'making difference', but shall rather dive straight into the ways the idea of cannibalism is 'programmatic' for the satire, even 'grammatical', insofar as it helps make sense of the poem's apparently confusing structure and logical splutters. *Sat.* 15 has undergone its fair share of violent criticism for two main reasons. Firstly, the age-old charge of inconsistency: how does the savage man-eating account square with that of the noble race, and why does the nobility unravel as suddenly as it was woven come the satire's end? Secondly, the inept exemplarity: how do we reach a condemnation of the whole human race from a tiny backwater brawl? Cannibalism may allow us to digest these two interpretative problems into something approaching one solution.

¹⁴⁸ For interesting notes on the wider relationship between satire and anthropophagy, see Cucchiarelli 2001, 216; for cannibalism as recurring satiric theme, see Clark 1991, 132–38.

¹⁴⁹ And beyond: see Arens 1979. ¹⁵⁰ Keane 2006, 68–71.

Latin literature had long been familiar with the epigram ‘you are what you eat’,¹⁵¹ capitalizing on Frazerian ‘homoeopathic magic’: the notion that the qualities of the eaten will directly infuse the eater. Latin expresses the equation even more succinctly than English: ‘to be’ and ‘to eat’ look identical (*esse* and *esse*). Punning manipulation of the palindrome occurs on three occasions in the satire, serving as a verbal manifestation of cannibalism’s various fusions and confusions. The first instance occurs in a context embracing the dual strands of incorporation in the satire: physical consumption and emotional sympathy (99–106). The Vascones were ripping up one another’s (*aliena* 102) limbs out of hunger – and they were prepared even to eat/be their own (102–03). The pun marks a limit case of cannibalism at which eaten and eater converge in the very same person.¹⁵² But we are more concerned with the proximity of ‘sympathy’ and anthropophagy, a coalescence of feeling and feeding which will inform our response to the next case of *esse* confusion. The Vascones’ enemies (i.e. Romans) ‘pity’ (*miserantibus* 101) their wretched state, and Anon universalizes the forgiveness to all gods and men; for even the shades of the bodies on which the Vascones were feeding could pardon (*ignoscere* 105) their predators. In this watershed, Juvenal wraps human ‘fellow-feeling’ – the staple of the later problem-section – and cannibalism in the same package, to such a degree that one is almost the result of the other: if you ingest a material body, the non-material part of the person will *sympathise* in the most literal, physical way, now internalized within a new body (a material version of metempsychosis). Fellow-feeling emerges from bare inhabitation of, or cohabitation with, another fellow.

The idea that sympathy is merely another version of anthropophagy reappears in the positive/progressive account of evolution later in the satire. The undertones of a cannibalistic satirist in this part were sketched out above, but it is worth reiterating and expanding. ‘Succulent hearts’ (*mollissima corda* 131) imply a satirist speaking from the belly as much as the heart. The objects of

¹⁵¹ See, for example, Braund and Gilbert 2003, 252.

¹⁵² Cf. the *esse* doublet at Seneca *Thyestes* 195–96.

Anon's pity – typical tearjerkers – then become ever tenderer, terminating in a juicy young infant. But it is the definition of the good and full human being that really ties up our consummate composites (compassion and consumption):

quis enim bonus et face dignus
arcana, qualem Cereris uolt esse sacerdos,
ulla aliena sibi credit mala? (140–42)

Because which good man, worthy of the mysteries' torch, the kind the priest of Ceres wants, thinks anyone's trouble irrelevant to themselves?

The kind of *summa cum laude* human being, the kind that is as the priest of Ceres wants, is also the kind that the priest of Ceres wants to eat. *Esse* is in the same metrical position as it was in 102, confirming us in our search for the double-meaning; and the matter is reinforced through the repetition of *aliena* (102, 142), also retaining its metrical position, not to mention reprising the illustrative elision (both sections highlight a fusing of two elements into one: *membra aliena* 102, *ulla aliena* 142). Anon smirks at the mystery cult, paradigm of noble humanity, as another congested version of sympathy through literal *incorporation*: the priest of cornbread eats his sacrificial victim, and the victim is forced into a very corporeal sympathy he cannot escape (as with the Vasconian victims above). Cannibalism becomes an implicit figure for fellow-feeling: the greedy acknowledgement that no human troubles are external to the self, for that self is now incorporated into another self, or incorporating another self into itself.¹⁵³ Even 'the best' humanity blobs into one large cannibalistic mass and mess. As adumbrated above, it will not be long before that solitary citizen of a newfound 'community', reeling from a severe wound, is devoured by his fellow citizens, trapped within the same claustrophobic walls (155–59).

Cannibalism thus infuses the satire, rearing up as a trope of sympathy and a next stage in the evolutionary process. But it also provides a pointer towards a forceful structural unification – and all at the same time as figuring the totalitarian act of violence that reading must always be. Two seemingly incompatible 'sections' of

¹⁵³ Note also the proliferation of first-person plurals in this section: a rush of inclusivity (Keane 2015, 200)!

the satire – humanity’s subhuman, unremittingly terrible crime at the Egyptian feast, followed by humanity’s high humaneness – actually turn out to be two sides of the same coin. Sympathy and cannibalism prove to be equally aggressive strategies for incorporating the other into the self. As with the cannibal narrative of Ombite against Tentyran, so with the satire’s structure: two elements that appear diametrically opposed ultimately pay out into full, forced integration.

So the satire clues us into applying, as readers, the very process of coalescence about which it talks. What appears to be a tale of teleological humanity against the regressive model preceding it, turns out (from 159 onwards) part of the very same story Anon always set out to tell. Two Juvenals roll into one, and the strong story of decline incorporates the weak story of progress into itself (swallowed in an ABA structure); their hallmarks – consumption and compassion – were difficult to distinguish in the first place. The poem activates at a structural level the same ‘narcissism of minor differences’¹⁵⁴ that forces the undifferentiable Egyptian camps into a vivid incorporation: Anon’s rival culture-history is chopped into fragments, eaten up and absorbed by the unstoppable deterioration. No mistake that the concept of a *populus*, so important for the narrative of accretion into communities, is finally split into body parts believed to be – or *eat* – a kind of food:

aspicimus populos quorum non sufficit irae
occidisse aliquem, sed pectora, brachia, uultum
crediderint genus *esse* cibi. (169–71)

But we’re examining peoples whose anger isn’t sated when a man’s killed,
but who think pecs, arms, and face ~~ate~~ are some section of the cookbook.

This is Juvenal’s dystopic solution to the threat of integration and the possibility of progress. Happy and healthy communities make for extremely poor satire.

Cannibalism can also assist in navigating the dynamics of exemplarity, which has seemed (to some) an elastic movement stretched to snapping point.¹⁵⁵ The poem turns on an extrapolation

¹⁵⁴ Bogel 2001, 46–47 drawing on Freud.

¹⁵⁵ See especially Powell 1979, 189; cf. Vincent 2004, 86, Schmitz 2000, 166. For *Sat.* 15’s departure from Juvenal’s exemplary norms, see Larmour 2004, 54.

from the particular to the general: a historically specific case on the imperial margins is ultimately read as a sign of universal decline. But cannibalism is itself a conceptual model for the way the exemplum folds out into an all-embracing discourse. The caustic anecdote begins as an attempt to ‘make difference’ between Roman and Other, but the sympathetic logic of cannibalism overrides everything: starving Anon absorbs the habits of his target, fuses with the satiric object itself.¹⁵⁶ As do we colonized readers, instructed to take this example to heart.

In other words, the imperial mechanism of the satire works to a variation of the ‘Rome is the world’ manual: the project of differentiation breaks down under Rome’s magnetic appropriation of everything into itself. In more ways than one, satirist ‘cannibalises’ Egypt – first treating it as an outside element, then incorporating it, then realizing that none of these ‘problems’ (*mala*) are alien to a Roman self, for the Roman subject fills the world. The old idea of satirist-target interchangeability, then, is lifted to unprecedented heights and breadths. Inverting the process of empire-wide moral education in *Sat.* 2 (where Artaxatan teenagers transport to the provinces the dissolute habits they have learnt in Rome), here the influence runs in the other direction: Anon and audience learn the trade of periphery in the amphitheatre of Roman satire, and absorb it back into the tender heart of the world. Such is the price of a unified empire; ‘Rome is (eats) the world’ demands Roman ownership for anything that happens in that world. The exemplary leap is a necessary consequence of cannibalistic imperialism that swallows other into self.¹⁵⁷

The principle of cannibalism as a way of conceptualizing imperial relations comes home in *Sat.* 16, migrating across poem (and chapter)¹⁵⁸ boundaries. As he begins to catalogue the advantages of an army career, Anon hints that even a Roman citizen in Rome is now a victim of cannibalism (metaphorically):

commoda tractemus primum communia, quorum
haut minimum illud erit, ne te pulsare togatus
audeat, immo, etsi pulsetur, dissimulet nec

¹⁵⁶ Cf. Uden 2015, 213–14. ¹⁵⁷ Cf. Umurhan 2011, 86–88.

¹⁵⁸ *Sat.* 16 will receive fuller treatment in the Conclusion.

audeat excussos praetori ostendere dentes
et nigram in facie tumidis liuoribus offam
atque oculum medico nil promittente relictum. (16.7–12)

First let's go over the shared benefits, not the least of which is the fact that no citizen will have the pluck to beat you: on the contrary, if a citizen's beaten, he'll cover it up, and won't be too keen to show his knocked-out teeth to the praetor, and the black snack on his face swollen with bruises, and his leftover eye (the doctor's not promising anything).

Juvenal messes up the citizen's face here as much as he did for the dismembered Egyptians in 15: our *togatus* is permitted no nose, not even a part of the nose, but merely a 'black bruised dumpling on the face'.¹⁵⁹ Anon's soldiers make a meal of the citizen, but so does Anon – taking a cue from the *populi* of Egypt and seeing a face as a type of food. The fashion for cannibalism enters the circulatory system of empire in a remote vein and makes it back to the heart quick smart, almost instantaneously. This moment enacts the world-spanning implications of *Sat.* 15 perfectly: Rome, like Ombi and Tentyra, is engaged in its own cannibalistic civil war.¹⁶⁰ The apparently minor choice of food metaphor here makes a big difference, for it casts retrospective doubt on whether those 'focalized' reductions to edible body parts in *Sat.* 15 belonged to the Egyptians on the ground, or whether they belonged to Anon all along – or, through the pervasive functioning of cannibalism, to both. Anon had been smacking his lips there; and the provincial fare may have only made him hungrier to feast on some decent home cooking one last time.

3.7 *Raw Material (Author's Hip)*

Final call: there is just one additional tiny load to lump on this already groaning metaphor, and that will help spell out an overlooked application to the poetics of anonymity. In some sense, Anon had always claimed to paginate his reality raw: his first book was a *farrago*, a bunch of animal feed mashed up good, with no real authorial hand kneading it into shape. But the *farrago* was also, so we now realize, a lightly processed product; a rough,

¹⁵⁹ Gowers 1993b, 199's translation.

¹⁶⁰ Cf. Keane 2006, 71; Gowers 1993b, 199 also connects 15 and 16 via this juicy passage.

granular conversion of all the things humans did and felt. Anon went to a little bit of trouble grinding it down, even if what came out was still pretty indigestible for the human animal consuming it. But in *Sat.* 15, the production process that is squashing beings into satire is halted at an even earlier phase. The poem is now having humans straight. There is no laborious recipe to follow, no final garnish. Reality is rawer than ever; and Juvenal has to do even less to turn it into satire.¹⁶¹

So cannibalism slots in well as a master trope for reading Anon's ultimate run with the disappearing author. 'Rawness' disavows a strong poet's claim to concoct some once-in-a-lifetime 'special' for us using the unique skillset of poetic *labor*. *Quis nescit?* Of course, and again: we have it in us, it is us, already.

3.8 *A Swallowed Self*

We have seen how deeply the satire's thematic heart of cannibalism penetrates to the soul of the poem, and how the trope can 'explain' Anon's reflections on empire and identity. But cannibalism and its attendant confusions are also a fine way to think about Anon's elimination of an individual body and voice. A large part of *Sat.* 15's mission is to efface the boundary between self and other; this is the cost of conceptualizing empire in inclusive terms. And Anon's voice not only speaks *about* this phenomenon: it is itself an example of it. Cannibalism stages the failure of personal identity (not to mention integrity), especially its articulation. As cosmopolitan Anon merges with countless other bodies, it is again impossible to tell *who* speaks.

All the related strands that we have untangled throughout the chapter reinforce this sense of anonymity. Juvenal takes shelter under the topicality of Egypt and its ubiquitous dispersal throughout the literary tradition; though his satire claims to supplant wispy *fama* with solid fact, its authority rests largely on the presumption that everyone has always said (*fama* as

¹⁶¹ Cannibalistic poetics has arguably been part of the Roman satiric corpus from the off: or at least since Persius' Lucilius broke that molar on biting into Rome (Persius 1.115; see Roche 2012, 199, and on Persian cannibalisms see Bartsch 2015, 15–63, 198–208).

tradition) and is still saying (*fama* as contemporary gossip) similar things about Egypt. The mobility of association contained in the ultra-flexible *nos* perhaps mimics Hadrian's own nomadic habits: if Rome and emperor are now uprooted and globalized, then Anon joins the frequent flying. At a more abstract level, the constant shifts in narratorial perspective contribute to the same sense of dislocation.¹⁶² Juvenal employs his filmic technique in moving from body part to population and back again with disturbing facility. From ground-level reportage to bird's-eye view, it is impossible not to lose Juvenal on our own blinking tracker.

So Anon gives us the slip one last time before he finally slips off the radar altogether. *Sat.* 15 is his last triumph of self-concealment. Everyone knows about Egypt; but about Juvenal, we must always swallow our frustration: *quis scit . . . qui sit?*

3.9 *Three Pieces and an Aposiopesis*

We have seen how book 5 (so far) continues and complements the 'anonymizing' strategies of book 4. This suite of satires (like the previous book) contains classics of self-concealment – worthy of rebranding as 'classic' Juvenal. *Sat.* 13 works in the tradition of *Sat.* 3, 9, and 11 through virtuosic co-ordination of self-suppression and target exposure. What begins as benign consolation gradually turns into an ominous cautionary tale; there is nothing for Calvinus but to blush and sweat that Anon is onto him. *Sat.* 14 theorizes Anon's safety cushion in a new yet familiar way, taking up where *Sat.* 10 left off: the Juvenalian voice becomes something to which society is literally insensible, and its consignment to mere observation negates its influence (impact, with the potential for recoil). By curbing satire's didactic role, Anon buys himself all the breathing space in the world. *Sat.* 15 extends the incorrigible corruption to the ends of the earth following the Hadrianic explosion in Egyptomania, but also introduces a theme that strikingly literalizes Anon's migration from unidentifiable source to unidentifiable source. Cannibalism

¹⁶² Cf. Uden 2015, 206.

and cannibalistic metempsychosis work to obfuscate Juvenal's position in a 'globalized' world. He speaks from and for many crowds, securing much safety in many numbers. Now we shall track Anon's concealed self until the incomplete end, and see how the violence he has deftly dodged for *almost* sixteen satires finally catches up with him.

CONCLUSION

I The Anonymity of Satire

We have now watched the mage perform disappearing acts at length. This book has argued for a master-sense of paranoia conjured by the text, and spurring Anon to suppress his identity in every way. Despite likely composition under a generally ‘thawed’ principate (Trajan and Hadrian), the raw memory of Domitian would have provided ample cause for concern.¹ And frankly the beginning of Hadrian’s reign was less than promising for an elite audience. Throughout these *Satires*, we have combed up Anon’s attempts to insulate himself from the abiding dangers of the principate – dangers which will become all the more real in *Sat.* 16. But before we move into that minefield, it is high time to introduce a suggestive precedent (hitherto unmentioned) for the kind of satire pursued in this book.

A golden source, rarely attracting notice apropos of Juvenal, is the *Apocolocyntosis*.² This text, published in the wake of a ‘bad’ emperor’s death and in the midst of a proclaimed new dawn, furnishes an early model for the type of retrospective condemnation so prominent in Trajanic literature (including Tacitus, Pliny *and* early Juvenal). But it also forms a prototype for anonymous and evasive satire. The work begins by parodying a conventional historian’s preface, hailing a new age in terms remarkably similar to Tacitus’.³ Despite this initial declaration of ‘freedom’ restored, it is clear that the narrator has not quite acclimatized

¹ A recent commentary on Juvenal points to the *contemporary* resonance of Juvenalian satire even under a salubrious Trajan, and underlines regime continuity over change: Santorelli 2012, 24–28.

² The *Apocol.* is often shielded from the mainstream verse satire tradition: cf. O’Gorman 2005, 95.

³ See Eden 1984 *ad loc.* On Tacitus’ use of the *Apocol.*, see O’Gorman 2005, 106–07, Dickson 1977.

yet. He still squirms beneath the possibility of being put on trial (an all-too-familiar experience under Claudius, as the *Apocol.* will stress):

si quis quaesiuerit unde sciam, primum, si noluero, non respondebo. quis coacturus est? ego scio me liberum factum, ex quo suum diem obiit ille, qui uerum prouerbum fecerat, aut regem aut fatuum nasci oportere. si libuerit respondere, dicam quod mihi in buccam uenerit. quis umquam ab historico iuratores exegit? tamen si necesse fuerit auctorem producere, quaerito ab eo qui Drusillam euntem in caelum uidit: idem Claudium uidisse se dicet iter facientem ‘non passibus aequis’. uelit nolit, necesse est illi omnia uidere, quae in caelo aguntur: Appiae uiae curator est, qua scis et diuum Augustum et Tiberium Caesarem ad deos isse. hunc si interrogaueris, soli narrabit: coram pluribus numquam uerbum faciet. nam ex quo in senatu iurauit se Drusillam uidisse caelum ascendentem et illi pro tam bono nuntio nemo credidit quod uiderit, uerbis conceptis affirmauit se non indicaturum etiam si in medio foro hominem occisum uidisset. ab hoc ego quae tum audiui, certa clara afferro, ita illum saluum et felicem habeam. (Seneca *Apocol.* 1)⁴

If anyone asks where I got this knowledge from, well first of all, if I don’t want to, I won’t reply. Who’s going to force me? I know the very same day set me free, as the one on which he met his end – the guy who proved the proverb, that you have to be born either a king or a fool. If I choose to respond, I’ll say whatever springs to mind. Who has ever demanded witnesses-on-oath from a historian? But if it’s necessary to wheel out a guarantee, look for the one who saw Drusilla ascending to heaven: the same guy will say he saw Claudius making the journey ‘with uneven steps’. Whether he likes it or not, he has to see everything which happens in heaven: he’s the watchman of the Appian way, by which route you know divine Augustus and Tiberius Caesar went up to become gods. If you question him, he’ll tell you alone: he’ll never say a word in the presence of more people. For ever since he swore in the senate he saw Drusilla rising up to heaven, and all he got for bearing such good news was that no one believed that he saw it, he swore in all seriousness that he would not inform even if he saw a man killed in the middle of the forum. What I heard from him, I transmit in clear and certain terms, as surely as I wish him happiness and health.

The narrator initially gloats over his freedom *not* to reply to inquiries about the source of his information if he does not want to – but inevitably provides this source anyway, trained in covering his bases.⁵ The ‘production of an origin’ (*auctorem producere*) is a way of disclaiming authorship and displacing accountability

⁴ I use Eden 1984’s text. ⁵ See also Leach 1989, 205.

onto *another* (importantly anonymous) source.⁶ Indeed, the word *auctor* is no coincidence here: the narrator is playing down his own credentials as author by redirecting authorship elsewhere,⁷ just as we have seen Anon do with the reality claims punctuating his satire (*anyone* would tell it this way).⁸ The perils of identified authorship are in fact doubly present in this opening section – for the *auctor* of the tale himself is also reluctant to publicly admit authorship.⁹ After the sceptical reception of his last apotheosis narrative, this unnamed source (Lucius Geminus) will only relay the account one-to-one; never again will he make a public statement. Geminus’ role is precisely to be a nobody, a senatorial mouthpiece programmed to discharge this function, and this function only. While there is no explicit sense that his silence now is motivated by safety concerns, the very form of this preface signals that full ‘*auctor-ship*’ can never be a good thing – especially when it comes to the politics of dynastic memory. The common oath formula shifted cleverly to the third person (*ita illum salvum et felicem habeam*) has a literal sense about it: this *auctor* may have need of every bit of safety his narrator/copyist wishes upon him.

After a promise to deliver the tale ‘straight’ (*certa clara afferro*), suddenly we break into the impenetrable clichés of epic parody.¹⁰ This is a verse complement to the paranoid prose preface:¹¹ again, whoever is writing this is accustomed to approaching politics through the most oblique channels possible. Less audacious than the Maternus of Tacitus’ *Dialogus*, this person is well-versed in tackling contemporary reality through poetic indirection. Part of

⁶ A criticized aspect of historiography: Damon 2010, 67. The idea comes back in *fides penes auctorem erit* (5) – which *auctor* Leach 1989, 209 misinterprets as ‘the narrator’.

⁷ Cf. O’Gorman 2005, 102: ‘it is only *elsewhere* that truth is guaranteed’. The monopoly of the principate fostered such disclaimers: cf. Agricola’s ‘referral’ of his fame-generating deeds onto fortune the ‘author and leader’ (*auctorem ac ducem* Tacitus *Agr.* 8). See Whitmarsh 2006, 321.

⁸ Quotable O’Gorman 2005 shows how the *Apocol.* is ‘about quotation’ (96), and the *auctor* as source (102–03).

⁹ Note the prominence of ‘seeing and saying’ here too (see below).

¹⁰ The *Apocol.* must be a backdrop to similar parody in *Sat.* 4 (see Santorelli 2012 *ad* 56–57, 68).

¹¹ O’Gorman 2005, 100–01 is good on inverting ‘circumlocution’ and ‘point’ here; I would come right out and say that circumlocutory expression makes a bigger ‘point’ about imperial discourse. On the generic jostling between historiography and poetry, see Damon 2010, 57–60. The jumbled voices also align it with Persius: Robinson 2005, 229.

1 The Anonymity of Satire

the humour in this opening prose/verse scuffle lies in the taste for muffled speech still operating in narrator's Rome; the miscellaneous form of Menippean satire, with its relentlessly disrupted authorial 'voice', perfectly suits this jumpy climate wherein speech is unloosed from ownership. When the historian's voice steps in to frame the facts much more succinctly than the poet's ridiculous temporal periphrasis,¹² he faces a crowd-member's immediate objection,¹³ and relapses into poetic discourse as directed:

puto magis intellegi si dixero: mensis erat October, dies III idus Octobris. horam non possum certam tibi dicere (facilius inter philosophos quam inter horologia conueniet) tamen inter sextam et septimam erat. 'nimis rustice! <adeo his> adquiescunt omnes poetae, non contenti ortus et occasus describere, ut etiam medium diem inquietent: tu sic transibis horam tam bonam?'

iam medium curru Phoebus diuiserat orbem

et propior nocti fessas quatiebat habenas

obliquo flexam deducens tramite lucem:

Claudius animam agere coepit nec inuenire exitum poterat. (*Apocol.* 2)

I think I'll be understood better if I come right out with it: the month was October, the date the 13th. I can't give you a precise hour (it's easier to get agreement among philosophers than clocks), but it was some time between midday and one. 'Too boring! All poets, no longer happy with describing risings and settings, have coddled themselves in these things so much that they even disturb the midday snooze – will you skip over such a good hour?'

Already Phoebus Apollo had bisected the middle of the world in his chariot, and was shaking his tired reins closer to evening, drawing down the light bent along its sloping path:

Claudius began to finish his life, but he couldn't find an out.

Language at Rome has hit such a nadir that the audience simply cannot abide clear discourse, no matter how neutral or inoffensive its content. The narrator himself has difficulty adjusting to the idea that he can make clear statements involving the emperor, and the audience has trouble appreciating them.¹⁴ But there is still a sense

¹² For the dating precision, cf. Damon 2010, 65, Robinson 2005, 230.

¹³ See Robinson 2005, 235.

¹⁴ On the idea of regime lag and systemic problems, cf. Robinson 2005, 250; cf. Whitmarsh 2006, 311–12 on the *Agricola*'s 'new dawn' (and n. 1 above). Delayed recovery post-Domitian is a disquieting feature of the *Agricola* (3.1).

that verse imports much more meaningful information than the faux-precision of prose, with its sharp chronometry, could ever contain. The very imprecision and mystification refract insight into the shady dealings of the court, behind the official press release; no one for a second would think ‘between noon and one’ was an accurate report of the time of death, or anything more than the traditional stage-management. The verse captures what matters, tells us how to *feel* about this suspicious theatre with a mood which prosaic ‘transparency’ cannot rival, or wishes to avoid. Indeed, this kind of obliquity is the *default* language of the principate, and its poetic manifestation is precisely the stuff of Juvenal’s opening salvo (*Sat.* 1.1–14):¹⁵ disengaged, safe, cloying, yes – but a useful language which both these satirists cannot afford *not* to use. In this Rome, to sound like everyone else can be a clear advantage. And the deodorized product contains bite in its blandness.

Whether through prose or verse, both the narrator of *Apocolocyntosis* and the satirist of *Satires* carefully elude any accusation of ‘authorship’ or ‘originality’: they pose as ciphers, conduits for pre-existing words. Although much scholarship has settled on the *Apocolocyntosis*’ Senecan authorship, there is still a distinct possibility that the piece was originally circulated anonymously; Eden takes up Münscher’s suggestion and spells it out: ‘anonymity could easily be achieved in practical terms by neglecting to affix to the papyrus scroll the usual projecting label (*titulus*) naming author and title’.¹⁶ If we can surmise such a thing for the *Apocol.*, then why not extend it to the *Satires* – a corpus that, as this book has repeatedly stressed, constantly seeks to purge itself of authoriality? At any rate, the fact (or no) of initial anonymous circulation does not seriously (in)validate my central point: to show up the basis of Juvenalian satire in *anonymising discourse*. I have aimed to reconstruct the grainy picture of shady Anon in all his unidentifiable glory.

Along the way, I consistently rooted Anon’s pervasive ‘poetics of anonymity’ in the political condition of Rome’s darkest literary

¹⁵ Cf. Robinson 2005, 233.

¹⁶ Eden 1984, 7; Münscher 1922, 5. On the initial recitation context, see Nauta 1987.

imagination: in Tacitean or Juvenalian terms, a principate that (no matter how ‘liberal’) always contains the potential for words rebounding on your own head. In the next and final section, I shall demonstrate how the fragmentary *Sat.* 16 survives just long enough to confirm all our worst fears.

2 Satire 16

2.1 *The Hanging Limb*

Quis numerare queat felicitis praemia, Galli,
militiae? (16.1–2)

Who could count the perks of a prosperous career in the army, Gallius?

The opening question of *Sat.* 16 will have to induce an ironic chill for all eternity. No one *could* ever count the perks of a successful military career – for the text breaks off mid-count, mid-satire and mid-sentence. We will never know what happened to induce this premature termination: death of the author or an early glitch in transmission are both candidates.¹⁷ But in this final fragmentary submission, we can still catch interesting currents: many have seen hints of a ‘return’ to the poet’s earliest voice of *ira* and *indignatio*;¹⁸ some have also commented on its strange contemporary flavour, a bold departure from the programme of ‘attacking

¹⁷ Courtney allows for both; Stramaglia leans towards an accident in transmission, since the most important manuscript **P** sees the end of 16 coterminous with the end of the page (making it likely that the final pages had fallen out); see also Parker 2012, 149. Housman 1931, lvii favours the ‘unfinished at Juvenal’s death’ hypothesis, following Leo 1909, 616. He repeats Nougaret’s (1910, 259) observation that the coterminous ending is only a special effect created by some scribal foresight: at the beginning of the ninth quaternio (fifth book), the scribe of **P** allowed only 28 verses per page for three consecutive pages (rather than the regular 29). This alteration may have been a deliberate move to align text and page ends. That impulse to make the unfinished appear finished may also be more than mere scribal obsessive-compulsive disorder: it confirms my point below that the unclosed text carries with it a strange closure. This explanation of course fails to rule out original damage to an ancestor of **P**; but there we stray into the unverifiable.

Even if we stop short of the ‘unfinished’ verdict, what seems certain is that the damage was done very early. Here is an inferential spin-off for us: there was probably just one MS of Juvenal doing the rounds soon after his death (i.e. the archetype of **P**; see Parker 2012, 148). If this were true, it would have interesting implications for our reading of the mercurial Anon: was he so careful spilling the beans that he only allowed one text out there . . . his own?

¹⁸ Cf. Stramaglia 2008, 295; Jones 2007, 149; Plaza 2006, 253; qualification/discussion at Keane 2015, 207–08, 211–12.

the dead’ announced all those books ago.¹⁹ We have already considered the striking shock of the *now* in *Sat.* 15, the only satire stamped with an ultra-specific date, and responding to a city-sweeping Egyptomania; *Sat.* 16 seems to take the trend further, addressing a topical topic very close to the emperor’s interests: the army. Hadrian was known for his devotion to the military and extension of its privileges;²⁰ the subject of the satire is thus all too pointed to be discounted as a coincidence. The new outspokenness must mean something.²¹

This final section will push a more confident reading of *Sat.* 16 as the self-consciously marked – and ultimately fitting – end of the oeuvre. At the weakest claim, it is a fitting conclusion to Anon’s career-spanning experimentation with anonymity, self-concealment and exposure, and a solid cap upon key Juvenalian themes; at the strongest, it is a deliberately staged fragment, a consciously crafted premature demise which dramatizes the consequences of taking on the wrong target in a well-armed city.²² Whatever the unrecoverable reason(s) for *Sat.* 16’s form, we can begin by working closely with what we have. We shall see how far that takes us.

2.2 *A Meant End*

‘Juvenal could not foresee all that. *What he saw, he said*: that careless education and limitless materialism were ruining his country. He was proved right’.

Higbet 1954, 148
(Italics mine)

To launch the analysis from formalistic territory, *Sat.* 16 displays an exceptional rate of verbal echo. Many words are repeated in various degrees of distance and proximity throughout the satire; and, although some of these are admittedly ‘thematic’, or

¹⁹ E.g. Ferguson 1987, 14 and Gérard 1976, 341 admire the boldness; cf. Keane 2015, 212.

²⁰ On Hadrian’s military dealings, see Hassell 2000, 340; particular background for *Sat.* 16, see Stramaglia 2008, 294, and *ad* 56ff., Gérard 1976, 340–41.

²¹ Higbet 1954, 159 raises the possibility of censorship.

²² Juvenalian satires have a habit of ending abruptly anyway (Larmour 2004, 56). Cf. (coincidentally?) Frye 1971, 243: ‘An extraordinary number of great satires are fragmentary, unfinished, or anonymous.’ On poetic closure in general, see Smith 1968.

‘necessary’, repetitions (such as the word *miles*), others are altogether more pointed. Words retained in the same *sedes* include: *harena* (6, 47), *subsellia* (14, 44), *castrorum* (15, 55), *militiae* (2, 53), *iudex* (13, 29). Perhaps the most striking repetition is that of *felix* (1), extended into the superlative for *Sat.* 16’s penultimate (as it stands) line; a formalist would surely claim this for ring composition if they knew the end was nigh. At the book-length level of ring composition, there is also intense interaction with *Sat.* 13, which *must* be book-binding. Three identifiable connections leap out: firstly, the character of Vagellius survives from 13.119 to 16.23, in the same case and *sedes*; secondly, 13.137 resurfaces almost exactly in 16.41:²³

uana superuacui dicunt chirographa ligni
 They say it’s a spurious signature on a worthless document
 uana superuacui dicens chirographa ligni
 Saying it’s a spurious signature on a worthless document

Thirdly, Caedicius appears both at 13.197 and 16.46. These three commonalities are strange enough; but, even more remarkably, their order of appearance is imported intact from *Sat.* 13. And the hobnail in the coffin: the distance between element one (Vagellius) and element two (repeated hexameter) is exactly eighteen verses in each poem. Caedicius’ compadre Fuscus also last showed just before book 4 ended (12.45). At the level of formalism alone, then, it is clear that something is brewing – even if the safest inference we can make from this data is that book 5 was *meant to end with* *Sat.* 16.

At a macro-level, *Sat.* 16 also approaches a theme that brings closure to the corpus. Juvenal’s opening foray, we recall, made much of the satirist-as-soldier trope. Lucilius was there characterized in full military regalia, both on first introduction (1.19–21) and second meeting (1.165–67). Of course, *Sat.* 1 also closed with that anonymous interlocutor’s pragmatic advice to steer clear of these Lucilian-type engagements, which boosted Anon to a fine start in his career of retraction, evasion and self-concealment (1.168–71). Aeneas and Turnus were allowed to battle to the

²³ Keane 2006, 102 also connects the two poems thematically via this node. It is perhaps too coincidental that Anon’s ‘signature’ in book 5 is a signature about a phoney signature.

death while Anon ‘retreated’ up the old military road (Via Flaminia) to the north. *Sat.* 1 thus warned its budding new practitioner that satiric activity was not just tantamount to military activity in metaphorical terms: in this kind of Rome, saying the wrong thing, and being identified as the one who said the wrong thing, can quite easily get you killed. So it is fitting that Anon finishes at loggerheads with those real soldiers of Rome, against whom his metaphorical weapons melt away into insignificance – the pen no match for, let alone mightier than, the sword. *Sat.* 16’s broken form in effect confirms that anonymous warning in *Sat.* 1. He told you so.

Sat. 16 also responds quite specifically to Umbricius’ (the soldier at war with Rome) experience in *Sat.* 3.²⁴ We tracked the striking motif of the boot and the kick throughout that satire, which is amplified in *Sat.* 16 to become the fate of every *togatus* in the sorry *Vrbs*.²⁵ Umbricius complained of violent crowd-cramming reminiscent of a battle scene, particularly the sensation of being trampled (3.243–48).

The thug threatened him with the same fate in a similarly mock-epic encounter:²⁶

‘unde uenis’ exclamat, ‘cuius aceto,
cuius conche tumes? quis tecum sectile porrum
sutor et elixi ueruecis labra comedit?
ede ubi consistas: in qua te quaero proseucha? 296
nil mihi respondes? aut dic aut accipe *calcem*’. 295
dicere si temptes aliquid tacitusue recedas,
tantumdem est: feriunt pariter, uadimonia deinde
irati faciunt. libertas pauperis haec est:
pulsatus rogat et *pugnis* concisus adorat
ut liceat *paucis* cum *dentibus* inde reuerti.²⁷ (3.292–301)

‘Where do you hail from? Whose vinegar, whose beans are you bursting with? Which shoe-repairer has bean eating chopped leak and boiled sheep lips with you? Tell me your address; in which synagogue can I find you? You’re not telling me anything? Either say something or get

²⁴ See Clark 1988, 116, Plaza 2006, 112–13; Keane 2015, 208–09 connects Juvenal and Umbricius through the envy and resentment of the ‘old man’ voice.

²⁵ See Chapter 3 n. 28. On the boots and hobnails of *Sat.* 16, see Schmitz 2000, 159.

²⁶ There is also the threat of legal action (*uadimonia*): see Clark 1988, 124.

²⁷ Willis aptly adopts Pinzger’s inversion of 295–96, which I champion; the original 296 follows neatly from 294, and 295 makes more sense as closing threat.

the boot'. If you tried to say something or withdrew silently, it's much the same: they hit you either way, and then they lodge a lawsuit because they're angry. The freedom of the poor man is this: when beaten he asks – when completely disfigured by fists he *begs* – to be allowed to come away from it with a few teeth left.

Many of these elements are scattered and recombined over the course of *Sat.* 16. The *togatus* is condemned to concealing his injuries from the praetor, and knocked-out teeth drop back into the scene:²⁸

commoda tractemus primum communia, quorum
haut minimum illud erit, ne te pulsare togatus
audeat, immo, etsi pulsetur, dissimulet nec
audeat excussos praetori ostendere *dentes*
et nigram in facie tumidis liuoribus offam
atque oculum medico nil promittente relictum. (16.7–12)

First let's go over the shared benefits, not the least of which is the fact that no citizen will have the pluck to beat you: on the contrary, if a citizen's beaten, he'll cover it up, and won't be too keen to show his knocked-out teeth to the praetor, and the black snack on his face swollen with bruises, and his leftover eye (doctor's not promising anything).

The kind of soldier behind this perfect crime, and the one who will serve as judge, jury and executioner, looks chillingly like those neurotically pervasive, disembodied knees and feet of *Sat.* 3. 247–48 (*crura, in digito clauus* etc.):

Bardaicus iudex datur haec punire uolenti
calceus et grandes magna ad subsellia *surae*
legibus antiquis castrorum et more Camilli
seruato, miles ne uallum litiget extra
et procul a signis. (13–17)

If he wants to sue for that, he gets a Bardaic boot for a judge, and huge calves sitting at the high bench, since the ancient laws of the army camp and Camillus' custom have been kept intact, that no soldier go to court outside the rampart and far from the standards.

And the fear of those hobnails sticks stubbornly in *Sat.* 16's fragile body:²⁹

²⁸ The *mise-en-scene* of *dramatis personae* seems to have shifted however: Juvenal now addresses the victor, not the victim, in the second person.

²⁹ Cf. Jenkyns 1982, 201.

Conclusion

dignum erit ergo
declamatoris mulino corde Vagelli,
cum duo *crura* habeas, offendere tot *caligas*, tot
milia *clauorum*.³⁰ (22–25)

So it'll suit the mulish intelligence of the declaimer Vagellius, to offend all those boots and thousands of hobnails, while you only have two legs.

Even the *pugnis* of 3.300 morph into the floating, sinister *pugnos* of the soldier body in *Sat.* 16:

'da testem' iudex cum dixerit, audeat ille
nescio quis, *pugnos* qui uidit, dicere 'uidi',
et credam dignum barba dignumque capillis
maiorum. (29–32)

When the judge says 'bring in the witness', assume someone who witnessed the fists is bold enough to say 'I saw it' – and I'll think him deserving of the beard and hair of our forefathers.

The military assumes the place of the formidable enemy of *Sat.* 3. But as an unarmed member of the *togati* himself, Anon is now up against Umbricius' worst nightmare. There will be no 'friends' (cf. Umbricius *amicus*, *Sat.* 3.1) rushing to his aid in this particular battle; no reserve Umbricii left to take the hit:

quis tam procul adsit ab urbe
praeterea, quis tam Pylades, molem aggeris ultra
ut ueniat? lacrimae siccentur protinus, et se
excusaturos non sollicitemus amicos. (25–28)

And then who'd escort you so far from the city, who'd be such a Pylades, that he'd come out beyond the massive mound? Let's dry our tears right now, and not annoy our friends, who will predictably excuse themselves.

This time, Anon is on his own.

This new group of insiders could appear superior versions of Anon himself: they have huge bodily strength, collective safety in numbers, and, most importantly, their armour renders them unrecognisable, and so beyond retaliation. They could never be identified in a line-up because their individuality retreats behind their group formation. *Sat.* 16 inhabits this view of the unknowable soldiery by presenting the outside perspective: all Anon can see of

³⁰ The MSS **P** and **Φ** have *caligatos* for *caligas tot* (24) – if we were to retain that reading, memories of Umbricius *caligatus* (3.322) would be impossible to stem.

these invulnerably invisible types are boots, calves, hobnails, and fists; in essence, he can only see them at the point of violent contact. This advantage of complete anonymity is crucial, both because it wrests Anon's unique power from him, and also deprives him of the ability to *see* and *say* – those two paradigmatic activities of Anon, who has spent five books peering into private lives and betraying them in speech. Well, strictly speaking, the betrayal has been in *writing*. As this book has maintained, Juvenal has been top draw at letting other people speak for him, and funnelling it into his text; but now there may be a sign that the sources are drying up.

These fundamental verbs (*uidere* and *dicere*) of the satiric repertoire are of mammoth importance in this satire. Each comes out twice within *Sat.* 16's two central lines:

'da testem' iudex cum *dixerit*, audeat ille
nescio quis, pugnoscui *uidit*, *dicere* 'uidi',
et credam dignum barba dignumque capillis
maiorum. citius falsum producere testem
contra paganum possis quam uera loquentem
contra fortunam armati contraque iudicem. (29–34)

When the judge says 'bring in the witness', assume someone who witnessed the fists is bold enough to say 'I saw it' – and I'll think him deserving of the beard and hear of our forefathers. You could more readily bring out a false witness against a normal person speaking the truth, than you could against the fortune and dignity of an armed soldier.

Indeed, seeing, saying, and seeing are all compressed tightly into the second half of just one line (30) – the first 'half' of the satire's middle proper.³¹ We last saw these two verbs in similarly close proximity at the end of *Sat.* 15, where Juvenal asked what Pythagoras, perfect proto-satirist, would *say if he saw*:

quid *diceret* ergo
uel quo non fugeret, si nunc haec monstra *uideret*
Pythagoras, cunctis animalibus abstinuit qui
tamquam homine et uentri indulsit non omne legumen? (15.171–74)

So what would Pythagoras say, where wouldn't he go, if he were here witnessing all of this barbarism, that man who struck all animals from

³¹ Cf. the similar collocation at 7.13–14; Stramaglia compares *uidi* repetition in the programmatic Persius 1.120.

Conclusion

his diet as if they were human, and didn't treat his belly to all sorts of beanstuff?

And these faculties are precisely the ones fading from view in *Sat.* 16, or rather the ones becoming increasingly impossible against this new unbeatable force. Not only can the *togatus* not see his enemy through the thick armour, the enemy also disables the very organs of seeing and saying by ruining the face: knocking out the teeth to prevent articulation (or aggressive mawling)³² and leaving him with only one eye to trap him in partial or total blindness. We had also found that saying without being seen was a key way of escaping accusation as a *delator* in *Sat.* 1, where Anon was first (anonymously) encouraged to zip his burning lips:

‘cum ueniet contra, digito compesce labellum:
accusator erit qui uerbum dixerit “hic est”’. (1.160–61)

‘When he comes past, button your lip with your finger: the man who says “that’s him” will count as an informer’.

The fact that no one can be brought forward to say ‘I saw’ of the army leaves Anon in a bind. If the necessary satiric operations of both seeing and saying are rendered impossible amid these hobnailed boots which will not hesitate to kick till you can see and say no more – then the battle for satire is lost. There is a crisis of witnesses; informants and information are now in short supply. Juvenal’s ubiquitous tentacles into the corners and corridors of Rome have been lopped off. With his teeth dashed out, his nose disfigured, his last eye wobbling, facing not just a few anti-Umbrician thugs, but a whole institutionalized legion of them, there is a clear sense that Anon is on his last legs.³³

As soon as we admit symbolic hints of closure, hints multiply. For the first time in the corpus Anon puts *himself* – alone – on the receiving end of satire’s stock-standard crimes, even if in the

³² Remember Lucilius’ broken molar in Persius 1.115.

³³ Within *Sat.* 16’s confronting nexus of bodily harm, I wonder whether the MS variant Gallus (not Gallius) might speak more shrilly as addressee: Anon addresses the castrated one shortly before facing his own final chop. And for footnote fun: a Gallus in Egypt is a mere hop from the Gallus, elegiac poet, original prefect of Egypt, foundational imperial victim, the man ostracized and driven to suicide for excessive self-display (see Dio 53.23.5). But such an end might be too good to be true.

hypothetical.³⁴ This nascent self-description and self-exposure was never the hallmark of Anon in book 1; as we saw, the asymmetrical ‘sense of self’ between Umbricius and Anon was a major distinction between them, and the theory holds for most Juvenalian surrogate sacrifices. Here, however, Anon makes the point about the army’s ready access to justice by imagining himself as the victim of various thefts, one of which precisely repeats a case in *Sat.* 13:

praemia nunc alia atque alia emolumenta notemus
sacramentorum. conuallem ruris auiti
improbis aut campum *mihi* si uicinus ademittit
et sacrum effodit medio de limite saxum,
quod *mea* cum patulo coluit puls annua libo,
debitor aut sumptos pergit non reddere nummos
uana superuacui dicens chirographa ligni,
expectandus erit qui lites incohat annus
totius populi. (35–43)

Now let’s record some other perks and benefits of the military oath. If some bastard neighbour has taken from me a valley or a field of my family estate, and dug up the sacred stone from the middle of the boundary line, the stone my yearly delivery of porridge and flat cake has kept happy, or a debtor keeps refusing to give back the money he got from me, saying it’s a spurious signature on a worthless document, there’ll be a wait for the time of year which kicks off the lawsuits of the entire citizenry.

Mihi and *mea* clearly make Anon *himself* the victim in these short stories, one of property theft, the other of monetary. The second situation puts him squarely (well, at least conditionally) where Calvinus claimed to be in *Sat.* 13, and underlines the point of that satire: that the same sort of crime really does pop up everywhere, and affect everyone (even Anon). It might also give us pause to put it right on record: the last (near-)repeated line in Juvenal (16.41 = 13.137) is about false signature and forged documentation! The mention of a moving boundary also sets us off at this point: the god Terminus is the perfect talisman for a satiric corpus on the verge.³⁵ The grass

³⁴ Keane 2007b, 49–50 sees a lack of sympathy between Anon and the generic *ciues* here; but the first-person pronouns defy this.

³⁵ Courtney *ad loc.* remarks that Hadrian had increased the penalty for this sort of boundary-tampering cheek; could Juvenal have the legislation in peripheral vision, and thus be sneaking in another jab at the biggest judge of all?

Conclusion

being greener is a familiar situation in satire, of course. Think the land-grabber trying to redraw the boundaries in *Sat.* 14 (i.e. a perpetrator of the crime now affecting Juvenal):

ergo paratur
altera uilla tibi, cum rus non sufficit unum
et proferre libet finis maiorque uidetur
et melior uicina seges; (14.140–43)

So you go for *another* villa, when one estate just won't do, and you like to swell your boundaries, and the neighbour's crop seems bigger and better.

Closurally closer to home, we might also think of Persius' controlled indifference to his neighbour's better-looking corner of land, and that in a poem which managed to call it a day:

hic ego securus uolgi et quid praeparet auster
infelix pecori, securus et angulus ille
uicini nostro quia pinguior, (Persius 6.12–14)

Here I'm unbothered by the mob and whatever that nasty Auster has planned for the flock, unbothered that a particular corner of my neighbour's land is more productive than mine,

Whereas Persius is ready to draw his own strict limits around his property and poetry, Juvenal shows us *his* estate forcibly downsized. The image also plays with the satiric tradition of 'not knowing where to end'. Targeting stuffed bellies and limitless appetites, satire often thematises its boundary-anxiety by closural difficulties: the same Persius 6 can only stop by gesturing to endlessness (*depunge ubi sistam?* asks the greedy heir, and Persius scoffs that a 'boundary surveyor' (*finitor*) for Chrysippus' pile has finally been turned up [6.79–80]), and we saw *Sat.* 14 play the same joke at the terminus. But Juvenal has now found the perfect way through the Gordian knot. Let someone else draw the line. In other words, the fragmentary *Sat.* 16 is the perfect poetic counterpart to this diminished veggie patch: a poem with its own 'natural' boundary stone rezoned, a lot subdivided, a body with a chunk removed; Juvenal's work cut out for him.

If these depletions are not enough, the attempt at restitution is itself crippling. While the soldiers are treated to speedy justice, Anon is left worn by the 'long haul' letter of the law:

sed tum quoque mille ferenda
 taedia, mille morae; totiens subsellia tantum
 sternuntur, iam facundo ponente lacernas
 Caedicio et Fusco iam micturiente parati
 digredimur, lentaque fori pugnamus harena.
 ast illis quos arma tegunt et balteus ambit
 quod placitum est ipsis praestatur tempus agendi,
 nec res atteritur longo sufflamine litis. (43–50)

But then there'll have to be a thousand disruptions, a thousand delays; usually the benches are just being arranged, and silver-tongued Caedicius is disrobing, and Fuscus is now taking a pre-trial piss, and we're all ready – the cue to go our separate ways: so goes our battle in the sluggish arena of the forum. But for those chosen ones whom armour protects, and a baldric fortifies, they get whatever appointment time suits them, and so their bank balance isn't worn down by the long brake of litigation.

All this talk of property reduction could easily trip the metapoetic sensor. Augustus himself had used the metaphor of the brake to describe a certain orator's hurried speech (*sufflaminandus est*);³⁶ and *res atteritur* could apply to the attrition of poetic resources/content as well as literal property. *Mora* (44) is also a pet word of epic closure (or epics struggling to close).³⁷ Then there's the self-inclusive 'battling in the arena': such a degrading, quasi-gladiatorial stage show makes Juvenal and friends seem a little like the infamous Gracchus of *Sat.* 2 and 8, unarmoured and proud. Look who has been caught with their pants down in public now; Anon becomes the vulnerable monkey tap-dancing his life away in the public forum. Of course, we need not even resort to such measures in order to catch the whiff of closure about the idea of money 'running out'. The last time we endured a similar complaint was, again, in *Sat.* 3. Compare Umbricius' very first words:

hic tunc Umbricius 'quando artibus' inquit 'honestis
 nullus in urbe locus, nulla *emolumenta* laborum,
res hodie minor est here quam fuit atque eadem cras
 deteret exiguis aliquid, proponimus illuc
 ire, fatigatas ubi Daedalus exuit alas ...' (21–25)

At this point Umbricius pipes up: 'Since there's no space in the city for dignified professions, no reward for hard work, and since today my

³⁶ Seneca *Controversiae* 4. pref. 7. ³⁷ Hardie 1997, 145–47.

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balance is less than it was yesterday, and tomorrow will deduct the same amount yet again from the shrinking sum, I say we make for that place where Daedalus shed his tired wings ...'

The connection of sentiment is matched by *emolumenta*, used only here and at 16.35 (same *sedes*).³⁸ If Anon is finally becoming Umbricius, the signals are strong. We all know what happened to him. He disappeared without a trace, muscled out of Rome into undignified exile, given the boot and never seen again.

If *togati* are gradually drained of all they are worth, the soldiers are licensed to gain more and more; they are the beneficiaries of the *peculium castrense*, the right to hold your own property even if your father is still alive. This last section of the satire may not seem anything special at first glance. But its theme of inheritance and disrupted generational continuity becomes highly charged in the context of an impending end. This is a death stamp of the 'late satiric career' wherever we look.³⁹ Persius closes his final satire with a meditation on heirship – as does (funnily enough) the extant part of the prematurely stopping *Satyrical*. In fact, the latter finishes with a combination of cannibalism and *captatio* – exactly where Anon ends up!

Juvenal has already marked heirship for this last lap even as early as 36: we remember the conditionally trimmed land was his *family* property (*ruris aviti* 36). Now, just before the fatal blow, the theme picks up speed. Anon introduces an inverted system wherein the mechanism of inheritance no longer functions: the next generation manages its own property, and is now perversely an object of *paternal* legacy hunting!⁴⁰ Coranus is reprised from Horace *Sat.* 2.5, where he had already participated in a topsy-turvy arrangement that saw a son-in-law being older than his father-in-law. But the territory of legacies and legacy-hunting by now has its own legacy of closure.⁴¹ Persius prematurely end-stopped his own short satiric career by a dialogue with his heir, in which he pledged nothing; the termination (or improper transmission) of the legacy was thus a perfect symbolic gesture to cut off his book. More recently, Anon himself concluded book 4 with the same closural

³⁸ Cf. Clark 1988, 124. ³⁹ Both in Horace and Persius: Keane 2015, 166.

⁴⁰ Cf. Regulus in Pliny *Epistles* 4.2, 4.7. ⁴¹ See Keane 2015, 166.

motif: *Sat.* 12 peters out into a disquisition on *captatio* aimed at the suspiciously named Corvinus, a name not all that far from Coranus. It seems that the legacy carried within it the sense of an ending⁴² – so Anon could well be getting ready to go, prematurely or not (never a good time).

There is also the faintest of hints in the image of the trembling father courting his son Coranus:

ergo Coranum
signorum comitem castrorumque aera merentem
quamuis iam *tremulus* captat pater;⁴³ (54–56)

So now that Coranus is a companion of the standards, and earns a camp income, his father – despite already shaking with old age – legacy-stalks *him!*

The last time the adjective appeared in that form and position, it was qualifying another shaky old man (a *miles!*). And he was hovering on the cusp of death:

tunc miles *tremulus* posita tulit arma tiara
et ruit ante aram summi Iouis ut uetulus bos,
qui domini cultris tenue et miserabile collum
praebet ab ingrato iam fastiditus aratro. (10.267–70)

Then the shakey old soldier took off his crown and put on some armour, and fell in front of great Jupiter's altar like an old cow, which volunteers its narrow, pathetic neck to its master's knife, already rejected by its ungrateful plough.

Could the memory of old soldier Priam speak out in this context and prepare us for a text braced to receive the final cut – which Anon has so skilfully avoided all his satiric life – any minute now? Then there is the military 'success' on which the satire ends: *Sat.* 10 helped us see through what all these trappings (*phalerae* and *torques* 16.60) really meant. What came up had to come down. We might wonder about the human cost of being the most 'rewarded' (*felicissimus* 59) military man under an emperor of

⁴² Cf. the end of Pliny *Ep.* 2. The legacy imports thoughts of both death (the ultimate closural motif) and succession (the resistor of closure). On common closural motifs, cf. Smith 1968, 176–77.

⁴³ Willis runs with Heinrich and substitutes *socer* for *pater* (55), in line with Horace – but that would ruin Juvenal's oneupmanship over his model (cf. Ferguson 1987 'Coranus').

Hadrian's stamp. These leaps may be long, but we can rule nothing out of Juvenal's last will and testament.

The evidence for *Sat.* 16's self-marking closure fluctuates greatly. Nevertheless, I have attempted to show that the text *does* prepare us for its imminent silence through various formal, thematic, even metapoetic signals. If these are attentively scanned, and transmuted cumulatively into a bigger meaning, we could say that Anon dips into the proud poetic tradition of texts doing, illustrating, or experiencing the very phenomena they are discussing.⁴⁴ Anon displays his exposed *togati* and makes them victims of Rome's anonymous superpower, a body corporate authorized to commit acts of violence with complete immunity and impunity. These blows eventually rain down on Anon's vulnerable text itself: disfigured whilst seeing and saying, until it is forced to see and say no more. No one saw it; no one will say who it was.

2.3 *A Meaningful End? Hadrian Saw ...*

There is one more uncanny 'coincidence' left to contemplate. *Sat.* 16's final sentence begins with a reference to the emperor himself, indeed, claims to show us nothing less than what *matters* to him:

ipsius certe ducis hoc referre uidetur
ut, qui fortis erit, sit felicissimus idem,
ut laeti phaleris omnes et torquibus, omnes (58–60)

This definitely seems to matter to the generalissimo himself, that the brave one get the most rewards, that everyone be happy with medals and stripes, *everyone* ...

Juvenal has used *dux* of *past* emperors and military leaders before;⁴⁵ the only other time it approached the incumbent leader was at 7.21 (also in the genitive), just after the opening reference to a generic *Caesar*. But here, now, in this particular context, *ducis* must mean Hadrian; *ipsius* fleshes him out beyond doubt, the emperor *himself*, *our* emperor, Hadrian. (And yet ... Anon fittingly ends with one definitive refusal to name – a legacy of eternal

⁴⁴ Cf. Masters 1992, 6–7, building upon Cairns 1972, 163 and Lieberg 1982 *passim*.

⁴⁵ *dux* is also used ironically: of Domitian in 4.145, Otho 2.104, Hadrian (?) 7.21.

applicability, a dotted line to be filled by all those future Caesars getting ready to stomp on their own satirists). Not only does the incumbent merit a mention, but also earns (what looks an incipient) *critical* mention. If this is coincidence, it must be one of the greatest literary ‘coincidences’ of all time: Anon survives the greater part of five books without any real mention of the present *princeps*, avoids him like the plague, and now finally, as soon as *ipsius ... ducis* makes it into the text, ... terminal silence.

The effect is too arresting to be meaningless. As noted above, many commentators on *Sat.* 16 come away from the poem struck by the topicality of the topic. Even Courtney sees a direct hit at Hadrianic policy in line 15.⁴⁶ Hadrian is notorious for the favours he showered upon the military, separating them further from the ordinary citizen through special legal status. More specifically, he enacted measures regarding the *peculium castrense* – precisely the legal privilege on which *Sat.* 16 falls conveniently silent.⁴⁷ When Juvenal chose to tackle Roman army benefits, he was also taking on an emperor deeply invested in, and supportive of, those benefits. We also recall that Hadrian was active on the literary scene. Both military and literary roles combine in Favorinus’ joke in the *HA*, and *Sat.* 16 is perhaps another manifestation of the violent clash between force and verse.⁴⁸ This was no longer the kind of satire allowed to escape (Anon’s) emperor’s notice.

Let us run with the strong claim intimated above, and formulate it in specific terms. The suggestion here is not the straight literal/biographical one: Juvenal was not disturbed at his writing desk as soon as word of his current project circulated, clutching at a manuscript whose near-last words were *ipsius ... ducis*. Rather the fact that the text crumbles abruptly where it does creates something not so far from that scene in the readerly imagination: fear, suspicion, paranoia, all the speculative

⁴⁶ Cf. Stramaglia 2008, 295.

⁴⁷ Nerva and Trajan codified the informal inheritance rights (Clark 1988, 120), but on Hadrian’s enactments see Cantarella 2002, 288, d’Orgeval 1950, 87. See also Stramaglia *ad* 51.

⁴⁸ See Chapter 4.3.4. Pens and swords are Hadrian’s two specialties in Juvenal (Gérard 1976, 347).

products of quick-fire silence and ‘interruption’.⁴⁹ Anon spent many years and words cultivating the anonymity and obliquity necessary for survival, and as a by-product, sketching a Rome soaked in the fear of constant surveillance, petrified of standing out and paying the ultimate price. The fact that the final slip – in this otherwise flawless project of keeping indirect and unidentified – ends up muting the text definitively is a retroactive justification for why that project was *necessary* all along.⁵⁰ As soon as Juvenal outs himself as the outspoken critic of current imperial policy, he aborts his own text to show how limiting – and serious – these curbs on speech really were. Anon makes his end look like a brutal act of censorship, a violent intervention straight from the top. In its own way, it is a powerful ending – deliberate or not.⁵¹

If modern (re)interpretations of the ‘incomplete’ states of certain works of Latin literature are valid, Juvenal was stepping into a stream of pointedly premature endings. Ovid’s *Fasti* broke off halfway through its journey, leaving the silent, never-written last six books as a ‘mute reproach’ to the speech constraints tightening under the new Augustan order.⁵² Masters famously suggested that Lucan’s epic means to end where it ends: an arbitrary conclusion is as good as any in the endless carnage of civil war,⁵³ as is a mutilated corpus of verse.⁵⁴ As Sailor argues, *Bellum Civile* was a strong prototype of coterminous authorial and textual death – indeed, the text’s bloody termination could not but conjure up that of its author.⁵⁵ The notion of the deliberate non-finisher flourishes in criticism on Flavian poetry too. Valerius Flaccus’ *Argonautica* seems to sink meaningfully.⁵⁶ Statius’ *Achilleid* dissipates prematurely into silence with a suspicious level of self-consciousness;⁵⁷

⁴⁹ Cf. Rutledge 2009, 440 on the general impression of writer repression in Tacitus: making writing dangerous at all times valorizes the very act of it.

⁵⁰ On the end as force for readjustment and retrospective patterning, see Smith 1968, 4, 10.

⁵¹ If line-counting counts, the book is more than ready to retire by Juvenalian standards: book 1 contains 990 lines, 2 661, 3 668, 4 703 and 5 as it stands 814. In bare arithmetical terms, then, it qualifies easily as a fully fledged book; cf. Parker 2012, 149.

⁵² See Feeney 1992, 18–19. ⁵³ Masters 1992, 247–59. ⁵⁴ Cf. Dinter 2006, 70.

⁵⁵ Sailor 2008, 317; cf. Dinter 2006, 71. See also Connors 1994, 231 on this ‘discourse of authorship and death’.

⁵⁶ See Toohey 1993, 200–01, discussed at Zissos 2004, 312–13, n. 7.

⁵⁷ At any rate, it keeps us musing ‘what next?’ See Heslin 2005, 85–86.

that child-sized epic ends precisely where Achilles would have wanted it to end, having just replaced his embarrassing Skyros experience with the more legitimate Chironic autobiography. The story also neatly cuts out just before the point at which the Epic Cycle kicks off.⁵⁸ Nothing more of *Achilleid* 1: *scit cetera mater* (*Achilleid* 2.167).⁵⁹

Most recently and relevantly (not only due to the numerical correspondence), Sailor has aired the idea that Tacitus' *Annals* 16 ends in the midst of Thrasea's death almost too conveniently: the text's author disappears inexplicably, perhaps yet another victim in the long line of opposition figures he was writing about when whisked away by the current regime.⁶⁰ Juvenal's death – whoever he was, however it happened – was similarly shrouded in darkness; and the sudden rupture of his text can also be read as a silent comment on the imperial infrastructure of fear he had been dodging successfully his whole career. As soon as Hadrian arrives with his gang of boots and fists, Juvenalian satire is no more: kicked away to become an eternal condemnation of the capricious power it could no longer elude.

2.4 *Joining the Dots*

Leading up to its own aposiopesis, this book has lobbied to restore sensitivity to two faint patterns of written static interfering with the 'voice' of Anon. The first is the buzz of anonymity quavering through these unnamed *Satires*. As I have striven to show, this subtle sound effect cannot be muted by any mask. The second is the background hum of an increasingly paranoid literary Rome, without whose menaces and scrutiny Juvenalian satire would ring very strange indeed. Anon's bleached self made a bid for the anonymous at a time when, in a climate

⁵⁸ Though see Heslin 2005, 84.

⁵⁹ Claudian *DRP* also breaks off a little too neatly: *pars stupefacta silet, pars nondum exterrita latrat* (3.448).

⁶⁰ Sailor 2008, 315–18; cf. Henderson 1998, 298–99. The suggestion must remain suggestive, since Jerome had thirty books of Tacitus (and no narrative gap between *Annals* and *Histories*). Juvenal was at least familiar with *Annals* 16 (Syme 1979a, 271).

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where, writing *mattered*; and cultivating that sense of threat was a brilliant way to keep it (and keep it looking) that way. We might hold that in mind as we accompany Anon into the void at the end of the page, this last cavernous lacuna forcing us to fill in the blanks and join the dots. Silence, the ultimate anonymity.

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